This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Cleveland Hoadley Dodge

Pope
NCF

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME X.

BEING THE

THIRD of his LETTERS.

LONDON,

Printed for A. MILLAR; J. and R. TONSON; H. LINTOT; and C. BATHURST.

M DCC LVII.

NEW YORK
LIC LIBRARY
1404754
STOR, LENOX AND
DEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1924 L

CONTENTS

OF THE

TENTH VOLUME.

LETTER

I. TO *Dr. Swift. Retired from Court ſome months before the Queen's Death.*

II. *From Dr. Swift, at Dublin. How little he cares to think of England: Concern at the violence of party. Of the firſt volume of Mr. Pope's tranſlation of Homer. His circumſtances in Ireland.*

III. *Mr Pope's love and memory of Dr. Swift. The Calumnies and Slanders upon him on account of Religion, turned into raillery.*

IV. *Dr. Swift's anſwer. His enquiry concerning Mr. P's principles. Poets generally follow the Court. Raillery on the ſubject of his enemies, and his Religion A Quaker-paſtoral, and a Newgate-paſtoral, propoſed as ſubjects for Mr Gay.*

V. *Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope: An apology for his conduct and writings after the Queen's death: With an account of his principles in politics.*

VI. *Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.*

VII. *Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift, occaſioned by the former: An account of his conduct and maxims in general.*

VIII. *From the L. Bolingbroke, a poſtſcript to the foregoing letter, with ſome account of his own ſentiments and ſituation in private life.*

LETTER

IX. *Dr. Swift's anſwer.*

X. *From Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift. An invitation to England.*

XI. *From Dr. Swift: Of Gulliver's Travels, and his ſcheme of Miſanthropy: Concerning a lady at Court: Character of Dr. Arbuthnot.*

XII. *To Dr. Swift. Character of ſome of his friends in England; with further invitations.*

XIII. *Dr. Swift's anſwer. Death of Lord Oxford's ſon: ſomething concerning Ph——s: More of his Miſanthropy.*

XIV. *Expectations of Dr. Swift's journey to England. Character of low enemies and detractors; with what temper they are to be borne. The amuſements of his friends in England.—Lord B's poſtſcript on the ſame occaſion.*

XV. *From Dr. Swift, preparing to leave England again.*

XVI. *Anſwer from Mr. Pope. The regret of his departure, remembrance of the ſatisfaction paſt, wiſhes for his welfare.—*

XVII. *Deſires for his return, and ſettlement in England: the various ſchemes of his other friends, and his own.*

XVIII. *From Mr. Gay and Mr. Pope. An account of the reception of Gulliver's Travels in England.*

XIX. *On the ſame ſubject from Mr. Pope. Advice againſt party-writing.*

LETTER

XX. *From Dr. Swift. About Gulliver, and of a second journey to England.*

XXI. *From the same. Concerning party, and dependency: And of the project of a joint volume of Miscellanies.*

XXII. *The answer. On the same subjects.*

XXIII. *On Dr. Swift's second departure for Ireland.*

XXIV. *From Dr. Swift: His reasons for departing.*

XXV. *From Dr. Swift. His remembrance of Mr. P's friendship; with some consideration of his circumstances.*

XXVI. *From Mr. Gay. Raillery: What employment was offered him at Court, and why he refused it.*

XXVII. *Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay. On the refusal of that employment, and his quitting the Court. Of the Beggars Opera.*

XXVIII. *From Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope. Of the Dunciad. Advice to the Dean in the manner of Montaigne.—Of courtiers, and of the Beggars Opera.*

XXIX. *Of a true Jonathan Gulliver in New-England: The Dunciad, and the Treatise of the Bathos. Reflections on mortality and decay: What is desirable in the decline of life.*

XXX. *From Dr. Swift. Answer to the former: His situation in Ireland.*

LETTER

XXXI. *From the ſame. His own and Mr. I temper.*

XXXII. *Lord Bolingbroke's life in the country. about the Dunciad.*

XXXIII. *From Dr. Swift. Advice how to publi Dunciad: Concerning Lord B. and Mr.*

XXXIV. *From Bath. The pleaſure of being abu company with worthy men.*

XXXV. *From Dr. Swift. His manner of living a friend in the country. The death of Congreve. Character of an indolent f*

XXXVI. *Dr. Swift to Lord Bolingbroke. Exh tion to him to write hiſtory. The L temper, his preſent amuſements and diſpo*

XXXVII. *From the ſame on the ſame ſubjects, an cerning œconomy; his ſentiments on the and his manner of life—of the love of and diſtinction. His friendſhip for Pope.*

XXXVIII. *From the ſame. His condition: The ſta Ireland: Character of Mrs. Pope: Refl on Mr. Pope's and Mr. Gay's circumſta*

XXXIX. *Mr. Pope's anſwer: His ſituation an tentment: An account of his other frie*

XL. *Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift: A re of his life, his thoughts of œconomy, an cerning fame.*

LETTER

XLI. *Dr. Swift's anſwer. The misfortunes attending great talents: Concerning fame, and the deſire of it.*

XLII. *Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope. Concerning the Dunciad, and of his ſituation of life.*

XLIII. *From Lord B. That the ſenſe of friendſhip increaſes with increaſe of years. Concerning a hiſtory of his own times, and Mr. P's moral poem.*

XLIV. *Of the ſtyle of his Letters, of his condition of life, his paſt friendſhips, diſlike of party-ſpirit, and thoughts of penſions and preferment.*

XLV. *Of Mr. Weſtley's diſſertations on Job.—Poſtſcript by Lord B. on the pleaſure we take in reading letters.*

XLVI. *From Lord B. to Dr. Swift. Inviting him to England, and concerning reformation of manners by writing.*

LVII. *From the ſame. The temper proper to men in years: An account of his own. The character of his lady.—Poſtſcript by Mr. P. on his mother, and the effects of the tender paſſions.*

LVIII. *From the ſame. Of his ſtudies, particularly a metaphyſical work. Of retirement and exerciſe.—Poſtſcript by Mr. P. His wiſh that their ſtudies were united in ſome work uſeful to manners, and his diſtaſte of all party writings.*

LETTERS of Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GA

LETTER

XLIX. *Concerning the Ducheſs of Q——y. F to œconomy.*

L. *On the ſame ſubjects.*

LI. *A letter of railliery.*

LII. *In the ſame ſtyle, to Mr. Gay and the*

LIII. *A ſtrange end of a law-ſuit. His wi &c. Poſtſcript to the Ducheſs.*

LIV. *Two new pieces of the Dean's: Anſwe vitation into England. Advice to wri*

LV. *More on the ſame ſubjects. A happy gainſt corruption. Poſtſcript to the Q. and to the Ducheſs.*

LVI. *Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift. His accoun ſelf: his laſt fables: His œconomy.— by Mr. Pope, of their common ailm œconomy; and againſt party-ſpirit in*

LVII. *From Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay. Cong on Mr. Gay's leaving the Court; L bury's refuſal of a penſion: Characte Gay.*

LVIII. *From the ſame. Concerning the writ bles: Advice about œconomy, and pro old age; of inattention, &c. Poſtſc Ducheſs.*

LIX. *From the ſame to* Mr. Gay, *and a po the Ducheſs, on various ſubjects.*

LETTER

LX. *From the ſame, concerning the opening of letters at the poſt-office. The encouragement given to bad writers. Reaſons for his not living in England. Poſtſcript to the Ducheſs; her character; raillery on the ſubject of Mr. Gay himſelf.*

LXI. *From Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope. An account of ſeveral little pieces or tracts publiſhed as his: which were, or were not genuine?*

LXII. *From Mr. Pope and Dr. Arbuthnot to Dr. Swift: On the ſudden death of Mr. Gay.*

LXIII. *From Dr. Swift. On the ſame ſubject. Of Mr. Pope's epiſtles, and particularly that on the uſe of riches.*

LXIV. *From Mr. Pope, on Mr. Gay: His care of his memory and writings; concerning the Dean's and his own; and of ſeveral other things.*

LXV. *More of Mr Gay, his papers, and epitaph. Of the fate of his own writings, and the purpoſe of them. Invitation of the Dean to England.*

LXVI. *From Dr. Swift. Of the paper called The Life and character of Dr. Swift. Of Mr. Gay, and the care of his papers. Of a libel againſt Mr. Pope. Of the edition of the Dean's works in Ireland, how printed.*

LXVII. *Of the Dean's Verſes, called a libel on Dr. D. the ſpurious character of him: Lord Bol.'s writings: The indolence of great men in years.*

LETTER

LXVIII. *From Dr. Swift. On Mrs. Pope'*
vitation to Dublin. His own ſitu
and temper.

LXIX. *Anſwer to the former. His tem*
ſince his mother's death. The un
ments in all his acquaintance.

LXX. *Concern for his abſence. Of a*
him. Reflections on the behaviour
leſs man.

LXXI. *Melancholy circumſtances of the ſ*
friends. Impertinence of falſe f
their friendſhip. Publiſhers of ſ
Of the Eſſay on Man, and of the
the Dean's works.—Poſtſcript by L
broke, concerning his metaphyſical

LXXII. *From Dr. Swift. The anſwer.*
amuſements, the Eſſay on Man, a
writings.

LXXIII. *Of the pleaſures of his converſatio*
Arbuthnot's decay of health: Of
of moral and philoſophical writin

LXXIV. *From Dr. Swift. On the death*

LXXV. *From the ſame. On the offence tak*
writings. Of Mr. Pope's Letters.
of Dr. Rundle, Biſhop of Derry.

LXXVI. *Concerning the Earl of Peterboro*
death at Liſbon. Charities of D

LXXVII. *From Dr. Swift.* Of writing
veral of the ancients writ them t

TTER.

his own letters. The care he ſhall take of Mr. Pope's, to prevent their being printed.

XVIII. *From Dr. Swift. On the death of friends. What ſort of popularity he has in Ireland. Againſt the general corruption.*

XXIX. *From the ſame. His kindneſs for Mr. P. and his own infirm condition.*

LXXX. *Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift. His plan for the ſecond book of Ethic Epiſtles, of the extent and limits of human reaſon and ſcience; and what retarded the execution of it.——Of Lord B.'s writings. New invitations to England.*

XXXI. *From Dr. Swift. His reſolution to preſerve Mr. Pope's Letters, and leave them to his diſpoſal after his death. His deſire to be mentioned in the Ethic Epiſtles. Of the loſs of friends, and decays of age.*

XXII. *What ſort of letters he now writes, and the contraction of his correſpondence. Of the human failings of great genius's, and the allowance to be made them. His high opinion of Lord Bolingbroke and Dr. Swift as writers.*

XXIII. *From Dr. Swift. Of old age, and death of friends. More of the Ethic Epiſtles.*

XXIV. *Of the complaints of friends.—One of the beſt comforts of old age.*—Some of his Letters *copied in Ireland, and printed.*——Of

LETTER

Lord Bolingbroke's retirement. Of ſom new friends, and of what ſort they are.

LXXXV. *The preſent circumſtances of his life an his companions. Wiſhes that the laſt par of their days might be paſſed together.*

LXXXVI. *From Dr. Swift. Reaſons that obſtru his coming to England. Deſires to be re membered in Mr. Pope's Epiſtles. Man of Mr. Pope's letters to him loſt, and b what means.*

LXXXVII. *From Dr. Swift. Mention again of th chaſm in the letters. Objections in Ire land to ſome paſſages in Mr. Pope's lette publiſhed in England. The Dean's ow opinion of them.*

LXXXVIII. *From Dr. Swift. Of his declining ſtat of health. His opinion of Mr. P's Dia logue, intitled,* One Thouſand Seve Hundred and Thirty Eight. *The entir collection of his and Mr. Pope's letters, fo twenty years and upwards, found, and i the hands of a lady, a worthy and judi cious relation of the Dean's.*—This a mi ſtake; not in hers; but in ſome othe ſafe hands.

LETTERS to RALPH ALLEN, Eſq,

LXXXIX. *Of the uſe of picture and ſculpture, both fo civil and religious purpoſes* p. 26

LETTER

XC. *Of a new edition of his letters, and the uſe of them* p. 271

XCI. *Of the cultivation of his own gardens* 273

XCII. *Reflections on a falſe report concerning his own death* 275

XCIII. *On the Queen's death* 276

XCIV. *Concerning an object of their common charity* 277

XCV. *His ſolicitude for his friends* 278

XCVI. *An account of his ill ſtate of health in his laſt illneſs*

LETTERS to Mr. WARBURTON.

XCVII. *His acceptance of the* Commentary *on the* ESSAY ON MAN. 282

XCVIII. *On the ſame* 283

XCIX. *On the ſame* 284

C. *On the ſame* 286

CI. *On the ſame* 287

CII. *His expectation of ſeeing him in town* 289

CIII. *His opinion of the* Divine Legation; *and his deſire to have the* ESSAY ON MAN *thought as favourable to the intereſts of religion as of virtue* 290

CIV. *His project of procuring a proſe tranſlation of his Eſſay into Latin, and his approbation of a ſpecimen ſent to him of it* 292

CV. *His chagrine on ſomebody's having printed a new volume of his Letters in Ireland* 294

LETTER

CVI. *His ſatisfaction in the proſpect of meeting friend in town* 2

CVII. *Acquainting him with his obligations to a no Lord* 2

CVIII. *An account of his Project for adding a fou book to the* DUNCIAD 2

CIX. *Invites his friend to Bath* 2

CX. *On the ſame ſubject* 3

CXI. *Relating to the projected edition of his wo* 3

CXII. *On the ſame, and the fourth book of the* DU CIAD 3

CXIII. *On the ſame* 3

CXIV. *On a noble Lord, who made profeſſions of f vice* 3

CXV. *A character of their common friend— amuſements in his garden, and ſolicitude the projected edition* 3

CXVI. *Deſires his friend to correct the Eſſay on M mer* 3

CXVII. *Thanks him for having done it* 3

CXVIII. *Account of the publication of the* DUNCI. 3

CXIX. *Of his ill ſtate of health—The edition of works—The laureat—and the clergy* 3

CXX. *The increaſe of his diſorder, and the foreſi of its conſequences* 3

CXXI. *On the ſame* 3

The laſt Will of Mr. Pope 3

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT, etc.

From the Year 1714 to 1737.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT, etc.

From the Year 1714 to 1737.

LETTER I.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER Apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I ſhall uſe none now, to a man who has own'd himſelf as ſplenetic as a Cat in the Country. In that circumſtance, I know by experience a letter is a very uſeful, as well as amuſing thing: If you are too buſied in State affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twiſting it into a ſerpentine form: or, if your diſpoſition ſhould not be ſo mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of ſtudious minds are apt to ſit longer than ordinary; where, after an

abrupt diviſion of the paper, it may not be unp
ſant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines toget
All theſe amuſements I am no ſtranger to in
Country, and doubt not but (by this time) you b
to reliſh them, in your preſent contemplative ſi
tion.

I remember a man, who was thought to h
ſome knowledge in the world, uſed to affirm,
no people in town ever complained they were
gotten by their Friends in the country: but my
creaſing experience convinces me he was miſtak
for I find a great many here grievouſly complain
of you, upon this ſcore. I am told further, that
treat the few you correſpond with in a very arrog
ſtyle, and tell them you admire at their inſolence
diſturbing your meditations, or even enquiring
your * retreat: but this I will not poſitively affi
becauſe I never received any ſuch inſulting Epi
from you. My Lord Oxford ſays you have
written to him once ſince you went: but this p
haps may be only policy, in him or you: and
who am half a Whig, muſt not entirely credit a
thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you
gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on
Embaſſy to you. Others apprehend ſome dang
rous State treatiſe from your retirement; and a W
who affects to imitate Balſac, ſays, that the Miniſt

* Some time before the Death of Queen *Anne*, when her m
niſters were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile the
he retired to a Friend's Houſe in Berkſhire, and never ſaw th
[redacted].

are like thoſe Heathens of old, who received Oracles from the Woods. The Gentlemen of Roman Catholic perſuaſion are not unwilling to t me, when I whiſper, that you are gone to meet Jeſuits commiſſioned from the Court of Rome, ler to ſettle the moſt convenient methods to be for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuth- ſingular in his opinion, and imagines your only is to attend at full leiſure to the life and ad- res of Scriblerus. This indeed muſt be granted eater importance than all the reſt; and I wiſh I promiſe ſo well of you. The top of my own ion is to contribute to that great work, and I ranſlate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has ac- ted you what progreſs I have made in it. I name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledge- which I ſhall ever owe you, on his ac- . If I writ this in verſe, I would tell you, you ke the ſun, and while men imagine you to be or abſent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, ringing things to maturity for their advantage. the world, you are the man (without flattery) erve your friends with the leaſt oſtentation; it oſt ingratitude to thank you, conſidering your r; and this is the period of all my letter which you will think the moſt impertinent. I am, ie trueſt affection,

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 171

MY * Lord Biſhop of Clogher gave me y kind letter full of reproaches for my writing. I am naturally no very exact correſp dent, and when I leave a country without proba lity of returning, I think as ſeldom as I can of w I loved or eſteemed in it, to avoid the *Deſider* which of all things makes life moſt uneaſy. you muſt give me leave to add one thing, that talk at your eaſe, being wholly unconcerned in p lic events: For, if your friends the Whigs contin you may hope for ſome favour; if the Tories retu you are at leaſt ſure of quiet. You know how v I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and h dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: Do you imag I can be eaſy while their enemies are endeavourin take off their heads? *I nunc, & verſus tecum medi canoros*——Do you imagine I can be eaſy, whe think of the probable conſequences of theſe proce ings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, certainly of the minds of ſo many hundred thouſ good ſubjects? Upon the whole, you may truly a

* Dr. *St. George Aſh*, formerly a fellow of *Trinity-Co Dublin*, (to whom the Dean was a Pupil) afterwards Biſh Clogher, and tranſlated to the See of Derry in 1716-17.

bute my ſilence to the Eclipſe, but it was that Eclipſe which happened on the firſt of Auguſt.

I borrowed your Homer from the Biſhop (mine is not yet landed) and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaſeth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation: Yet I am angry at ſome bad Rhymes and Triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have ſo many unjuſtifiable Rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obſcure; but I expected you to be ſo in one or two and twenty. I have heard no ſoul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in Judges, at leaſt I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and ſo are your Preface and Eſſay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that Preface. I ſaw the Key to the Lock but yeſterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the preſent times *.

God be thanked I have yet no Parliamentary buſineſs, and if they have none with me, I ſhall never ſeek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for ſome years paſt, not when I thought them tolerably good, and therefore if I can get leave

* Put theſe two laſt obſervations together, and it will appear that Mr. Pope was neither wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would inſult a miniſtry to humour his friends. He ſaid of himſelf, and I believe he ſaid truly, that *he never wrote a line to gratify the animoſity of any one party at the expence of another*. See the *letter to a noble lord*.

to be abſent, I ſhall be much inclined to be on that ſide, when there is a parliament on this; but truly I muſt be a little eaſy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to underſtand that I live in the corner of a vaſt unfurniſhed houſe; my family conſiſts of a ſteward, a groom, a helper in the ſtable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which laſt is very rare) I eat a mutton pye, and drink half a pint of wine: My amuſements are defending my ſmall dominions againſt the Archbiſhop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious Choir. *Perditur hæc inter miſero lux.* I deſire you will preſent my humble ſervice to Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely yours, &c.

LETTER III.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 20, 1716.

I Cannot ſuffer a friend to croſs the Iriſh ſeas without bearing a teſtimony from me of the conſtant eſteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he ſhould tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, *and how I* learn to ſleep leſs and drink more, when*ever you* are named among us. I look upon a friend

in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popiſhly ſpeaking) I believe conſtantly well-diſpoſed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that ſtate of ſeparation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addreſſes to him but very rarely. A proteſtant divine cannot take it amiſs that I treat him in the ſame manner with my patron Saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not ſufficiently wonder at, that I ſuffer many things as an author militant: whereof, in your days of probation, you have been a ſharer, or you had not arrived to that triumphant ſtate you now deſervedly enjoy in the Church. As for me, I have not the leaſt hopes of the Cardinalat, tho' I ſuffer for my Religion in almoſt every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Pſalms of David (if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a ſcandalous one * in my name.) This report I dare not diſcourage too much, in a proſpect I have at preſent of a poſt under the Marquis de Langallerie †, wherein if I can but do ſome ſignal ſervice againſt the Pope, I may be conſiderably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it ſhould happen hereafter that I ſhould write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one muſt live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controverſy againſt me.

* In Curll's Collection.

† One who made a noiſe then, as Count Bonnival has done ſince.

would fain know whether every Draper doth not ſhew you three or four damn'd pieces of ſtuff to ſell off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough Bookſelling-Rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his cotemporary ſcriblers in Critic or Satire, not only by ſtolen Copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other mens dulneſs at your door. I had a long deſign upon the Ears of that Curl, when I was in credit, but the Rogue would never allow me a fair ſtroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and ſharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poiſoned. although the Hiſtorian pretends to have been an eye-witneſs: But I beg pardon, ſack might do it, although Rats-bane would not. I never ſaw the thing you mention as falſely imputed to you; but I think the frolicks of merry hours, even when we are guilty, ſhould not be left to the mercy of our beſt friends, until Curl and his reſemblers are hang'd.

With ſubmiſſion to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unneceſſary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the ſame methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own Religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and *pay you* well into the bargain. Therefore pray do *not run* and diſgrace us among the Turks, by tell

ing them you were forced to leave your native home, becauſe we would oblige you to be a Chriſtian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town who writes verſes to his miſtreſs, not very correct, but in a ſtrain purely what a poetical Quaker ſhould do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a ſet of Quaker paſtorals might ſucceed, if our friend Gay * could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful ſubject; pray hear what he ſays I believe further, the paſtoral ridicule is not exhauſted; and that a porter, footman †, or chairman's paſtoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate-paſtoral among the whores and thieves there?

Laſtly, to conclude, I love you never the worſe for ſeldom writing to you. I am in an obſcure ſcene, where you know neither thing nor perſon. I can only anſwer yours, which I promiſe to do after a ſort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can aſſure you, the ſcene and the times have depreſſed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to thoſe two paltry years which have ſlipt by ſince I had the happineſs to ſee you. I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

Yours, &c.

* Gay did write a paſtoral of this kind, which is publiſhed in his works.

† Swift himſelf *wrote one of* this kind, intitled Dermot and *Shelah.*

*LETTER V.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1721.

A Thouſand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuſe to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Juſtice Whitſhed, under the ſituation I am in. For, I take this cauſe properly to lie before you: You are a much fitter Judge of what concerns the credit of a Writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Beſides, I doubt whether the Arguments I could ſuggeſt to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the Long-robe to thoſe in Furs, upon whoſe deciſion about the difference of Style or Sentiments, I ſhould be very unwilling to leave the merits of my Cauſe.

Give me leave then to put you in mind (although you cannot eaſily forget it) that about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occaſion of that incurable breach among the great men at Court, and went down to Berkſhire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a viſit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a Diſcourſe which I thought might be uſeful in ſuch a

* *This Letter Mr. Pope never received, nor did he believe it was ever ſent.*

juncture of affairs, and ſent it up to London; but, upon ſome difference in opinion between me and a certain great miniſter now abroad, the publiſhing of it was deferred ſo long that the Queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever ſince in ſafe hands. In a few weeks after the loſs of that excellent Princeſs, I came to my ſtation here; where I have continued ever ſince in the greateſt privacy, and utter ignorance of thoſe events, which are moſt commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the Royal Family which now reigns, further than the Prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any ſort of Affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking Party-zeal.

I had indeed written ſome Memorials of the four laſt years of the Queen's reign, with ſome other informations, which I received, as neceſſary materials to qualify me for doing ſomething in an employment then deſign'd me *: But, as it was at the diſpoſal of a perſon, who had not the ſmalleſt ſhare of ſteddineſs or ſincerity, I diſdain'd to accept it.

Theſe papers, at my few hours of health and leiſure, I have been digeſting † into order by one

* Hiſtoriographer.

† Theſe *papers ſome years after* were brought finiſhed by the *Dean into England, with an intention* to publiſh them. But a

ſheet at a time, for I dare not venture any further, leſt the humour of ſearching and ſeizing papers, ſhould revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myſelf (for they contain nothing of preſent Times or Perſons, upon which I ſhall never loſe a thought while there is a Cat or a Spaniel in the houſe) but to preſerve them from being loſt among Meſſengers and Clerks.

I have written in this kingdom, a * diſcourſe to perſuade the wretched people to wear their own Manufactures inſtead of thoſe from England. This Treatiſe ſoon ſpread very faſt, being agreeable to the ſentiments of the whole nation, except of thoſe gentlemen who had employments, or were Expectants. Upon which a perſon in great office here immediately took the alarm: he ſent in haſte for the Chief Juſtice, and informed him of a ſeditious, factious, and virulent Pamphlet, lately publiſhed with a deſign of ſetting the two kingdoms at variance;

friend on whoſe judgment he relied (the ſame I ſuppoſe whom he mentions above, as being abroad at the time of writing this letter) diſſuaded him from that deſign. He told the Dean there were ſeveral facts he knew to be falſe, and that the whole was ſo much in the ſpirit of party-writing, that, though it might have made a ſeaſonable pamphlet in the time of their adminiſtration, it was a diſhonour to juſt hiſtory. The Dean would do nothing againſt his Friend's judgment, yet it extremely chagrined him. And he told a common friend, that ſince * * did not approve his hiſtory, he would caſt it into the fire, tho' it was the beſt work he had ever written. However it did not undergo this fate and is ſaid to be yet in being.

* *Propoſal for the univerſal Uſe of Irish Manufactures.*

ing at the ſame time that the Printer ſhould be
uted with the utmoſt rigour of law. The
Juſtice had ſo quick an underſtanding, that he
ed, if poſſible, to out-do his orders. The
l-Juries of the county and city were practiſed
ially with to repreſent the ſaid Pamphlet with
gravating Epithets, for which they had thanks
iem from England, and their Preſentments
ied for ſeveral weeks in all the news-papers.
Printer was ſeized, and forced to give great
after his trial the Jury brought him in Not
, although they had been culled with the ut-
induſtry; the Chief Juſtice ſent them back nine
and kept them eleven hours, until being per-
tired out, they were forced to leave the mat-
the mercy of the Judge, by what they call a
Verdict. During the trial, the Chief Juſtice,
other ſingularities, laid his hand on his
and proteſted ſolemnly that the Author's de-
as to bring in the Pretender; although there
t a ſingle ſyllable of party in the whole Trea-
id although it was known that the moſt emi-
thoſe who profeſſed his own principles, pub-
liſallowed his proceedings. But the cauſe be-
very odious and impopular, the trial of the
t was deferred from one Term to another,
pon the Duke of G—ft—n the Lord Lieute-
arrival, his Grace after mature advice, and
tion from England, was pleaſed to grant a nol

This is the more remarkable, becauſe it is ſa
that the man is no ill decider in common caſes
property, where Party is out of the queſtion; but wh
that intervenes, with ambition at heels to puſh
forward, it muſt needs confound any man of lit
ſpirit, and low birth, who hath no other endowme
than that ſort of Knowledge, which, however p
ſeſſed in the higheſt degree, can poſſibly give no o
good quality to the mind.

It is true, I have been much concerned, for
veral years paſt, upon account of the publick
well as for myſelf, to ſee how ill a taſte for wit a
ſenſe prevails in the world, which Politics, a
South ſea, and Party, and Opera's, and Maſqu
rades have introduced. For, beſides many inſip
papers which the malice of ſome hath entitled
to, there are many perſons appearing to wiſh
well, and pretending to be judges of my ſtyle a
manner, who have yet aſcribed ſome writings
me, of which any man of common ſenſe and lite
ture would be heartily aſhamed. I cannot forbe
inſtancing a Treatiſe called a *Dedication upon Dedi*
tions, which many would have to be mine, althou
it be as empty, dry, and ſervile a compoſition,
I remember at any time to have read. But abo
all, there is one Circumſtance which makes it i
poſſible for me to have been author of a Treati
wherein there are ſeveral pages containing a Pan
gyric on King George, of whoſe character a
perſon I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had on

the curiosity to enquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were asked or no; but never affected to be a Counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far out-done by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a Scholar, and too good a Courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great Ministers ready enough to hear Opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take Advice; and this pedantry ariseth from a Maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in Politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the Ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the public interest both of Church and State would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant Succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve

at leaſt to find tolerable quarter from thoſe of other Party; for many of which I was a conſt advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I peal to his Lordſhip: He knows how often I pre him in favour of Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, Rowe, and Mr. Steel; although I freely confeſs t his Lordſhip's kindneſs to them was altogether ing to his generous notions, and the eſteem he for their wit and parts, of which I could only pret to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget anſwer he gave to the late Lord Hallifax, who u the firſt change of the Miniſtry interceded with to ſpare Mr. Congreve: It was by repeating th two lines of Virgil,

Non obtuſa adeo geſtamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam averſus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.

Purſuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congr with the greateſt perſonal civilities, aſſuring him his conſtant favour and protection, and adding t he would ſtudy to do ſomething better for him.

I remember it was in thoſe times a uſual ſubj of raillery towards me among the Miniſters, tha never came to them without a Whig in my fleev which I do not ſay with any view towards maki my Court: For, the new Principles * fixed to th

* He means particularly the principle at that time cha upon them, by their Enemies, of an intention *to proſcribe Tories.*

of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, deteſt, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predeceſſors. I have converſed in ſome freedom with more miniſters of State of all parties than uſually happens to men of my level, and, I confeſs, in their capacity as Miniſters, I look upon them as a race of people whoſe acquaintance no man would court, otherwiſe than upon the ſcore of Vanity or Ambition. The firſt quickly wears off (and is the Vice of low minds, for a man of ſpirit is too proud to be vain) and the other was not my caſe. Beſides, having never received more than one ſmall favour, I was under no neceſſity of being a ſlave to men in power, but choſe my friends by their perſonal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently converſed with Mr. Addiſon, and the others I named (except Mr. Steel) during all my Lord Oxford's Miniſtry, and Mr. Addiſon's friendſhip to me continued inviolable, with as much kindneſs as when we uſed to meet at my Lord Sommers * or Hallifax, who were leaders of the oppoſite Party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injuſtice I have theſe many years been pelted by your Pamphleteers, merely upon account of ſome

* Lord Sommers had very warmly recommended Dr. Swift to the favour of *Lord Wharton, when* he went the Queen's Lieutenant *into Ireland in the year* 1709.

regard which the Queen's laſt Miniſters were ple
to have for me: and yet in my conſcience I thi
am a partaker in every ill deſign they had ag
the Proteſtant Succeſſion, or the Liberties and F
gion of their Country; and can ſay with Ci
"that I ſhould be proud to be included with t
"in all their actions *tanquam in equo Trojano*."
if I have never diſcovered by my words, writ
or actions, any Party virulence, or dangerous
ſigns againſt the preſent powers; if my frienc
and converſation were equally ſhewn among t
who liked or diſapproved the proceedings the
Court, and that I was known to be a com
Friend of all deſerving perſons of the latter
when they were in diſtreſs; I cannot but thi
hard, that I am not ſuffered to run quietly an
the common herd of people, whoſe opinions u
tunately differ from thoſe which lead to Favour
Preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the Thing we c
a Whig in England is a creature altogether d
rent from thoſe of the ſame denomination here
leaſt it was ſo during the reign of her late Maj
Whether thoſe on your ſide have changed or n
hath not been my buſineſs to enquire. I remen
my excellent friend Mr. Addiſon, when he firſt c
over hither Secretary to the Earl of Wharton
Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at
conduct and diſcourſe of the Chief Managers h
He told me they were a ſort of people who ſ

to think, that the principles of a Whig conſiſted in nothing elſe but damning the Church, reviling the Clergy, abetting the Diſſenters, and ſpeaking contemptibly of revealed Religion.

I was diſcourſing ſome years ago with a certain Miniſter about that whiggiſh or fanatical Genius, ſo prevalent among the Engliſh of this kingdom: his Lordſhip accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's Soldiers, adventurers eſtabliſhed here, who were all of the ſoureſt leven, and the meaneſt birth, and whoſe poſterity are now in poſſeſſion of their lands and their principles. However, it muſt be confeſſed, that of late ſome people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, becauſe intereſt, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for, it is hardly worth contending who ſhall be an Exciſeman, a Country-Vicar, a Cryer in the Courts, or an Under-Clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a perſon ſo ill treated as I have been, muſt at ſome time or other have diſcovered very dangerous opinions in government; in anſwer to which, I will tell you what my Political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majeſty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or diſcourſe.

Firſt, I always declared myſelf againſt a Popiſh Succeſſor to the Crown, whatever Title he might have by the proximity of blood: Neither did I ever regard the *right line*, except upon two accounts: *firſt, as it was eſtabliſhed* by law; and ſecondly, as

hath much weight in the opinions of the people. or neceſſity may aboliſh any Law, but cannot alter ıe ſentiments of the vulgar; Right of inheritance ëing perhaps the moſt popular of all topics: and herefore in great Changes when that is broke, there vill remain much heart-burning and diſcontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak Prince and corrupt Adminiſtration) may have the worſt conſequences upon the peace of any ſtate.

As to what is called a Revolution principle, my opinion was this; That whenever thoſe evils, which uſually attend and follow a violent change of Government, were not in probability ſo pernicious as the grievance we ſuffer under a preſent power, then the public good will juſtify ſuch a Revolution. And this I took to have been the caſe in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the conſequences i produced ſome very bad effects, which are likely t ſtick long enough by us.

I had likewiſe in thoſe days a mortal antipath againſt Standing Armies in times of Peace: Becau I always took Standing Armies to be only ſerva hired by the Maſter of the family for keeping own children in ſlavery; and becauſe I conceiv that a Prince who could not think himſelf ſe without Mercenary Troops, muſt needs have a ſ rate intereſt from that of his Subjects. Althou am not ignorant of thoſe artificial Neceſſities wh corrupted Miniſtry can create, for keeping up F to ſupport a Faction againſt the publick Intere

As to Parliaments, I adored the wiſdom of that Gothic inſtitution, which made them annual: and I was confident our Liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were reſtored among us. For, who ſees not, that, while ſuch Aſſemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the Miniſtry and the Deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifeſt danger of Liberty? which Traffic would neither anſwer the deſign nor expence, if Parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated the ſcheme of Politics, (now about thirty years old) of ſetting up a monied Intereſt in oppoſition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our Government than this, that the Poſſeſſors of the ſoil are the beſt Judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the ſame way, Funds of Credit and South-ſea Projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never diſcover the neceſſity of ſuſpending any Law upon which the Liberty of the moſt innocent Perſons depended; neither do I think this Practice hath made the taſte of Arbitrary Power ſo agreeable, as that we ſhould deſire to ſee it repeated. Every Rebellion ſubdued and Plot diſcovered, contribute to the firmer eſtabliſhment of the Prince: In the latter caſe, the knot of Conſpirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thouſand diſadvantages; ſo that thoſe dili-

gent enquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every perſon whoſe face a Miniſter thinks fit to diſlike, are not only oppoſite to that Maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men ſhould eſcape, than one innocent ſuffer; but likewiſe leave a gate wide open to the whole Tribe of Informers, the moſt accurſed, and proſtitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a cuſtom of chuſing a Dictator, during whoſe adminiſtration the Power of other Magiſtrates was ſuſpended; but this was done upon the greateſt emergencies; a War near their doors, or ſome civil Diſſention: For Armies muſt be governed by arbitrary power. But when the Virtue of that Commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of Dictator became perpetual in the perſons of the Cæſars and their Succeſſors, the moſt infamous Tyrants that have any where appeared in ſtory.

Theſe are ſome of the ſentiments I had, relating to public affairs, while I was in the world: what they are at preſent, is of little importance either to that or myſelf; neither can I truly ſay I have any at all, or, if I had, I dare not venture to publiſh them: For however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before Midſummer And indeed I have often wiſhed for ſome time paſt, that

a political Catechiſm might be publiſhed by authority four times a year, in order to inſtruct us how we are to ſpeak, write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of ſuch an inſtructer: For, intending to make my court to ſome people on the prevailing ſide, by advancing certain old whiggiſh principles, which, it ſeems, had been exploded about a month before, I have paſſed for a diſaffected perſon. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obſcurity to attempt defending his reputation as a Writer, while the ſpirit of Faction hath ſo univerſally poſſeſſed the minds of men, that they are not at leiſure to attend to any thing elſe. They will juſt give themſelves time to libel and accuſe me, but cannot ſpare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-diſcovering age, I have often known an innocent man ſeized and impriſoned, and forced to lie ſeveral months in chains, while the Miniſters were not at leiſure to hear his petition, until they had proſecuted and hanged the number they propoſed.

All I can reaſonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleaſed to wiſh me well, that I have neither been ſo ill a Subject nor ſo ſtupid an Author, as I have been repreſented by the virulence of Libellers, whoſe malice hath taken the ſame train in both, by fathering dangerous Principles in government upon me, which I never *maintained*, and inſipid Productions which I *am not capable of writing*. For, however I may

have been foured by perſonal ill treatment, or by melancholy proſpects for the public, I am too much a politician to expoſe my own ſafety by offenſive words. And, if my genius and ſpirit be ſunk by encreaſing years, I have at leaſt enough diſcretion left, not to miſtake the meaſure of my own abilities, by attempting ſubjects where thoſe Talents are neceſſary, which perhaps I may have loſt with my youth.

LETTER VI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

COming home after a ſhort Chriſtmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The beſt and greateſt part of my life, until theſe laſt eight years, I ſpent in England: there I made my friendſhips, and there I left my deſires I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think to be *oblituſque mecrum, oblivi ſcendus & illis.* What can be the deſign of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a ſcurvy ſleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older ſince I left you, yet that is the leaſt of my alterations; my buſineſs my diverſions, my converſations, are all entirely changed for the worſe, and ſo are my ſtudies and my amuſe

ments in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be paſſable enough, if you would let me alone. I ſhall not be able to reliſh my wine, my parſons, my horſes, nor my garden for three months, until the ſpirit you have raiſed ſhall be diſpoſſeſſed. I have ſometimes wondered that I have not viſited you, but I have been ſtopt by too many reaſons, beſides years and lazineſs, and yet theſe are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongſt you, there would be to me *Deſiderio nec pudor nec modus.* I was three years reconciling myſelf to the ſcene, and the buſineſs, to which fortune hath condemned me, and ſtupidity was what I had recourſe to. Beſides, what a figure ſhould I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, diſtreſs, or impriſonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myſelf with the journey, and am every ſummer practiſing to get health to bear it: The only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a Divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic: do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *Et tibi quos mihi dempſerit Apponet annos.* I am heartily ſorry you have any dealings with that ugly diſtemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exerciſe. I wiſh they could have as good an effect upon the giddineſs I am ſubject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I

ſhould have been glad if you had lengthened y letter by telling me the preſent condition of many my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lew &c. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I belie is lazy, or elſe he might have added three lines his own. I am extremely glad he is not in y caſe of needing great mens favour, and could hear wiſh that you were in his. I have been conſid ing why Poets have ſuch ill ſucceſs in making t Court, ſince they are allowed to be the greateſt beſt of all flatterers: The defect is, that they ter only in print or in writing, but not by wor of mouth: They will give things under their h which they make a conſcience of ſpeaking. Beſi they are too libertine to haunt anti-chambers, poor to bribe Porters and footmen, and too pr to cringe to ſecond-hand favourites in a great mily. Tell me, are you not under Original ſin the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolingbro I am an ill judge at this diſtance; and beſides for my eaſe, utterly ignorant of the commo things that paſs in the world; but if all Courts h a ſameneſs in them (as the Parſons phraſe it) thi may be as they were in my time, when all ployments went to Parliament-mens Friends, had been uſeful in Elections, and there was ways a huge Liſt of names in arrears at the T ſury, which would at leaſt take up your ſeven y expedient to diſcharge even one half. I am of *nion, if you will not be offended, that the*

would be to get your Friend who lodgeth in
ouſe to recommend you to the next chief Go-
who comes over here for a good civil employ-
or to be one of his Secretaries, which your
nent men are fond enough of, when there is
m at home. The wine is good and reaſon-
you may dine twice a week at the Deanry-
there is a ſett of company in this town ſuffi-
or one man; folks will admire you, becauſe
ave read you, and read of you; and a good
yment will make you live tolerably in Lon-
r ſumptuouſly here; or if you divide between
laces, it will be for your health.

iſh I could do more than ſay I love you, I
u in a good way both for the late Court, and
ceſſors; and by the force of too much ho-
or too little ſublunary wiſdom, you fell be-
two ſtools. Take care of your health and
; be leſs modeſt and more active; or elſe turn
and get a Biſhoprick here: Would to God
ould ſend us as good ones from your ſide!

I am ever, &c.

LETTER VII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 12, 1723.

id a rebuke in a late Letter of yours, that both
ngs and *pleaſeth me* extremely. Your ſaying
ought to have writ a Poſtſcript to my friend

Gay's, makes me not content to write whole Letter; and your ſeeming to take gives me hopes you will look upon this effect of Friendſhip. Indeed as I cann the Lazineſs with which you taſk me, and I may equally charge you, for both of (and one of us hath both had and given of writing; ſo I really thought you v yourſelf to be ſo certainly intitled to my that it was a poſſeſſion you could not in in need of any further Deeds or Writi you of it.

Whatever you ſeem to think of your and ſeparate ſtate at this diſtance, and ſence, Dean Swift lives ſtill in Englan place and company where he would ch and I find him in all the Converſations in all the Hearts in which I deſire any ſt

We have never met theſe many ye mention of you. Beſides my old Acq have found that all my friends of a la ſuch as were yours before: Lord Oxford court, and Lord Harley may look upon entailed upon them by you: Lord Bol now returned (as I hope) to take me other Hereditary Rights: and indeed grown ſo much a Philoſopher, as to upon ſome of them as little, as upon th gave him. It is ſure my ill fate, that

* Alluding to his large work on Hom

moſt loved, and with whom I moſt lived, muſt be baniſhed: After both of you left England, my conſtant Hoſt was the Biſhop of * Rocheſter. Sure this is a nation that is curſedly afraid of being overrun with too much Politeneſs, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the expence of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a ſolid General: and if he eſcapes being baniſhed by others, I fear he will baniſh himſelf. This leads me to give you ſome account of the manner of my life and Converſation, which has been infinitely more various and diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Profeſſions. A Glut of Study and Retirement in the firſt part of my life caſt me into this; and this, I begin to ſee, will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The civilities I have met with from oppoſite Setts of people, have hinder'd me from being violent or ſour to any Party; but at the ſame time the Obſervations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me leſs fond of, and leſs ſurprized at, any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and Hardſhips I ſee practiſed by either. The merry Vein you knew me in, is ſunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a Quietneſs of mind which by fits improves into a

* Dr. Atterbury.

certain degree of Chearfulneſs, enough to make me juſt ſo good humoured as to wiſh that world well. My Friendſhips are encreaſed by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminiſhed. Averſions I have none, but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with) and ſuch I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think thoſe men are next to Knaves who converſe with them. The greateſt Man in power of this ſort ſhall hardly make me bow to him, unleſs I had a perſonal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleaſure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to uſe; the Freedom of Friendſhip with men much my Superiors. To have pleaſed great men, according to Horace, is a praiſe; but not to have flattered them and yet not have diſpleaſed them is a greater. I have carefully avoided all Intercourſe with Poets and Scriblers, unleſs where by great chance I have found a modeſt one. By theſe means I have had no quarrels with any perſonally, none have been Enemies, but who were alſo Strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an Eclairciſment with ſuch, whatever they writ or ſaid I never retaliated, not only never ſeeming to know but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the Anxiety of a Wiſh; the ſtrongeſt I have would be to paſs my days with you, and a few ſuch as you: But Fate has diſperſed them all about the world; and I find to wiſh it is as vain, as to wiſh to

e the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Juſt on earth.

If I have ſinned in my long ſilence, conſider there one to whom you yourſelf have been as great a ner. As ſoon as you ſee his hand, you will learn do me juſtice, and feel in your heart how long a an may be ſilent to thoſe he truly loves and re- ects.

LETTER VIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

I Am not ſo lazy as Pope, and therefore you muſt not expect from me the ſame indulgence to La- neſs; in defending his own cauſe he pleads yours, nd becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you s his Judge: You will do the ſame on your part; nd I, and the reſt of your common Friends, ſhall ave great juſtice to expect from two ſuch righteous ribunals: You reſemble perfectly the two Ale- ouſe-keepers in Holland, who were at the ſame ime Burgomaſters of the Town, and taxed one ano- her's Bills alternately. I declare before hand I will ot ſtand to the award; my Title to your Friend- hip is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings o confirm it: but annual Acknowledgments at leaſt re neceſſary to preſerve it: and I begin to ſuſpect y your defrauding me of them, that you hope in

time to diſpute it, and to urge Preſcription againſt me. I would not ſay one word to you about myſelf (ſince it is a ſubject on which you appear to have no curioſity) was it not to try how far the contraſt between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and leſs diſſipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That Love which I uſed to ſcatter with ſome profuſion among the female kind, has been theſe many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for ſo they are called, though ſometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that juſt and nice diſcrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have ſeldom ſagacity enough to make for ourſelves; thoſe inſects of various hues, which uſed to hum and buz about me, while I ſtood in the ſun-ſhine, have diſappeared ſince I lived in the ſhade. No man comes to a Hermitage but for the ſake of the Hermit; a few philoſophical Friends come often to mine, and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarſe voice of Party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are baniſhed from it, and if the Lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff be admitted, this diſtinction is owing to ſome ſtrokes by which it is judged that this Illuſtri-

loſopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the
Pythagoras, the Perſian Zoroaſter, and o-
is Precurſors among the Zabians, Magians,
Egyptian Seers) both his outward and his
Doctrine, and that he was of no ſide at the

When I am there, I forget I ever was of
ty myſelf; nay, I am often ſo happily ab-
y the abſtracted reaſon of things, that I am
imagine there never was any ſuch monſter
. Alas, I am ſoon awakened from that
dream by the Greek and Roman Hiſtorians,
ciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for
vowed to read no Hiſtory of our own coun-
that body of it which you promiſe to finiſh,

under no apprehenſion that a glut of Study
irement ſhould caſt me back into the hurry
world; on the contrary, the ſingle regret
ever feel, is that I fell ſo late into this
f life; my Philoſophy grows confirmed by
d if you and I meet again, I will extort
robation from you: *Jam non conſilio bonus, eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere poſſim, recte facere non poſſim.* The little incivilities
iet with from oppoſite ſects of people, have
ar from rendering me violent or ſour to any,
ink myſelf obliged to them all; ſome have
e of my fears, by ſhewing me how impo-
malice of the world is; others have cured
y hopes, by ſhewing how precarious popu-

lar friendſhips are; all have cured me of ſurprize: In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of curſed company: and in ſtripping me of Titles and Rank, and Eſtate, and ſuch trinkets, which every man that will may ſpare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world ſo indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleaſed at what happens in it, any farther than perſonal friendſhips intereſt me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect Tranquillity is the general tenour of my life: good digeſtions, ſerene weather, and ſome other mechanic ſprings, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am ſometimes gay, but I am never ſad. I have gained new friends, and have loſt ſome old ones; my acquiſitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleaſure, becauſe they have not been made lightly: I know no vows ſo ſolemn as thoſe of friendſhip, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance ſhould methinks precede them: My loſſes of this kind give me but little trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a friend who breaks with me unjuſtly, is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few days) I ſhall fall back into that courſe of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great diſtance from me: I have an averſion to them both, but in the ordinary courſe of life I think I can bear the ſenſible knave better

n the fool. One muſt indeed with the former be ſome or other of the attitudes of thoſe wooden n whom I have ſeen before a ſword-cutler's ſhop Germany; but even in theſe conſtrained poſtures witty Raſcal will divert me; and he that diverts does me a great deal of good, and lays me under obligation to him, which I am not obliged to him in another coin: The Fool obliges me to almoſt as much upon my guard as the knave, and makes me no amends; he numbs me like the rpor, or he teazes me like the Fly. This is the ture of an old Friend, and more like him than t will be which you once aſked, and which he will d you, if you continue ſtill to deſire it.—Adieu, r Swift, with all thy faults I love thee intirely; ke an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER IX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Sept. 20. 1723.

RETurning from a ſummer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a er from you, with an appendix longer than yours m Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more erable malady than an unwillingneſs to write let- to our beſt friends, and a man might be phi- opher enough in finding out reaſons for it. One *g is clear, that it ſhews* a mighty difference be-

twixt Friendſhip and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always ſcribling to his miſtreſs. If I could permit myſelf to believe what your civility makes you ſay, that I am ſtill remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myſelf here —*Non ſum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dullneſs of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible ſum. I have no very ſtrong faith in you pretenders to Retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form concluſions *de contemptu mundi & fuga ſæculi*, unleſs a Poet grows weary of too much applauſe, as Miniſters do of too much weight of buſineſs.

Your happineſs is greater than your Merit, in chuſing your favourites ſo indifferently among either Party: this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I ſuppoſe Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Conſtitution of Church and State, than a Chriſtian at Conſtantinople; and you are ſo much the wiſer and the happier, becauſe both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendſhip are new to me: I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I ver

well know to whom I would give the firſt places in my Friendſhip, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another ſcene, and therefore I diſtribute it in Pennyworths to thoſe about me, and who diſpleaſe me leaſt; and ſhould do the ſame to my fellow priſoners if I were condemned to jayl. I can likewiſe tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, becauſe their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, tho' not ſo troubleſome, as that of Fools. I have often endeavoured to eſtabliſh a Friendſhip among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they are ſeldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was ſo among the Poets in the time of Auguſtus: but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are ſeldom without a large Tribe. Under the name of Poets and Scriblers I ſuppoſe you mean the Fools you are content to ſee ſometimes, when they happen to be modeſt; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would deſcribe to you my way of living, if any method could be called ſo in this Country. I chuſe my companions among thoſe of leaſt conſequence and moſt compliance: I read the moſt trifling Books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſubjects: But riding, walking, and ſleeping *take up eighteen of the* twenty-four hours. I pro-

craſtinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have ſeveral things to finiſh which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc eſt vita Solutorum, &c.* I ſend you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath paſſed four months this ſummer with two grave acquaintance at his country-houſe, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles diſtant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you ſhall find him as deep in the Court of Requeſts, the Park, the Opera's, and the Coffee-houſe, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You muſt remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay,—I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whoſe houſe I addreſs this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your laſt whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you?

I am ever, &c.

LETTER X.

Sept. 14, 1725.

I Need not tell you, with what real delight I ſhould have done any thing you deſired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your Letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps 'tis with Poets as with Prophets, they are ſo much better liked in another country

eir own, that your Gentleman, upon arriving and, loſt his curioſity concerning me. How- ad he try'd, he had found me his friend; I e had found me yours. I am diſappointed at wing better a man whom you eſteem, and com- ſelf only with having got a Letter from you, hich (after all) I ſit down a gainer; ſince to at pleaſure it confirms my hope of once more your. After ſo many diſperſions and ſo many ıs, two or three of us may yet be gathered to- : not to plot, not to contrive ſilly ſchemes of ɔn, or to vex our own or others hearts with anities (ſuch as perhaps at one time of life or ake their Tour in every man) but to divert es, and the world too if it pleaſes; or at worſt, h at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as elves. Your Travels * I hear much of; my own ıiſe you ſhall never more be in a ſtrange land, iligent, I hope uſeful, inveſtigation of my own ɔries †. I mean no more Tranſlations, but ıing domeſtic, fit for my own country, and for n time.

ou come to us, I'll find you elderly Ladies ı that can halloo, and two that can nurſe, and re too old and feeble to make too much noiſe; will gueſs, when I tell you they are my own r, and my own nurſe. I can alſo help you to y who is as deaf, tho' not ſo old, as yourſelf; be *pleaſed with* one-another I'll engage, tho'

Gulliver. † The Eſſay on Man.

you don't hear one another: you'll converſe like ſpirits by intuition. What you'll moſt wonder at is, ſhe is conſiderable at Court, yet no Party-woman, and lives in Court, yet would be eaſy, and make you eaſy.

One of thoſe you mention (and I dare ſay always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous diſtemper, an impoſthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be he bids me tell you, (and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reaſon he has to deſire a little longer life, is the wiſh to ſee you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumſtance to tell you, he would give you (if he cou'd) ſuch advice as might cure your deafneſs, but he would not adviſe you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; becauſe you may by that means hear as much as you will, and anſwer as little as you pleaſe. Believe me

Your's, &c.

LETTER XI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 29, 1725.

I Am now returning to the noble ſcene of Dublin, into the grand Monde, for fear of burying my *parts: to ſignalize* myſelf among Curates and Vi*cars, and* correct all corruptions crept in relating

o the weight of bread and butter, through thoſe dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (beſides ditching) in finiſhing, correcting, amending, and tranſcribing my * Travels, in four parts compleat, newly augmented, and intended for the preſs when the world ſhall deſerve them, or rather when a Printer ſhall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the ſcheme of our meeting after diſtreſſes and diſperſions; but the chief end I propoſe to myſelf in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compaſs that deſign without hurting my own perſon or fortune, I would be the moſt indefatigable writer you have ever ſeen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleaſed that you have done with Tranſlations; Lord Treaſurer Oxford often lamented that a raſcally world ſhould lay you under a neceſſity of miſemploying your genius for ſo long a time. But ſince you will now be ſo much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one laſh the more at my requeſt. I have ever hated all Nations, Profeſſions, and Communities; and all my love is towards Individuals: for inſtance, I hate the Tribe of Lawyers, but I love Counſellor ſuch a one, and Judge ſuch a one: 'Tis ſo with Phyſicians (I will not ſpeak of my own Trade) Soldiers, Engliſh, Scotch, French, and the reſt. But principally I hate and deteſt that animal called Man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and ſo forth. This is the ſyſtem upon

* *Gulliver's Travels.*

which I have governed myſelf many years
not tell) and ſo I ſhall go on till I have do
them. I have got materials towards a T
proving the falſity of that definition *Animal r*
and to ſhew it ſhould be only *rationis capax.*
this great foundation of Miſanthropy (thoug
Timon's manner) the whole building of my
is erected; and I never will have peace of m
all honeſt men are of my opinion: By conſ
you are to embrace it immediately, and proc
all who deſerve my eſteem may do ſo too. T
ter is ſo clear, that it will admit of no diſput
I will hold a hundred pounds that you and
in the point.

I did not know your Odyſſey was finiſhed
yet in the country, which I ſhall leave in thr
I thank you kindly for the preſent, but ſhal
three fourths the leſs, from the mixture you
of other hands; however, I am glad you ſav
ſelf ſo much drudgery—I have been long
Mr. Ford of your great atchievements in
and planting, and eſpecially of your ſubte
paſſage to your garden, whereby you turned
der into a Beauty, which is a piece of *Ars P*

I have almoſt done with Harridans, and ſh
become old enough to fall in love with girls
teen. The Lady whom you deſcribe to
Court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I
be Mythology, but know not how to mor
She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither

lives at Court: Juſtice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is ſhe a Court lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a Court-lady, but then ſhe is a moſt damnable Party-woman, and will never make me eaſy, as you promiſe. It muſt be Riches, which anſwers all your deſcription: I am glad ſhe viſits you, but my voice is ſo weak, that I doubt ſhe will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis ſent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illneſs, which is a very ſenſible affliction to me, who by living ſo long out of the world, have loſt that hardneſs of heart contracted by years and general converſation. I am daily loſing friends, and neither ſeeking nor getting others. Oh if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels! But however he is not without fault: There is a paſſage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Iriſh in that age, where after abundance of praiſes he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Eaſter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or uſeful; but alas, he hath a ſort of ſlouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Chriſtian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our Friend Gay, but I find the Court keeps him at hard meat. I adviſed him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little Flams (as Lord Leiceſter call'd thoſe ſort of verſes) on Miſs Carteret. A Dublin Blackſmith, a

great Poet, hath imitated his manner in a p the ſame Miſs.. Philips is a complainer, and occaſion I told Lord Carteret, that Complainer ſucceed at Court, tho' Railers do..

Are you altogether a country gentleman? muſt addreſs to you out of London, to the ha: your loſing this precious letter, which I wi conclude, altho' ſo much paper is left. I h ill Name, and therefore ſhall not ſubſcribe : you will gueſs it comes from one who eſteei loves you about half as much as you deſerve, l as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am juſt in ſome of the news-papers, that Lord Bolin is much hurt by a fall in hunting.. I am glad ſo much Youth and vigour left (of which h not been thrifty) but I wonder he has no mor eretion.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 15, 1

I Am wonderfully pleaſed with the ſuddenn your kind anſwer. It makes me hope yc coming towards us, and that you incline mor more to your old friends, in proportion as you nearer to them; and are getting into our V Here is One, who was once a powerful planet has now (after long experience of all that con

shining) learned to be content, with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is Another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his Father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again, than of reviewing a world every part of which he has long despis'd, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain (which is the most Catholic of all remedies, tho' not the most Universal.) I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I'm sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all Poets the most miserable. I'm also sorry for another reason; if they don't promote him, they'll spoil the conclusion of one of my Satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the Taste of the Town in wit and criticism, I end thus,

But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
In ——'s Reign these fruitless lines were writ,
When Ambrose Philips was prefer'd for Wit!

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and *generally by* Tories too.) Because *he had humour, he was* supposed to have dealt with

Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one h learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt wi the Devil. He puts his whole truſt at Court in th Lady whom I deſcribed to you, and whom you tal to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wiſh ſh really were Riches for his ſake; though as for your I queſtion whether (if you knew her) you woul change her for the other?

Lord Bolingbroke had not the leaſt harm by hi fall, I wiſh he had received no more by his oth fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lor Bolingbroke is the moſt improved Mind ſince yo ſaw him, that ever was improved without ſhiftin into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angeli* I have often imagined to myſelf, that if ever all c us meet again, after ſo many varieties and change after ſo much of the old world and of the old ma in each of us has been altered, that ſcarce a ſingl thought of the one, any more than a ſingle atom o the other, remains juſt the ſame; I've fancy'd, I ſay that we ſhould meet like the righteous in the Millen nium, quite in peace, diveſted of all our former Paſ ſions, ſmiling at our paſt follies, and content to enjo the kingdom of the Juſt in tranquillity. But I fin you would rather be employed as an avenging Ange of wrath, to break your Vial of Indignation over th heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay would make them *Eat your Book*, which you hav made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as poſſi *ble*.

I won't tell you what deſigns I have in my head (beſides writing a ſet of Maxims in oppoſition to all Rochefoucault's principles *) till I ſee you here, face to face. Then you ſhall have no reaſon to complain of me, for want of a generous diſdain of this world, though I have not loſt my Ears in yours and their ſervice. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this Letter, and he deſerves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addreſs'd to you or comes from you,) expects you: That ought to be enough to bring you hither; 'tis a better reaſon than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can deſire, into your Principle of Love of Individuals: and I think the way to have a public ſpirit is firſt to have a private one; for who can believe (ſaid a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thouſand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a Patriot, any more than a Friend.

I deſigned to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is ſo touch'd with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to anſwer it by a whole letter. He too is buſy about a book, which I gueſs he will tell you of. So adieu—what remains worth telling you? Dean

* This was only ſaid as an oblique reproof of the horrid miſanthropy in the foregoing Letter; and which he ſuppoſed, might be chiefly occaſioned by the Dean's fondneſs for Rochefoucault, whoſe *Maxims are founded* on the principle of an univerſal ſelfiſhneſs *in human nature.*

Berkley is well, and happy in the profecution Scheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbr health, Duke Diſny ſo alſo; Sir William Wy better, Lord Bathurſt well. Theſe and ſome preſerve their ancient honour and ancient frie Thoſe who do neither, if they were d—d, wh to a Proteſtant prieſt, who has nothing to do w dead? I anſwer for my own part as a Papiſt, I not pray them out of Purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and ha all bad Poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to (and Cibber. The firſt prayed againſt me w Turk; and a modern Imitator of theirs (whom you to find out) has added the Chriſtian to 'en proper definitions of each in this manner,

The Pope's the Whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:
The Chriſtian is an Infidel
That ſitteth in a Pew.

LETTER XIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 26, 1

I Should ſooner have acknowledged yours, *feveriſh* diſorder and the relicks of it ha *diſabled* me for a fortnight. I now begin t

5

excuſes, becauſe I hope I am pretty near ſeeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; becauſe if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expreſs'd that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and in my conſcience you ſay the ſame thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wiſh he were baniſhed again, for then I ſhould hear from him, when he was full of philoſophy, and talk'd *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was ſo extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his ſon's birth; which I immediately acknowledg'd, but before my letter could reach him, I wiſhed it in the ſea: I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordſhip. 'Tis hard that Parſons and Beggars ſhould be over-run with brats, while ſo great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have receiv'd his Father's picture, but I lament (*ſub ſigillo confeſſionis*) that it is not ſo true a reſemblance as I could wiſh. Drown the world! I am not content with deſpiſing it, but I would anger it, if I could with ſafety. I wiſh there were an Hoſpital built for its Deſpiſers, where one might act with ſafety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endow'd. P** is *fort chancellant* whether he ſhall turn Parſon or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reverſion. Caſt Wits and caſt Beaux have a proper

ſanctuary in the church: yet we think it a ſev
judgment, that a fine gentleman, and ſo much
finer for hating Eccleſiaſtics, ſhould be a domeſ
humble retainer to an Iriſh Prelate. He is neith
Secretary nor Gentleman-uſher, yet ſerves in bo
capacities. He hath publiſhed ſeveral reaſons w
he never came to ſee me, but the beſt is, that I ha
not waited on his Lordſhip. We have had a Po
ſent from London in imitation of that on Miſs C
teret. It is on Miſs Harvey of a day old; and
ſay and think it is yours. I wiſh it were not, b
cauſe I am againſt monopolies.—You might ha
ſpared me a few more lines of your Satire, but
hope in a few months to ſee it all. To hear boy
like you, talk of Millenniums and tranquillity! I a
older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twen
and you but by ten, than when we laſt were togeth
and we ſhould differ more than ever, you coquetti
a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to ſee ho
the gameſters play, and I railing at you both. I d
ſire you and all my friends will take a ſpecial ca
that my Diſaffection to the world may not be i
puted to my Age, for I have credible witneſſes rea
to depoſe, that it hath never varied from the twen
firſt to the f—ty eighth year of my life (pray fill th
blank charitably.) I tell you after all, that I do r
hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, b
cauſe you would have them reaſonable Animals, a
are angry at being diſappointed: I have always r
jected that definition, and made another of my o

i no more angry with—than I was with the Kite laſt week flew away with one of my chickens; yet I was pleaſed when one of my ſervants ſhot two days after. This I ſay, becauſe you are ſo ly as to tell me of your intentions to write Max- in oppoſition to Rochefoucault, who is my fa- rite, becauſe I found my whole character in him; ever I will read him again, becauſe it is poſſible ay have ſince undergone ſome alterations.—Take the bad Poets do not out-wit you, as they have ed the good ones in every age, whom they have roked to tranſmit their names to poſterity. Mœ- is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be vell known as you, if his name gets into your ſes: and as to the difference between good and fame, 'tis a perfect trifle. I aſk a thouſand par- s, and ſo leave you for this time, and will write in without concerning myſelf whether you write o.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

Decemb. 10, 1725.

Find myſelf the better acquainted with you for a long abſence, as men are with themſelves for a g Affliction; *Abſence* does but hold off a Friend, *akes one ſee him* the more truly. I am infinitely

more pleas'd to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you ſeem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the diſtance or dulneſs of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of Fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleas'd with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our Wits) our Judgments jump, in the notion that all Scriblers ſhould be paſt by in ſilence. To vindicate one's ſelf againſt ſuch naſty ſlander, is much as wiſe as it was in your country man, when the people imputed a ſtink to him, to prove the contrary by ſhewing his backſide. So let Gildon and Philips reſt in peace! what Virgil had to do with Mœvius, that he ſhould wear him upon his ſleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may poſſibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worſt; unleſs you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforeſaid Hibernian.

I wiſh as warmly as you for an Hoſpital in which to lodge the Deſpiſers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelſea, with maimed Soldiers, and ſuch as had been diſabled in its ſervice. I would rather have thoſe, that, out of ſuch generous principles as you and I, deſpiſe it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much *anger againſt* the Great, my ſpleen is at the little

rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knock'd on the head with a Piſs-pot, than by a Thunder-bolt. As to great Oppreſſors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects miſchief from them; but to be ſquirted to death (as poor Wycherly ſaid to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the underſtrappers of under ſecretaries to ſecretaries who were no ſecretaries—this wou'd provoke as dull a dog as P——s himſelf.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L— thinks all this indiſcreet: The Dr. not ſo; he loves miſchief the beſt of any good-natur'd man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; *if ever he triſles, it muſt be when he turns a Divine.* Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I ſuppoſe Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reaſons; one that he thinks all childiſh things belong to him, and the other becauſe he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childiſh. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford deſires earneſtly to ſee you: and that many others whom you do not think the worſt of, will be gratified by it: none more, be aſſured, than

Yours, &c.

P. S. Pope and you are very great Wits, and I think very indifferent Philoſophers: If you deſpiſed the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be ſo angry with it. The

founder of your ſect, that noble Original whom you think it ſo great an honour to reſemble *, was a ſlave to the worſt part of the world, to the Court; and all his big words were the language of a ſlighted Lover, who deſired nothing ſo much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing ſo much as a rupture. I believe the world hath uſed me as ſcurvily as moſt people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the ſimple, falſe, capricious thing. I ſhould bluſh alike, to be diſcover'd fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *Animal Rationis capax*, inſtead of the common one *Animal Rationale*, will not bear examination: define but Reaſon, and you will ſee why your diſtinction is no better than that of the Pontiff *Cotta*; between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this: make us a viſit, and I'll ſubſcribe to any ſide of theſe important queſtions which you pleaſe. We differ leſs than you imagine, perhaps, when you wiſh'd me baniſh'd again: but I am not leſs true to you and to philoſophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours, &c. B.

* Seneca.

LETTER XV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

London, May 4, 1726.

I had rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent diſquiets of hearing you are out of or-er. I always apprehend it moſt after a great din-er; for the leaſt Tranſgreſſion of yours, if it be nly two bits and one ſup more than your ſtint, is a reat debauch; for which you certainly pay more an thoſe ſots who are carried dead drunk to bed. ſy Lord Peterborow ſpoiled every body's dinner, ut eſpecially mine, with telling us that you were etained by ſickneſs. Pray let me have three lines nder any hand or pot-hook that will give me a etter account of your health; which concerns me ore than others, becauſe I love and eſteem you for afons that moſt others have little to do with, and ould be the ſame although you had never touched pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for y journey; I will endeavour to think of you as tle as I can, and when I write to you, I will ſtrive t to think of you: This I intend in return to your ndneſs; and further, I know no body has dealt th me ſo cruelly as you, the conſequences of which ge I fear will laſt as long as my life, for ſo long ll I be (in ſpite of my heart) entirely Yours.

LETTER XVI.

Aug. 22, 172

MAny a ſhort ſigh you coſt me the day I l
you, and many more you will coſt me,
the day you return. I really walk'd about lik
man baniſhed, and when I came home found it
home. 'Tis a ſenſation like that of a limb lop
off, one is trying every minute unawares to uſe
and finds it is not. I may ſay you have uſed me m
cruelly than you have done any other man; y
have made it more impoſſible for me to live at e
without you: Habitude itſelf would have done th
if I had leſs friendſhip in my nature than I ha
Beſides my natural memory of you, you have m
a local one, which preſents you to me in every pl
I frequent; I ſhall never more think of Lord C
ham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleaſing pr
ſpect of Byberry, but your Idea muſt be joined w
'em; nor ſee one ſeat in my own garden, or o
room in my own houſe, without a Phantome of y
ſitting or walking before me. I travelled with y
to Cheſter, I felt the extream heat of the weath
the inns, the roads, the confinement and cloſen
of the uneaſy coach, and wiſhed a hundred tim
I had either a Deanery or a Horſe in my gift.
real truth, I have felt my ſoul peeviſh ever ſi
with all about me, from a warm uneaſy deſire a
you. *I am* gone out of myſelf to no purpoſe
cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not m

early apply'd to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wiſh I could think no more of it, but lye down and ſleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far ſoever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my friends that every thing you wiſh may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the ſtate you wiſh him, or her; ſo that your viſits to us may have no other effect, than the progreſs of a rich man to a remote eſtate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only ſerves to make him live happier where he is, with no diſagreeable proſpect if ever he ſhould chuſe to remove. May this be your ſtate till it become what I wiſh. But indeed I cannot expreſs the warmth, with which I wiſh you all things, and myſelf you. Indeed you are ingraved elſewhere than on the Cups you ſent me, (with ſo kind an inſcription) and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleas'd with them, but take them very kindly too: And had I ſuſpected any ſuch uſage from you, I ſhould have enjoyed your company leſs than I really did, for at this rate I may ſay

Nec tecum poſſim vivere, nec ſine te.

I will bring you over juſt ſuch another preſent, when I go to the Deanery of St. Patrick's; which I promiſe you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindneſs. *Donaren Pateras*, &c. 'Till then I'll drink (or Gay ſhall drink) daily healths to you,

and I'll add to your inſcription the old Rom for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS X Mother's age gives me authority to hope it ſt Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

Sept. 3

YOurs to Mr. Gay gave me greater ſat than that to me (tho' that gave me deal) for to hear you were ſafe at your journ exceeds the account of your fatigues whil way to it: otherwiſe believe me, every tittle is important to me, which ſets any one thin my eyes that happens to you. I writ yo letter, which I gueſs reach'd you the day a arrival. Since then I had a conference ——— who expreſs'd his deſire of hav you again before you left us. He ſaid he a willingneſs in you to live among us; wh not deny; but at the ſame time told him, no ſuch deſign in your coming this time, w merely to ſee a few of thoſe you loved: indeed all thoſe wiſhed it, and particula Peterborow and myſelf, who wiſhed you l land leſs, had you any reaſon to love Engla I ſaid nothing but what I think wou'd in man to be as fond of you as I, plain T they know either it, or you. I can't help (when I conſider the whole ſhort Liſt of ou

at none of them except you and I are qualify'd for
: Mountains of Wales. The Dr. goes to Cards,
ay to Court; one loſes money, one loſes his time:
nother of our friends labours to be unambitious,
t he labours in an unwilling ſoil. One Lady you
e has too much of France to be fit for Wales:
nother is too much a ſubject to Princes and Poten-
es, to reliſh that wild Taſte of liberty and poverty.
r. Congreve is too ſick to bear a thin air; and
: that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing,
rd Peterborow can go to any climate, but never
y in any. Lord Bathurſt is too great an huſband-
n to like barren hills, except they are his own to
prove. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too
neſt to live in the world, but yet 'tis fit, for its
mple he ſhould. We are left to ourſelves in my
inion, and may live where we pleaſe, in Wales,
blin, or Bermudas: And for me, I aſſure you
ove the world ſo well, and it loves me ſo well,
t I care not in what part of it I paſs the reſt
my days. I ſee no ſunſhine but in the face of a
:nd.

I had a glympſe of a letter of yours lately, by
ich I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think
ll of people out of power, than of people in
wer; perhaps 'tis a miſtake, but however there's
nething in it generous. Mr. * * takes it extreme
idly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to
nk you for that good opinion, for which I be-
ve he is only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am

not in an error, he would rather be in po
out.

To ſhew you how fit I am to live in th
tains, I will with great truth apply to myſe
ſentence: "Thoſe that are in may abide
"thoſe that are out, may abide out: y
"thoſe that are in ſhall be as thoſe that are
"thoſe that are out ſhall be as thoſe that a

I am indifferent as to all thoſe matters, b
you as much as I did the firſt day, when
ſhort ſigh) I parted. Wherever you are, (c
mountains of Wales, or on the coaſt of Dub

Tu mihi, ſeu magni ſuperas jam ſaxa Tima
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris——)

I am, and ever ſhall be Yo

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 17,

ABout ten days ago a Book was publiſ
of the Travels of one Gulliver, whi
been the converſation of the whole town eve
The whole impreſſion ſold in a week; and
is more diverting than to hear the different o
people give of it, though all agree in likin
tremely. 'Tis generally ſaid that you are

but I am told, the Bookſeller declares he
s not from what hand it came. From the high-
the loweſt it is univerſally read, from the Ca-
council to the Nurſery. The Politicians to a
agree, that it is free from particular reflections,
hat the Satire on general ſocieties of men is too
:. Not but we now and then meet with people
ater perſpicuity, who are in ſearch for parti-
applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly pro-
we ſhall have keys publiſh'd to give light into
ver's deſign. Lord —— is the perſon who
approves it, blaming it as a deſign of evil con-
nce to depreciate human nature, at which it
ot be wondered that he takes moſt offence, be-
imſelf the moſt accompliſh'd of his ſpecies, and
ing more than any other of that praiſe which
e both to the dignity and virtue of a man *.
friend my Lord Harcourt, commends it very
, though he thinks in ſome places the matter
ir carried. The Ducheſs Dowager of Marl-
igh is in raptures at it; ſhe ſays ſhe can dream
thing elſe ſince ſhe read it: ſhe declares, that
ath now found out, that her whole life hath
loſt in careſſing the worſt part of mankind, and
ng the beſt as her foes; and that if ſhe knew
ver, tho' he had been the worſt enemy ſhe ever

* is no wonder a man of worth ſhould *condemn* a ſatire on
cies; as it injures Virtue and violates Truth: And, as
hat a corrupt man ſhould *approve* it, becauſe it juſtifies his
es and tends to excuſe his practice.

had, ſhe would give up her preſent acquair
his friendſhip. You may ſee by this, tha
not much injur'd by being ſuppos'd the
this piece. If you are, you have diſoblig'
two or three of your beſt friends, in not
the leaſt hint of it while you were with u
particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who ſays it is
ſand pitys he had not known it, he could h
ed ſuch abundance of things upon every
Among Lady-critics, ſome have found out
Gulliver had a particlar malice to Maids o
Thoſe of them who frequent the Church
deſign is impious, and that it is depreci
works of the Creator. Notwithſtanding, l
the Princeſs hath read it with great pleaſur
other Critics they think the flying iſland is
entertaining; and ſo great an opinion the t
of the impoſſibility of Gulliver's writing
low himſelf, 'tis agreed that part was not w
ſame hand, tho' this hath its defenders too
paſs'd Lords and Commons, *nemine contradi*
the whole town, men, women and children
full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking
a Book you have never ſeen, and which ha
reach'd Ireland; if it hath not, I believe
have ſaid will be ſufficient to recommend i
reading, and that you will order me to ſend

But it will be much better to come over
and read it here, where you will have the p

variety of Commentators, to explain the difficult paſſages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fix'd the preciſe time of your coming to be *cum birundine prima*; which we modern naturaliſts pronounce, ought to be reckon'd, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at fartheſt. But to us your friends, the coming of ſuch a black ſwallow as you, will make a ſummer in the worſt of ſeaſons. We are no leſs glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at Court.

The Princeſs is cloath'd in Iriſh ſilk; pray give our ſervice to the Weavers. We are ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B——— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Honynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and diſcarded him your ſervice. I fear you do not underſtand theſe modiſh terms, which every creature now underſtands but yourſelf.

You tell us your Wine is bad, and that the Clergy do not frequent your houſe, which we look upon to be tautology. The beſt advice we can give you is, to make them a preſent of Your Wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are miſtaken; we envy thoſe you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I Have reſolved to take time; and in ſpite of a misfortunes and demurs, which ſickneſs, lam neſs, or diſability of any kind can throw in my wa to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My tw leaſt fingers of one hand hang impediments to t others, like uſeleſs dependents, who only take room, and never are active or aſſiſtant to our want I ſhall never be much the better for 'em—I congr tulate you firſt upon what you call your Couſin's wo derful Book, which is *publica trita manu* at preſe and I propheſy will be hereafter the admiration all men. That countenance with which it is receiv by ſome ſtateſmen, is delightful; I wiſh I could t you how every ſingle man looks upon it, to obſer which has been my whole diverſion this fortnig I've never been a night in London ſince you left till now for this very end, and indeed it has fu anſwered my expectations.

I find no conſiderable man very angry at the boo ſome indeed think it rather too bold, and too ge ral a Satire: but none, that I hear of, accuſe it particular reflections (I mean no perſons of con quence, or good judgment; the mob of Critics, know, always are deſirous to apply Satire to th they envy for being above them) ſo that you ne ed not to have been ſo ſecret upon this head. M

received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropp'd at his houſe in the dark, from a Hackney-coach: by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, ſo, for my part, I ſuſpend my judgment.

I am pleas'd with the nature and quality of your Preſent to the Princeſs. The Iriſh ſtuff you ſent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own uſe. Are you determined to be National in every thing, even in your civilities? you are the greateſt Politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational Politician, there's no great fear of you, you will never ſucceed.

Another thing, in which you have pleas'd me, was what you ſay to Mr. P. by which it ſeems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reaſon. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be ſo, after twenty or thirty years obſervation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri.

I queſtion not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their intereſt: But God forbid an honeſt or witty man ſhould be of any, but that of his country. They have ſcoundrels enough to write for their paſſions, and their deſigns; let us write for truth, for honour, and for poſterity. If you muſt needs write about Politics at all (but perhaps 'tis full as wiſe to play the fool any other way).

ſurely it ought to be ſo as to preſerve the digr integrity of your character with thoſe times t which will moſt impartially judge of you.

I wiſh you had writ to Lord Peterborow, is more affectionate toward you. Don't fan but Tories are your friends; for at that rate be, at moſt, but half your friend, and ſincer wholly ſo. Adieu, write often, and come ſc many wiſh you well, and all would be glad company.

LETTER XX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17,

I Am juſt come from anſwering a Letter o H——'s writ in ſuch myſtical terms, that I never have found out the meaning, if a Boo not been ſent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of you ſay ſo much in yours. I read the Book and in the ſecond volume obſerve ſeveral pa which appear to be patch'd and alter'd *, ai ſtyle of a different ſort (unleſs I am much mi Dr. Arbuthnot likes the Projectors leaſt †; you tell me, the Flying iſland; ſome think it

† This was the fact, which is complained of and redr the Dublin Edition of the Dean's works.

† Becauſe he underſtood it to be intended as a ſatire *Royal Society*.

be ſo hard upon whole bodies or Corporations, the general opinion is, that reflections on partiar perſons are moſt to be blam'd: ſo that in theſe es, I think the beſt method is to let cenſure and inion take their courſe. A Biſhop here ſaid, that ok was full of improbable lies, and for his part, hardly believed a word of it; and ſo much for lliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were t attended with an ugly circumſtance of returning Ireland. It is a ſhame you do not perſuade your iniſters to keep me on that ſide, if it were but by court expedient of keeping me in Priſon for a Plot ; but at the ſame time I muſt tell you, that ſuch rneys very much ſhorten my life, for a month re is longer than ſix at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be ſo tedious? anor man can publiſh fifty thouſand-Lies ſooner than can fifty Fables.

I am juſt going to perform a very good office, it to aſſiſt with the Archbiſhop, in degrading a Par- who couples all our beggars, by which I ſhall ke one happy man: and decide the great que- n of an indelible character in favour of the Prinles in faſhion; this I hope you will repreſent to Miniſtry in my favour, as a point of merit; ſo ewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parſon, o by a law here is to be hanged the next couple marries: he declared to us that he reſolved to be

hanged, only desired that when he was to
gallows, the Archbishop would take off his
munication. Is not he a good Catholic? a
is but a Scotch-man. This is the only Ir
I ever troubled you with, and I think it
notice.—Let me add, that, if I were
friend, I would desire all my acquaintanc
out that his copy was basely mangled, an
and added to, and blotted out by the Print
to me it seems, in the second volume parti

LETTER XXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

December

I Believe the hurt in your hand affects
than it does yourself, and with reason
I may probably be a greater loser by it.
Accidents to do with those who are neith
nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunka
yet a rascally Groom shall gallop a foun
ten miles upon a causeway, and get hom

I am very much pleas'd that you app
was sent, because I remember to have he
man say, that nothing required more judg
making a present; which when it is do
of high rank, ought to be of something

eadily got for money. You oblige me, and at the ame time to do me juſtice in what you obſerve as to Mr. P. Beſides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwiſe, and therefore I follow a very eaſy road to virtue, and purchaſe it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a ſtate of power, and dependance a ſtate of ſlavery? We care not three pence whether a Prince or Miniſter will ſee us or no: We are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that Riches are Liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeſhip is to laſt in acquiring them.

Since you have receiv'd the verſes, I moſt earneſtly intreat you to burn thoſe which you do not approve, and in thoſe few where you may not diſlike ſome parts, blot out the reſt, and ſometimes (tho' it be againſt the lazineſs of your nature) be ſo kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have ſome few of thoſe things I call Thoughts moral and diverting; if you pleaſe, I will ſend the beſt I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reaſon to chuſe the method you mention of mixing the ſeveral verſes, and I hope thereby among the bad Critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am ſo happy to have a letter from my Lord Pererborow, for which I intreat you will preſent him with my humble reſpects and

cunning) is frequently in very aukward ſenſatio rather than pain. But to convince you it is pre well, it has done ſome miſchief already, and juſt be ſtrong enough to cut the other hand, while it was ai ing to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, liv letter, which will attend this; She has very b health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has w twice to you; we fancy ſome letters have been int cepted, or loſt by accident. About ten thouſa times I want to tell you; I wiſh you were as imp tient to hear them, for if ſo, you would, you m come early this ſpring. Adieu. Let me have a li from you. I am vex'd at loſing Mr. Stopford as ſo as I knew him: but I thank God I have known h no longer. If every man one begins to value m ſettle in Ireland, pray make me know no more 'em, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER XXIII.

Oct. 2, 172;

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, a your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affect me ſo much, that it made me like a girl. I can't t what to ſay to you; I only feel that I wiſh you w in ev'ry circumſtance of life; that 'tis almoſt as go to be hated as to be loved, conſidering the pain it to minds of any tender turn, to find themſelves ſo

impotent to do any good or give any eaſe to e who deſerve moſt from us. I would very fain w, as ſoon as you recover your complaints, or part of them. Would to God I could eaſe any them, or had been able even to have alleviated ! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I ſorry to find you could think yourſelf eaſier in houſe than in mine, tho' at the ſame time I can ow for a tenderneſs in your way of thinking, even n it ſeem'd to want that tenderneſs. I can't ex- n my meaning, perhaps you know it: But the beſt of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if ve, to viſit you in Ireland, and act there as much my own way as you did here in yours. I will leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health ar there was added ſome diſagreeable news from land, which might occaſion your ſo ſudden de- ture: For the laſt time I ſaw you, you aſſured you would not leave us this whole winter, unleſs ir health grew better, and I don't find it did ſo. ever comply'd ſo unwillingly in my life with any nd as with you, in ſtaying ſo intirely from you: could I have had the conſtancy to do it, if you I not promiſed that before you went, we ſhould ot, and you would ſend to us all to come. I have en your remembrances to thoſe you mention in irs: we are quite ſorry for you, I mean for our- es. I hope, as you do, that we ſhall meet in a re durable and more ſatisfactory ſtate; but the leſs e I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this.

We are to believe, we ſhall have ſomething better than even a friend, there, but certainly here we have nothing ſo good. Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleas'd and happy, as every friend you went from is ſorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin. Oct. 12, 1727.

I Have been long reaſoning with myſelf upon the condition I am in, and in concluſion have thought it beſt to return to what fortune hath made my home; I have there a large houſe and ſervants and conveniencies about me. I may be worſe than I am, and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it beſt to return to Ireland, rather than go to any diſtant place in England. Here is my maintainance, and here my convenience. If it pleaſes God to reſtore me to my health, I ſhall readily make a third journey; if not, we muſt part as all human creatures have parted. You are the beſt and kindeſt friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am ſo much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wiſhed that God almighty would be ſo

he weakneſs of mankind, as to let old friends
ainted in another ſtate; and if I were to
. Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my
. This wildneſs you muſt allow for, becauſe
ddy and deaf.

it more convenient to be ſick here, without
ation of making my friends uneaſy; yet my
ſs alone would not have done, if that unſo-
omfortleſs deafneſs had not quite tired me.
believe I ſhould have returned from the Inn,
d not feared it was only a ſhort intermiſſion,
: year was late, and my licence expiring.
beſides all other faults, I ſhould be a very ill
to doubt your friendſhip and kindneſs. But
pleaſed God that you are not in a ſtate of
to be mortified with the care and ſickneſs of
. Two ſick friends never did well together;
office is fitter for ſervants and humble com-
, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether
: them trouble or no. The caſe would be
herwiſe if you were with me; you could re-
ee any body, and here is a large houſe where
l not hear each other if we were both ſick.
a race of orderly elderly people of both ſexes
nand, who are of no conſequence, and have
per for attending us; who can bawl when I
, and tread ſoftly when I am only giddy and
leep.

l another reaſon for my haſte hither, which
nging my Agent, the old one having terribly

involved my little affairs; to which how grown ſo indifferent, that I believe I ſha or three hundred pounds rather than pla with accounts; ſo that I am very well qua a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands

Pray God continue and increaſe Mr. (amendment, though he does not deſerve i having been too laviſh of that health whi gave him.

I hope my Whitehall-landlord is nearer than when I left him; as the Preacher ſ "day of judgment was nearer, than ever i "before."

Pray God ſend you health, *det ſalutem animam æquam tibi ipſe parabis.* You ſ wiſhed for money, as well as health; ar hold a crown he kept a coach; and I ſhal a friend to the Court, till you do ſo too.

Y

LETTER XXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct.

THE firſt letter I writ after my la to Mr. Gay; but it would have *to direct it* to Tonſon or Lintot, to whom *his lodgings* are better known than to th

the Poſt-office. In that Letter you will find what a quick change I made in ſeven days from London to the Deanry, thro' many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a ſwift horſe or a ſtrong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the Antipodes. If I did not know you more by your converſation and kindneſs than by your letter, I might be baſe enough to ſuſpect, that in point of friendſhip you acted like ſome Philoſophers who writ much better upon Virtue than they practiſed it. In anſwer, I can only ſwear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpreſſible nonſenſe; but now I can every night diſtinctly ſee Twickenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et cetera's, and it is but three nights ſince I beat Mrs. Pope. I muſt needs confeſs, that the pleaſure I take in thinking of you is very much leſſened by the pain I am in about your health: You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you; and for the conſequences of them in the eſteem and diſtinction you receive from mankind, unleſs you can provide a tolerable ſtock of health; in which purſuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other Phyſicians. When you talk'd of Cups and Impreſſions, it came *into my head to* imitate you in quoting *Scripture, not to your* advantage; I mean what was

ſaid to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy "pride and the naughtineſs of thy heart;" I remember when it grieved your ſoul to ſee me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way it would have coſt me a hundred pounds, for I live worſe here upon more. Did you ever conſider that I am for life almoſt twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither Coach, Chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to ſay to it with St. Paul, *If we have ſown unto you ſpiritual things, is it a great thing if we ſhall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper ſtill, if you conſider the French word *ſpiritual*, in which ſenſe the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a preſent of a thouſand pound, I would not allow myſelf to be in your debt; and if I made you a preſent of two, I would not allow myſelf to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witneſs what Mr. Gay ſays in his letter, that I was cenſured for begging Preſents, though I limited them to ten ſhillings. I ſee no reaſon, (at leaſt my friendſhip and vanity ſee none) why you ſhould not give me a viſit, when you ſhall happen to be diſengaged: I will ſend a perſon to Cheſter to take care of you, and you ſhall be uſed, by the beſt folks we have here, as well as *civility and* good-nature can contrive; I believe local *motion will* be no ill phyſic, and I will have you

ıg inſcribed on my Tomb, and recorded in
-dying verſe.

ıank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know
ıyſtery. A perſon of my acquaintance, who
:o correſpond with the laſt Great Duke of Tuſ-
ſhewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend,
ɔrofeſſing great ſenſe of his Highneſs's friend-
read this paſſage out of the letters, *I would give my fingers to procure your real good.* The per-
whom this was read, and who knew the Duke
ſaid, the meaning of *real good* was only that the
might turn a good Catholic. Pray aſk Mrs.
whether this ſtory is applicable to her and me?
y God bleſs her, for I am ſure ſhe is a good
lian, and (which is almoſt as rare) a good Wo-

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 22, 1727.

'HE Queen's family is at laſt ſettled, and in
the liſt I was appointed Gentleman-uſher to
rinceſs Louiſa, the youngeſt Princeſs; which,
account that I am ſo far advanced in life, I
declin'd *accepting*; and have endeavour'd, in
ſt manner I could, to make my excuſes by a

letter to her Majeſty. So now all my expe
are vaniſh'd; and I have no proſpect, but in
ing wholly upon myſelf, and my own condu
I am us'd to diſappointments, I can bear the
as I can have no more hopes, I can no more
appointed, ſo that I am in a bleſſed condition
remember you were adviſing me to go into N
to finiſh my ſcenes the more correctly—I no
I ſhall, for I have no attendance to hinder n
my Opera is already finiſh'd. I leave the reſt
paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a Free-man, and I writ him a lon
gratulatory Letter upon it. Do you the ſame:
mend him, and make him a better man than
could do. Horace might keep his coach in
ſtus's time, if he pleas'd; but I won't in the
our Auguſtus. My Poem (which it grieves
I dare not ſend you a copy of, for fear of the
and Dennis's of Ireland, and ſtill more for fea
worſt of Traytors, our Friends and Admire
Poem, I ſay, will ſhew what a diſtinguiſhing
lived in? Your name is in it, with ſome othe
der a mark of ſuch ignominy as you will not
grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, an
bleſs you, and give you health and ſpirits,

Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair,
Or in the graver Gown *inſtruct* mankind,
Or, ſilent, let thy morals tell *thy* mind.

Theſe two verſes are over and above what I've ſaid of you in the Poem. Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23, 1727.

I Entirely approve your refuſal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the Miniſtry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himſelf in a ſtate to be forgiven. Upon reaſoning with myſelf, I ſhould hope they are gone too far to diſcard you quite, and that they will give you ſomething; which, although much leſs than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumſtantiated: And ſince you already juſt live, a middling help will make you juſt tolerable. Your lateneſs in life (as you ſo ſoon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almoſt the eldeſt men may hope to ſee Changes in a Court. A Miniſter is always ſeventy: You are thirty years younger; and conſider, Cromwell himſelf did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a ſhilling, which Dr. Birch ſaid was a ſerious thing. Get a *ſtronger fence* about your 1000 l. and *throw the inner fence into* the heap, and be adviſed

by your Twickenham landlord and me about an a
nuity. You are the moſt refractory, honeſt, goo
natur'd man I ever have known; I could argue
this paper—I am very glad your Opera is finiſh
and hope your friends will join the readier to m
it ſucceed, becauſe you are ill-uſed by others.

I have known Courts theſe thirty-ſix years,
know they differ; but in ſome things they are
tremely conſtant: Firſt, in the trite old maxim
miniſter's never forgiving thoſe he hath injur
Secondly, in the inſincerity of thoſe who would
thought the beſt friends: Thirdly, in the lov
fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: Fourthly,
ſacrificing thoſe whom we really wiſh well, t
point of intereſt, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keep
every thing worth taking, for thoſe who can do
vice or diſ-ſervice.

Now why does not Pope publiſh his dulneſs?
rogues he marks will die of themſelves in peace,
ſo will his friends, and ſo there will be neither
niſhment, nor reward.—Pray enquire how my L
St. John does? there's no man's health in Engl
I am more concerned about than his.——I wo
whether you begin to taſte the pleaſure of Indep
dency? or whether you do not ſometimes leer u
the Court, *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of
Annuity, when you are two years older, and h
doubled your purchaſe-money? Have you dedic
your Opera, and got the uſual dedication-fe
twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? does

hide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philoſopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pultney in expectation of a ſon, or my Lord Oxford of a new old Manuſcript!

I bought your Opera to-day for ſix-pence, a curſed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout*.

We are as full of it *pro modulo noſtro* as London can be; continually acting, and houſes cramm'd, and the Lord Lieutenant ſeveral times there laughing his heart out. I did not underſtand that the ſcene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Caſſius, till I was told it. I wiſh Mackheath, when he was going to be hang'd, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying: I would have had his fellow-rogues deſire his commands about a Succeſſor, and he to anſwer, Let it be the moſt worthy, &c. We hear a million of ſtories about the Opera, of the applauſe at the ſong, *That was levell'd at me*, when two great Miniſters were in a box together, and all the world ſtaring at them. I am heartily glad your Opera hath mended your purſe, though perhaps it may ſpoil your court.

Will you deſire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pultney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thouſand pounds? that you may laugh *at courts, and bid Miniſters* —

Ever preſerve ſome ſpice of the Alderman, and prepare againſt Age, and Dulneſs, and Sickneſs, and Coldneſs or Death of Friends. A Whore has a reſource left, that ſhe can turn bawd; but an old decay'd Poet is a creature abandon'd, and at mercy when he can find none. Get me likewiſe Polly's Meſſotinto. Lord, how the ſchool boys at Weſtminſter and Univerſity-lads adore you at this juncture. Have you made as many men laugh, as Miniſter can make weep?

I will excuſe Sir —— the trouble of a letter When Ambaſſadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his Nephew, after two years; the Emperor anſwered, that he likewiſe condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector I always loved and reſpected him very much, and do ſtill as much as ever; and it is a return ſufficient if he pleaſes to accept the offers of my moſt humble ſervice.

The Beggar's Opera hath knock'd down Gulliver; I hope to ſee Pope's Dulneſs knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its jobb.

To expoſe vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public ſervice than all the Miniſter of ſtate from Adam to Walpole, and ſo adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

POPE charges himſelf with this letter; he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his * *Dulneſs* grows and flouriſhes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will ſtare at it, the few will ſmile, and all his Patrons from Bickerſtaff to Gulliver will rejoice, to ſee themſelves adorn'd in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had ſome return of your illneſs which carried you ſo ſuddenly from us (if indeed it was your own illneſs which made you in ſuch haſte to be at Dublin.) Dear Swift take care of your health. I'll give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or which is better, *à la Bruyere*. *Nouriſſer bien vôtre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laiſſer rouiller l'eſprit meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux: Laiſſer ſonner vos cloches le matin pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un ſommeil doux et profond, qui luy procure de beaux ſonges: Lever vous tard, et aller à l'Egliſe, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien dejuné.* As to myſelf (a perſon about whom I concern myſelf very little) I muſt ſay a word or two out of complaiſance to you. I am in my farm, and

* The Dunciad.

here I ſhoot ſtrong and tenacious roots; caught hold of the earth (to uſe a Gardener's and neither my enemies nor my friends will an eaſy matter to tranſplant me again. Ad me hear from you, at leaſt of you: I love yo thouſand things, for none more than for t eſteem and love which you have for all the Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's ac ſhall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot hel ing a word, to deſire you to expect my ſou with you by that time; but as for the jade of that is tack'd to it, I fear there will be no dr it after. I aſſure you I have few friends h detain me, and no powerful one at Court abſ to forbid my journey. I am told the Gynocr of opinion, that they want no better writer Cibber and the Britiſh journaliſt; ſo that w live at quiet, and apply ourſelves to our m ſtruſe ſtudies. The only Courtiers I know, c the honour to call my friends, are John G Mr. Bowry; the former is at preſent ſo empl the elevated airs of his Opera, and the latter exaltation of his high dignity (that of her M Waterman) that I can ſcarce obtain a cate anſwer from either to any thing I ſay to 'em the Opera ſucceeds extremely, to yours and treme ſatisfaction, of which he promiſes this give you a full account. I have been in a condition of health than ever, and think n

tality is very near out of my enjoyment: ſo it t be in you, and in poſterity, to make me what nds you can for dying young. Adieu. While n, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of rſelf.

LETTER XXIX.

March 23, 1727-8.

Send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boſton in New-England, wherein you'll find a real ſon, a member of their Parliament, of the name Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that Travel- has travell'd thither, it has travell'd very quick, ıave folks chriſten'd already by the name of the poſed Author. But if you object, that no child ately chriſten'd could be arrived at years of ma- ty to be elected into Parliament, I reply (to ſolve Riddle) that the perſon is an *Anabaptiſt*, and not iſten'd till full age, which ſets all right. However e, the accident is very ſingular, that theſe two nes ſhould be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days ning, and will certainly continue the whole ſea- . So he has more than a fence about his thou- d pound: he'll ſoon be thinking of a fence about two thouſand. Shall no one of us live as we ıld wiſh each other to live? Shall he have no ıity, you no ſettlement on this ſide, and I no

proſpect of getting to you on the other ? This w
is made for Cæſar—as Cato ſaid, for ambiti
falſe, or flattering people to domineer in : Nay t
would not, by their good will, leave us our
books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I deſpiſe
world yet, I aſſure you, more than either Gay or
and the Court more than all the reſt of the w
As for thoſe Scriblers for whom you apprehe
would ſuppreſs my *Dulneſs* (which by the way
the future, you are to call by a more pompous n
The Dunceiad) how much that neſt of Hornet
my regard, will eaſily appear to you when you
the Treatiſe of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name ſhall
linked as friends to poſterity, both in verſe and p
and (as Tully calls it) in *conſuetudine Studio*
Would to God our Perſons could but as well,
as ſurely be inſeparable ; I find my other Tyes
ping from me : ſome worn off, ſome torn off, o
relaxing daily : My greateſt, both by duty, grati
and humanity, Time is ſhaking every moment,
it now hangs but by a thread ! I am many year
older, for living ſo much with one ſo old, r
the more helpleſs, for having been ſo long h
and tended by her ; much the more conſiderat
tender, for a daily commerce with one who req
me juſtly to be both to her ; and conſequently
more melancholy and thoughtful ; and the le
for others, who want only in a companion or a fr
to be amuſed or entertained. My conſtitutio

id its ſhare of decay, as well as my ſpirits, and as much in the decline at forty as you at ſixty. :ve we ſhould be fit to live together, cou'd I little more health, which might make me not inſupportable: Your Deafneſs wou'd agree ny Dulneſs; you would not want me to ſpeak you could not hear. But God forbid you . be as deſtitute of the ſocial comforts of life, iuſt when I loſe my mother; or that ever you . loſe your more uſeful acquaintance ſo utterly, :urn your thoughts to ſuch a broken reed as who could ſo ill ſupply your wants. I am nely troubled at the returns of your deafneſs; annot be too particular in the accounts of your . to me; every thing you do or ſay in this)bliges me, nay delights me, to ſee the juſtice lo me in thinking me concern'd in all your :ns; ſo that though the pleaſanteſt thing you ll me be that you are better or eaſier; next to : pleaſes me, that you make me the perſon you . complain to.

the obtaining the love of valuable men is the eſt end I know of this life, ſo the next felicity ;et rid of fools and ſcoundrels; which I can't vn to you was one part of my deſign in fal- ipon theſe Authors, whoſe incapacity is not r than their inſincerity, and of whom I have s found (if I may quote myſelf)

but each bad Author is as bad a Friend.

This Poem will rid me of thoſe inſects,

Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Neſcio quid *majus naſcitur Iliade.*

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Neſcio quid*, w
is a degree of modeſty; but however if it ſil
theſe fellows *, it muſt be ſomething greater t
any Iliad in Chriſtendom.

Adi

LETTER XXX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10, 17

I Have with great pleaſure ſhewn the New-E
land News-paper with the two names Jonat
Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Forteſcue ſent yo
account from the aſſizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver
had a Cauſe there, and loſt it on his ill reputa
of being a liar. Theſe are not the only obſe
tions I have made upon odd ſtrange accident
trifles, which in things of great importance w
have been matter for hiſtorians. Mr. Gay's O
hath been acted here twenty times, and my L
Lieutenant tells me, it is very well perform'd.
hath ſeen it often, and approves it much.

You give a moſt melancholy account of your
and which I do not approve. I reckon that a

* It did, in a little time, effectually ſilence them.

ike us to bodily infirmities, ſhould only oc-
y converſe with great people, notwithſtand-
eir good qualities, eaſineſſes, and kindneſſes.
; another race which I prefer before them, as
l Mutton for conſtant diet before Partridges:
a middle kind both for underſtanding and
who are perfectly eaſy, never impertinent,
ng in every thing, ready to do a hundred
ices that you and I may often want, who
l ſit with me five times for once that I go
, and whom I can tell without offence, that
herwiſe engaged at preſent. This you can-
ect from any of thoſe that either you or I or
: acquainted with on your ſide; who are only
ur healthy ſeaſons, and have much buſineſs
own. God forbid I ſhould condemn you to
(Quanquam O!) and for England I deſpair;
leed a change of affairs would come too late
eaſon of life, and might probably produce
; on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope
and have had her care beyond what from
you could expect; not but her loſs will be
nſible, whenever it ſhall happen. I ſay one
hat both ſummers and winters are milder here
ith you; all things for life in general better
middling fortune: you will have an abſolute
nd of your company, with whatever obſe-
neſs or freedom you may expect or allow. I
n elderly houſe-keeper, who hath been my
r above thirty years, whenever I liv'd in this

kingdom. I have the command of one or tw
near this town: You have a warm apartmen
houſe, and two gardens for amuſement.
ſaid enough, yet not half. Except abſen
friends, I confeſs freely that I have no di
at living here; beſides what ariſes from a fi
of Liberty, which as it neither ſours my dr
hurts my meat, nor ſpoils my ſtomach farth
in imagination, ſo I reſolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am imp
have it *volare per ora*—there is now a vaca
fame; the Beggar's Opera hath done its taſk
uti conviva ſatur.

LETTER XXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

June 1, 1

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us
a peculiar Triumvirate, who have not
expect, or to fear; and ſo far fitteſt to conve
one another: Only he and I are a little ſu
ſchemes, and one of us (I won't ſay whic
very weak appearances, and this you have
to do with. I do profeſs without affectati
your kind opinion of me as a Patriot (ſince
it ſo) is what I do not deſerve; becauſe wh
is owing to perfect rage and reſentment, a

ifying ſight of ſlavery, folly, and baſeneſs about among which I'm forc'd to live. And I will my oath that you have more Virtue in an hour, l in ſeven years; for you deſpiſe the follies, hate the vices of mankind, without the leaſt ill t on your temper; with regard to particu- nen, you are inclined always rather to think the er, whereas with me it is always directly con- r. I hope however, this is not in you from a rior principle of virtue, but from your ſituation, ch hath made all parties and intereſts indifferent ou, who can be under no concern about high low-Church, Whig and Tory, or who is firſt niſter——Your long letter was the laſt I received this by Dr. Delany, although you mention ano- ſince. The Dr. told me your ſecret about the nciad, which does not pleaſe me, becauſe it de- gratifying my vanity in the moſt tender point, perhaps may wholly diſappoint it. As to one your enquiries, I am eaſy enough in great mat- , and have a thouſand paltry vexations in my little ion, and the more contemptible, the more vexa- s. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks l by my Chapter to teize me. I do not converſe h one creature of Station or Title, but I have a of eaſy people whom I entertain when I have ind; I have formerly deſcrib'd them to you, but, en you come, you ſhall have the honours of the ntry as much as you pleaſe, and I ſhall on that *unt make a better figure, as long as I live.* Pray

God preſerve Mrs. Pope for your ſake and love and eſteem her too much to wiſh it for he If I were five and twenty, I would wiſh to b age, to be as ſecure as ſhe is of a better life. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the beſt writers I know; very good ſenſe, civility and ſhip, without any ſtiffneſs or conſtraint. Th ciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, as much known here as in England, and t verſity-lads will crowd to kiſs the hem of yc ment. I am griev'd to hear that my Lord broke's ill health forc'd him to the Bath. is not Temperance a neceſſary virtue for gre ſince it is the parent of Eaſe and Liberty? ſ ſary for the uſe and improvement of the mi which Philoſophy allows to be the greate ties of life? I believe, had health been give berally to you, it would have been better hu without ſhame to your parts.

LETTER XXXII.

Dawley, June 28,

I Now hold the pen for my Lord Bolin who is reading your Letter between tw cocks; but his intention is ſomewhat diver caſting his eyes on the clouds, not in admir what you ſay, but for fear of a ſhower. He *fed with your* placing him in the Triumvira *tween yourſelf and me*; tho' he ſays that he

ſhall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away
th all the power like Auguſtus, and another with
the pleaſures like Anthony. It is upon a fore-
ht of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you
l allow, that this ſcheme of retreat at leaſt is not
nded upon weak appearances. Upon his return
m the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are
g'd out of him; and his great Temperance and
conomy are ſo ſignal, that the firſt is fit for my
ſtitution, and the latter would enable you to lay
ſo much money as to buy a Biſhoprick in Eng-
d. As to the return of his health and vigour,
re you here, you might enquire of his Hay-ma-
s; but as to his temperance, I can anſwer that
r one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner
: mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a Barn-
or fowl.

Now his Lordſhip is run after his Cart, I have a
ment left to myſelf to tell you, that I over-heard
a yeſterday agree with a painter for 200 *l.* to paint
country-hall with Trophies of rakes, ſpades,
ngs, &c. and other ornaments merely to counte-
ance his calling this place a farm—now turn over
ew leaf—

He bids me aſſure you, he ſhould be ſorry not to
e more ſchemes of kindneſs for his friends, than
mbition for himſelf: There, tho' his ſchemes
y be weak, the motives at leaſt are ſtrong; and
ſays further, if you could bear as great a fall,
l decreaſe of your revenues, as he knows by

experience he can, you would not live in Irelan hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all p with the inſcription, which makes me proudeſt. will be attended with *Proeme*, *Prolegomena*, *Te nia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum*, and Notes *Var* As to the latter, I deſire you to read over the and make a few in any way you like beſt*, ther dry raillery, upon the ſtyle, and way of menting of trivial critics; or humourous, upo authors in the poem; or hiſtorical, of perſons, p times; or explanatory; or collecting the pa paſſages of the Ancients. Adieu. I am pretty my Mother not ill, Dr. Arbuthnot vex'd with h ver by intervals; I am afraid he declines, an ſhall loſe a worthy man: I am troubled abou very much.

I am,

LETTER XXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

July 16, 1

I Have often run over the *Dunciad* in an Iri tion (I ſuppoſe full of faults) which a g man ſent me. The notes I could wiſh to be large, in what relates to the perſons concerne *I have long* obſerv'd that twenty miles from L

* Dr. Swift did ſo.

no-body underſtands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and paſſages; and in a few years not even thoſe who live in London. I would have the names of thoſe ſcriblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the Poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the Parodies (as they are call'd) referred to the author they imitate—When I began this long paper, I thought I ſhould have fill'd it with ſetting down the ſeveral paſſages I had mark'd in the edition I had; but I find it unneceſſary, ſo many of them falling under the ſame rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion ſaw ſo much good ſatire, or more good ſenſe, in ſo many lines. How it paſſes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am ſure it will be a great diſadvantage to the poem, that the perſons and facts will not be underſtood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be publiſhed till toward winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again, I inſiſt, you muſt have your Aſteriſks filled up with ſome real names of real Dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have advis'd above is mention'd there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymouſly, as publiſhed by the Commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c. and among many complaints of ſpurious editions? I am thinking whether the Editor ſhould not follow the old ſtyle of, This excellent

author, &c. and refine in many places when meant no refinement; and into the bargain take the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, hi ries, and performances?

As to your ſelf, I doubt you want a ſpurrer-o exerciſe and to amuſements; but to talk of deca your ſeaſon of life is a jeſt. But you are not ſo gular as I. You are the moſt temperate man G ward, and the moſt intemperate your ſelf-ward, moſt I have known. I ſuppoſe Mr. Gay will turn from the Bath with twenty pounds more fl and two hundred leſs in money: Providence ne deſigned him to be above two and twenty, by thoughtleſſneſs and Cullibility. He hath as li foreſight of age, ſickneſs, poverty, or loſs of ad ners, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I muſt obſer that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of kindneſs to me) argues moſt ſophiſtically: The f from a million to an hundred thouſand pounds is r ſo great, as from eight hundred pounds a year one: Beſides, he is a controller of Fortune, and P verty dares not look a great Miniſter in the fac under his loweſt declenſion. I never knew him li ſo great and expenſively as he hath done ſince his r turn from Exile; ſuch mortals have reſources th others are not able to comprehend. But God ble You, whoſe great genius has not ſo tranſported yc as to leave you to the courteſy of mankind; fc *wealth is liberty*, and liberty is a bleſſing fitteſt fc a *philoſopher*—and Gay is a Slave juſt by two thi

nd pounds too little.——And Horace was of my ind, and let my Lord contradict him if he dares.—

LETTER XXXIV.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

' Have paſt ſix weeks in queſt of health, and . found it not; but I found the folly of ſolicitude out it in a hundred inſtances; the contrariety of inions and practices, the inability of phyſicians, e blind obedience of ſome patients, and as blind bellion of others. I believe at a certain time of e, men are either fools, or phyſicians for themlves, and zealots, or divines for themſelves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a inter's viſit, but laſt week I repented that wiſh, hav- g been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on e road from Ireland; from which I am juſt re- ved by an aſſurance that you are ſtill at Sir A—'s anting and building; two things that I envy you r, beſides a third, which is the ſociety of a valu- le Lady. I conclude (tho' I know nothing of it) at you quarrel with her, and abuſe her every day, 'ſhe is ſo. I wonder I hear of no Lampoons up- n her, either made by yourſelf, or by others, be- auſe you eſteem her. I think it a vaſt pleaſure that henever two people of merit regard one another, many ſcoundrels envy and are angry at them: 'tis earing teſtimony to a merit they cannot reach; and *you knew the infinite* content I have receiv'd of

late, at the finding yours and my name conf
united in any ſilly ſcandal, I think you wou
near to ſing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my l
neſs in verſe; and, I believe, if you won't, I
The inſcription to the Dunciad is now printe
inſerted in the Poem. Do you care I ſhould ſ
thing farther how much that poem is yours?
certainly without you it had never been. Wo
God we were together for the reſt of our lives
whole weight of Scriblers would juſt ſerve to f
amuſement, and not more. I hope you are to
employed to mind them: every ſtick you plan
every ſtone you lay, is to ſome purpoſe; but th
ſineſs of ſuch lives as theirs is but to die daily,
bour, and raiſe nothing. I only wiſh we could
fort each other under our bodily infirmities, a
thoſe who have ſo great a mind to have mor
than we, win it and wear it. Give us but
health, peace, and fair weather! I think it
beſt wiſh in the world, and you know whoſe it
If I liv'd in Ireland, I fear the wet climate wou
danger more than my life; my humour, and h
I am ſo Atmoſpherical a creature.

I muſt not omit acquainting you, that wha
heard of the words ſpoken of you in the Dra
room, was not true. The ſayings of Princes ar
nerally as ill related as the ſayings of Wits. Tc
reports little of our regard ſhould be given, an
of our conduct influenced by them.

LETTER XXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

[Lived very eaſily in the country: Sir A. is a man of ſenſe, and a ſcholar, has a good voice, nd my lady a better; ſhe is perfectly well bred, and ſires to improve her underſtanding which is very ood, but cultivated too much like a fine Lady. She as my pupil there, and ſeverely chid when ſhe read rong; with that, and walking, and making twenty ttle amuſing improvements, and writing family verſes f mirth by way of libels on my Lady, my time paſt ery well and in very great order; infinitely better an here where I ſee no creature but my ſervants and y old Preſbyterian houſe-keeper, denying myſelf to very body, till I ſhall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only n a common news paper, when I was in the coun-y; and if it ſhould have happen'd to be true, I ould have deſired to have had acceſs to him as the ituation I am in requires. But this renews the grief or the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I oved from my youth, and who ſurely, beſides his ther talents, was a very agreeable companion. He ad the misfortune to ſquander away a very good onſtitution in his younger days; and I think a man f ſenſe and merit like him, is bound in conſcience *preſerve his health* for the ſake of his friends, as

well as of himſelf. Upon his own account I coul not much deſire the continuance of his life, under ſ much pain, and ſo many infirmities. Years have no yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weigh on my ſpirits ſince we loſt him; tho' I ſaw him ſ ſeldom, and poſſibly, if he had liv'd on, ſhould neve have ſeen him more. I do not only wiſh as you al me, that I was unacquainted with any deſerving per ſon, but almoſt that I never had a friend. Here i an ingenious good-humour'd Phyſician, a fine gen tleman, an excellent ſcholar, eaſy in his fortunes kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, en tertains them often and liberally, they paſs the even ing with him at cards, with plenty of good mea and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of theſe at com mand; if one of them dies, it is no more than poo Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the reſt, and is no more mov'd than at the loſs of his cat; he of fends no-body, is eaſy with every body—Is not thi the true happy man? I was deſcribing him to my Lady A—, who knows him too, but ſhe hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink hi health: I would give half my fortune for the ſame temper, and yet I cannot ſay I love it, for I do no love my Lord —— who is much of the Doctor's na ture. I hear Mr. Gay's ſecond Opera, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fi to be adviſed, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

U tell me you have not quitted the design collecting, writing, &c. This is the an- every ſinner who defers his repentance. I . Pope were as great an urger as I, who long ng more than to ſee truth under your hands, l detraction in the duſt———I find myſelf every year, or rather every month, to be ry and revengeful; and my rage is ſo igno- : it deſcends even to reſent the folly and of the enſlaved people among whom I live. n old Lord in Leiceſterſhire, who amuſed with mending pitchforks and ſpades for his *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I rer to objects on which I might employ nd contemning my private fortune, would oſs the channel and ſtand by, while my bet- driving the Boars out of the garden, if there robable expectation of ſuch an endeavour. was of your age I often thought of death, after a dozen years more, it is never out of l, and terrifies me leſs. I conclude that e hath order'd our fears to decreaſe with s; and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than finding it troubleſome to read at night, company here growing taſteleſs, I am al-

ways writing bad proſe, or worſe verſes, either of rage or raillery, whereof ſome few eſtape to give offence or mirth, and the reſt are burnt.

They print ſome Iriſh traſh in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are ſpurious except one * paper, for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordſhip us'd to ſay, that a few good ſpeakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, To the queſtion, would never hold long when reaſon was on the other ſide. Whether politicks do not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a Miniſter, have ſuffer'd an Act to paſs thro' the H. of C————s, only becauſe you were ſure of a majority in the H. of L——ds to throw it out; becauſe it would be unpopular, and conſequently a loſs of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the caſe in the qualification-bill relating to Penſioners. It ſhould ſeem to me that Corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your miniſtry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compar'd it with theſe laſt ſixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running ſeven millions in debt. I am forc'd to play at ſmall game, to ſet the beaſts here a madding, meerly for want of better game, *Tentanda*

* Entituled, *A Libel on Dr. Delany, and a certain great Lord.*

ſi qua me quoque poſſim, &c.——The D——take politics, where a Dunce might govern for a 1 years together. I will come in perſon to and, if I am provok'd, and ſend for the Dicta- om the plough. I diſdain to ſay, *O mihi præ-*——but *cruda deo viridiſque ſenectus.* Pray, my , how are the Gardens? Have you taken down ount, and remov'd the yew hedges? Have you ad weather for the ſpring corn? Has Mr. Pope farther in his Ethic Poems? and is the head- ſown with wheat? and what ſays Polybius? how does my Lord St. John? which laſt que- is very material to me, becauſe I love Burgun- and riding between Twickenham and Dawley. uilt a wall five years ago, and when the maſons d the knaves, nothing delighted me ſo much as nd by, while my ſervants threw down what was : I have likewiſe ſeen a Monkey overthrow all iſhes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the plea- of ſeeing them tumble and hearing the clatter made in their fall. I wiſh you would invite me ch another entertainment; but you think, as I it to think, that it is time for me to have done the world, and ſo I would if I could get into a r before I was called into the beſt, and not die in a rage, like a poiſon'd rat in a hole. I won- ou are not aſhamed to let me pine away in this dom while you are out of power.

come from looking over the *Melange* above- en, and declare it to be a true copy of my pre-

ſent diſpoſition, which muſt needs pleaſe you, ſin
nothing was ever more diſpleaſing to myſelf. I d
fire you to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to n
Lady.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1725

I Do not think it could be poſſible for me to he
better news than that of your getting over yo
ſcurvy ſuit, which always hung as a dead weight
my heart; I hated it in all its circumſtances, as
affected your fortune and quiet, and in a ſituation
life that muſt make it every way vexatious. And
I am infinitely obliged to you for the juſtice you
me in ſuppoſing your affairs do at leaſt concern me
much as my own; ſo I would never have pardon
your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot fo
bear mentioning what I read laſt ſummer in a new
paper, that you were writing the hiſtory of your ow
times. I ſuppoſe ſuch a report might ariſe fro
what was not ſecret among your friends, of your i
tention to write another kind of hiſtory; which yo
often promis'd Mr. Pope and me to do; I know I
deſires it very much, and I am ſure I deſire nothin
me, for the honour and love I bear you, and

fect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My
rd, I have no other notion of Oeconomy than
it it is the parent of Liberty and Eaſe, and I am
t the only friend you have who hath chid you in
heart for the neglect of it, though not with his
outh, as I have done. For there is a ſilly error
the world, even among friends otherwiſe very
od, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in ſuch
e matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim,
it ſhould be writ in letters of diamonds, That a
ſe man ought to have Money in his head, but not
his heart. Pray, my Lord, enquire whether your
ototype, my Lord Digby, after the Reſtoration
ien he was at Briſtol, did not take ſome care of
fortune, notwithſtanding that quotation I once
you out of his ſpeech to the H. of Commons?
my conſcience, I believe Fortune, like other
abbs, values a man gradually leſs for every year
lives. I have demonſtration for it; becauſe if
play at piquet for ſixpence with a man or a wo-
in two years younger than myſelf, I always loſe;
d there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails
winning my money at Back-gammon, tho' ſhe is
bungler, and the game be Eccleſiaſtic. As to the
blic, I confeſs nothing could cure my itch of
ddling with it but theſe frequent returns of deaf-
s, which have hindred me from paſſing laſt win-
in London; yet I cannot but conſider the perſi-
uſneſs of ſome people, who I thought when I
s laſt there, upon a change that happened, were

the moſt impudent in forgetting their profeſſion I have ever known. Pray, will you pleaſe t your pen, and blot me out that political maxim whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu m miniſtrari*; the commonneſs makes me not who is the Author, but ſure he muſt be ſom dern.

I am ſorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health I proteſt I never knew a very deſerving per that ſex, who had not too much reaſon to co of ill health. I never wake without finding more inſignificant thing than it was the day b which is one great advantage I get by living country, where there is nothing I ſhall be ſc loſe. But my greateſt miſery is recollecting th of twenty years paſt, and then all on a ſudden ping into the preſent. I remember, when I little boy, I felt a great fiſh at the end of m which I drew up almoſt on the ground, but i in, and the diſappointment vexes me to thi day, and, I believe, it was the type of all my diſappointments. I ſhould be aſhamed to ſay you, if you had not a ſpirit fitter to bear you misfortunes, than I have to think of them. I patience left to reflect, by what qualities weal greatneſs are got, and by what qualities th loſt? I have read my friend Congreve's ve Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and fal ral, and I remember is not in Horace to Ti which he imitates, "that all times are equa

ious and vicious," wherein he differs from all
ts, Philoſophers, and Chriſtians that ever writ.
s more probable that there may be an equal
ntity of virtue always in the world, but ſome-
es there may be a peck of it in Aſia, and hardly
imble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue,
e is abundance of ſincerity; for I will venture
I am worth, that there is not one human crea-
in power, who will not be modeſt enough to
feſs that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of
rruption. I ſay this, becauſe I have a ſcheme, in
e of your notions, to govern England upon the
nciples of Virtue; and when the nation is ripe
it, I deſire you will ſend for me. I have learned
s by living like a Hermit, by which I am got
kwards about nineteen hundred years in the Æra
the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedneſs
men. I dine alone upon half a diſh of meat, mix
ter with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read
ronius. *Hic explicit Epiſtola ad Dom.* Bolingbroke,
incipit ad amicum Pope.

Having finiſhed my Letter to Ariſtippus, I now
gin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope,
ving heard from others that ſhe was in a very
ngerous way, which made me think it unſeaſon-
le to trouble you. I am aſhamed to tell you, that
ien I was very young I had more deſire to be fa-
ous than ever ſince; and fame, like all things elſe
this life, grows with me every day more a triſle.

But you who are ſo much younger, althou
want that health you deſerve, yet your ſpirits
vigorous as if your body were ſounder. I
crowd, where I have not an eaſy place to
be ſeen. A great Library always makes me
choly, where the beſt Author is as much ſq
and as obſcure, as a Porter at a Coronation.
own little library, I value the compilements o
vius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one v
in folio (and were given me by my Lord
broke) more than all my books beſides; t
whoever comes into my cloſet, caſts his eyes
diately upon them, and will not vouchſafe t
upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is alm
credible how Opinions change by the decline
cay of ſpirits, and I will further tell you, that
endeavours, from a boy, to diſtinguiſh myſelf
only for want of a great Title and Fortune,
might be uſed like a Lord by thoſe who have
nion of my parts; whether right or wrong, i
great matter; and ſo the reputation of wit o
learning does the office of a blue ribband, o
coach and ſix horſes. To be remembred for e
the account of our friendſhip, is what would e
ingly pleaſe me; but yet I never lov'd to mak
ſit, or be ſeen walking with my betters, becauſ
get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no
writ this than I corrected myſelf, and remem
Sir Fulk Grevil's Epitaph, "Here lies, &c. wh
"friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore

heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 11, 1729.

I AM very sensible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires, which however I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitable to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially towards night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place strowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Ima-

gine a nation the two thirds of whoſe revenues a ſpent out of it, and who are not permitted to tra with the other third, and where the pride of wom will not ſuffer them to wear their own manufactu even where they excel what come from abroad: Th is the true ſtate of Ireland in a very few words. Th evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is a ſolutely undone, as I have been telling often in pri theſe ten years paſt.

What I have ſaid requires forgiveneſs, but I h a mind for once to let you know the ſtate of our a fairs, and my reaſon for being more moved than pe haps becomes a Clergyman, and a piece of a Phil ſopher: and perhaps the increaſe of years and diſc ders may hope for ſome allowance to complaints, e pecially when I may call myſelf a ſtranger in a ſtran land. As to poor Mrs. Pope (if ſhe be ſtill alive) heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety a virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better lif and her great age hath made her fully ripe for he ven and the grave, and her beſt friends will moſt wi her eaſed of her labours, when ſhe hath ſo ma good works to follow them. The loſs you will fe by the want of her care and kindneſs, I know ver well; but ſhe has amply done her part, as you hav yours. One reaſon why I would have you in In land when you ſhall be at your own diſpoſal, is th you may be maſter of two or three years revenue *proviſæ frugis in annos copia*, ſo as not to be pinch in the leaſt when years increaſe, and perha

lth impairs: And when this kingdom is utterly at end, you may ſupport me for the few years I ſhall pen to live; and who knows but you may pay exorbitant intereſt for the ſpoonful of wine, and ips of a chicken it will coſt me to feed you? I am fident you have too much reaſon to complain of ratitude; for I never yet knew any perſon, one h part, ſo heartily diſpoſed as you are, to do good es to others, without the leaſt private view.

Was it a Gaſconade to pleaſe me, that you ſaid r fortune was increaſed 100*l.* a year ſince I left ? you ſhould have told me how. Thoſe *ſubſidia ſuti* are extremely deſirable, if they could be got i juſtice, and without avarice; of which vice tho' nnot charge myſelf yet, nor feel any approaches ards it, yet no uſurer more wiſhes to be richer (or er to be ſurer of his rents.) But I am not half ſo erate as you, for I declare I cannot live eaſily r double to what you are ſatisfied with.

hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000*l.* and live on ntereſt without decreaſing the principal one pen- but I do not like your ſeldom ſeeing him. I : he is grown more diſengaged from his intent- on his own affairs, which I ever diſliked, and is : the reverſe to you, unleſs you are a very dex- s diſguiſer. I deſire my humble ſervice to Lord ord, Lord Bathurſt, and particularly to Mrs. -, but to no Lady at court. God bleſs you for g a greater *Dupe* than I: I love that character *myſelf, but I* want your charity. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

Oct. 9

IT pleaſes me that you received my book but you have never once told me if you the whole, or diſapprove not of ſome part Commentary, &c. It was my principal ai entire work to perpetuate the friendſhip bet and to ſhew that the friends or the enemie were the friends or enemies of the other: I particular, any thing be ſtated or mentior different manner from what you like, pra freely, that the new editions now coming o may have it rectify'd. You'll find the octav more correct than the quarto, with ſome add the Notes and Epigrams caſt in, which I w been increas'd by your acquaintance in Irel rejoice in hearing that Drapier's-Hill is to Parnaſſus; I fear the country about it is a impoveriſhed. I truly ſhare in all that troub and wiſh you remov'd from a ſcene of diſtreſs I know works your compaſſionate temper too ly. But if we are not to ſee you here, I b ſhall once in my life ſee you there. You thir for me, and about me, than any friend I ha you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not *tented*, tho' I am, that the additional 100*l.* *is only for* my life. My mother is yet living *thank God for it*: ſhe will never be troubl

me, if ſhe be not ſo to herſelf: but a melancholy object it is, to obſerve the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a perſon to whom one is tyed by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itſelf would be ſo afflicting.

You are too careful of my wordly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away a 100*l.* a year. Don't be angry: I will not live to be very old; I have Revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleaſure of what I give, by giving it, alive, and ſeeing another enjoy it. When I die I ſhould be aſham'd to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay aſſures me his 3000*l.* is kept entire and ſacred; he ſeems to languiſh after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Dr. is unalterable, both in friendſhip and Quadrille: his wife has been very near death laſt week: his two brothers buried their wives within theſe ſix weeks. Gay is ſixty miles off, and has been ſo all this ſummer, with the Duke and Ducheſs of Queenſbury. He is the ſame man: ſo is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille Qui minimus urgetur*—— Poor Mrs. * is like the reſt, ſhe cries at the thorn in her foot, but will ſuffer no-body to pull it out. The *Court-lady I have* a good opinion of, yet I have

treated her more negligently than you wou'd
cauſe you like to ſee the infide of a court, v
do not. I have ſeen her but twice. You
deſperate hand at daſhing out a character b
ſtrokes, and at the ſame time a delicate one
touches. God forbid you ſhou'd draw mi
were conſcious of any guilt: But if I were c
only of folly, God ſend it! for as no-body
tect a great fault ſo well as you, no-body w
well hide a ſmall one. But after all, tha
means to do good, and does no harm, which
deal for a Courtier. I can aſſure you that L
terborow always ſpeaks kindly of you, and c
has as great a mind to be your friend as a
I muſt throw away my pen; it cannot, it wi
tell you, what I inwardly am to you, *Quo
monſtrare, et ſentio tantum.*

LETTER XL.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIF

Bruſſels, Sept. 27,

I Have brought your French acquaintance t
on her way into her own country, and c
rably better in health than ſhe was when ſhe
Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that ſhe v

ıch a degree of health as may render old age
ırtable. Both of us have cloſed the tenth Lu-
and it is high time to determine how we ſhall
:he laſt act of the Farce. Might not my life be
ıled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it* than
ce? ſome Comedy, a great deal of Tragedy,
he whole interſperſed with ſcenes of Harlequin,
mouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of
Hero.—I uſed to think ſometimes formerly of
ge and of death; enough to prepare my mind;
nough to anticipate ſorrow, to daſh the joys of
ı, and to be all my life a dying. I find the
it of this practice now, and find it more as I
ed on my journey: little regret when I look
wards, little apprehenſion when I look forward.
:omplain grievouſly of your ſituation in Ireland:
ıld complain of mine too in England: but I
ıot, nay, I ought not; for I find by long expe-
: that I can be unfortunate, without being un-
y. I do not approve your joining together the
of living, and the *pleaſure of giving*, though
old prating friend Montagne does ſomething
: in one of his Rapſodies. To tell you my
ıs would be to write an Eſſay, and I ſhall hard-
ve time to write a Letter; but if you will come
and live with Pope and me, I'll ſhew you in an
t why thoſe two things ſhould not *aller de pair*,
ıat forced retrenchments on both my be made,
ut *making us* even uneaſy. You know that I
o expenſive, and all mankind knows that I

have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel
mind the power of deſcending without anxie
or three ſtages more. In ſhort (Mr. Dean)
will come to a certain farm in Middleſex, yo
find that I can live frugally without growling
world, or being peeviſh with thoſe whom f
has appointed to eat my bread, inſtead of appo
me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally a
diſpoſition to frugality as any man alive. Y
you are no philoſopher, and I think you are
right to diſlike a word which is ſo often abuſe
I am ſure you like to follow reaſon, not c
(which is ſometimes the reaſon and oftner t
price of others, of the mob of the world.) N
be ſure of doing this, you muſt wear your pl
phical ſpectacles as conſtantly as the Spaniard
to wear theirs. You muſt make them part o
dreſs, and ſooner part with your broad-brimm'
ver, your gown, your ſcarf, or even that eml
tical veſtment your ſurplice. Thro' this mediu
will ſee few things to be vexed at, few perſons
angry at: and yet there will frequently be
which we ought to wiſh altered, and perſons
we ought to wiſh hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a
for Fame becomes a man more towards his
than at his entrance into life; and yet you co
that the longer you live, the more you grow
ferent about it. Your ſentiment is true and na
your reaſoning, I am afraid, is not ſo upon

4

caſion. Prudence will make us deſire Fame, becauſe it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wiſe man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of ſociety. You Poets and Orators have inverted this order; you propoſe Fame as the end; and good, or at leaſt great actions, as the means. You go further: You teach our ſelf-love to anticipate the applauſe which we ſuppoſe will be paid by poſterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beſides your own: I am afraid this may have done ſome harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men purſue ſucceſsfully by various and even contrary courſes. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as eſſential, and on the means as indifferent; ſo that Fabricius and Craſſus, Cato and Cæſar preſſed forward to the ſame goal. After all perhaps it may appear, from a conſideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this paſſion or this direction of ſelf-love, in to your aid: *Tacitus* has crowded this excuſe for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contempta famæ, contemni virtutes.* But now whether we conſider Fame as an uſeful inſtrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we conſider it as the cauſe of that pleaſure which our ſelf-love is ſo fond of; methinks our entrance *into life, or (to ſpeak* more properly) our *youth, not our old age, is* the ſeaſon when we ought

to deſire it moſt, and therefore when it is coming to deſire it with ardor. If it is uſ to be deſired moſt when we have, or may have a long ſcene of action open before us: our exit, this ſcene of action is or ſhould b and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grc of a thing which we have no longer occ If it is pleaſant, the ſooner we are in po ſame the longer we ſhall enjoy this pleaſur it is acquired early in life it may tickle us o age; but when it is acquired late, the ſen pleaſure will be more faint, and mingled regret of our not having taſted it ſooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5.

I am here; I have ſeen Pope, and one o enquiries was after you. He tells me a th ſorry to hear: You are building, it ſeems o of land you have acquired for that purpoſe county of Ireland. Tho' I have built in a the world, which I prefer very little to th you have been thrown and confined by ot tune and yours, yet I am ſorry you do thing. I have repented a thouſand times o ſolution, and I hope you will repent of you it is executed. Adieu, my old and worth may the phyſical evils of life fall as eaſily u as ever they did on any man who lived to and may the moral evils which ſurround us, little impreſſion on you, as they ought to one who has ſuch ſuperior ſenſe to eſtim by, and ſo much virtue to wrap himſelf

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you; she's faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this island at her return, which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XLI.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31, 1729.

I Receiv'd your Lordship's travelling letter of several dates at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten Lustres, I remember, when I complained in a Letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this Country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter; It is you were my Hero, but the other * never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your ministry, from *my* accusations. But I granted he

* L. Ox.

had the greateſt inequalities of any man a
his whole ſcene was fifty times more a W
call-it, than yours: for, I declare, yours
and I wiſh you would ſo order it, that t
may be as wiſe as I upon that article: M
wiſhes it too, and I believe there is not a
neſt man in England, even without wit.
regard us not.——I was * forty ſeven y
when I began to think of death, and the r
upon it now begin when I wake in the
and end when I am going to ſleep.——I wr
Pope and not to you. My birth, although
family not undiſtinguiſhed in its name, is
grees inferior to yours; all my pretenſions fi
ſon and parts infinitely ſo; I a younger
younger ſons; you born to a great fortun
ſee you with all your advantages, ſunk to
that you could never have been without th
yet I ſee you as much eſteemed, as much
as much dreaded, and perhaps more (thou
almoſt impoſſible) than ever you were in you
exaltation—only I grieve like an Alder
you are not ſo rich. And yet, my Lord, I
to value money as little as you, and I will
hundred witneſſes (if you will take Iriſh
to prove it. I renounce your whole ph
becauſe it is not your practice. By the
living, (if I uſed that expreſſion to Mr. Po

* The Year of Queen Ann's Death.

not mean the parade, but a ſuitableneſs to your mind; and as for the *pleaſure of giving*, I know your ſoul ſuffers when you are debarr'd of it. Could you, when your own generoſity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no Eccleſiaſtical but an Epictetian phraſe) could you, when theſe have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the Deanery? I could almoſt wiſh the experiment were tried—No, God forbid, that ever ſuch a ſcoundrel as Want ſhould dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag, Retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth ſaid to me in his Lordly Latin, *Philoſopha verba, ignava opera*; I wiſh you could learn Arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more, My philoſophical ſpectacles which you adviſe me to, will tell me that I can live on 50*l.* a year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to) but I cannot endure that *Otium* ſhould be *ſine dignitate*. —My Lord, what I would have ſaid of Fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; becauſe I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *ſubſidium*, I would endeavour that my betters ſhould ſeek me by the merit of ſomething diſtinguiſhable, inſtead of my ſeeking of them. The deſire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the ſpirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the houſe is ſo full, that there is no room for above one or two at moſt in an age, through the *whole world*. *My* Lord, I hate and love to write

to you, it gives me pleaſure, and kills me with m lancholy. The D—— take ſtupidity, that it will n come to ſupply the want of philoſophy.

LETTER XLII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 31, 1729

YOU were ſo careful of ſending me the Da ciad, that I have received five of them, a have pleaſed four friends. I am one of every bo who approve every part of it, Text and Commer but am one abſtracted from every body, in the ha pineſs of being recorded your friend, while wit, a humour, and politeneſs ſhall have any memorial mong us. As for your octavo edition, we kn nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our ov which hath ſold wonderfully, conſidering our pov ty, and dulneſs the conſequence of it.

I writ this poſt to Lord B. and tell him in letter, that, with a great deal of loſs for a frolick will fly as ſoon as build; I have neither years, ſpirits, nor money, nor patience for ſuch amu ments. The frolick is gone off, and I am o 100 *l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown exceſſively poor, that we wiſe men muſt think nothing but getting a little ready money. It thought there are not two hundred thouſand pou

pecie in the whole iſland; for we return thrice nuch to our abſentees, as we get by trade, and ire all inevitably undone; which I have been tel- them in print theſe ten years, to as little pur- as if it came from the pulpit. And this is ugh for Iriſh politics, which I only mention, be- ſe it ſo nearly touches myſelf. I muſt repeat it, I believe, I have ſaid before, that I pity you h more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and d hourly declining before your eyes is an object unfit for your health, and duty, and tender diſ- tion; and I pray God it may not affect you too h. I am as much ſatisfied that your additional *l. per Annum* is for your life as if it were for r. You have enough to leave your friends. I ld not have them glad to be rid of you; and I l take care that none but my enemies will be l to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with d B——about the figure of living, and the plea- of giving. I am under the neceſſity of ſome paultry figure in the ſtation I am; but I make little as poſſible. As to the other part you are , becauſe I thought myſelf as great a giver as t was of my ability; and yet in proportion you eed, and have kept it till now a ſecret even from when I wondered how you were able to live h your whole little revenue.

LETTER XLIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 19, 1729.

I Find that you have laid aſide your project o building in Ireland, and that we ſhall ſee yo in this iſland *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima.* know not whether the love of fame increaſes as w advance in age; ſure I am that the force of friend ſhip does. I lov'd you almoſt twenty years ago, thought of you as well as I do now, better was be yond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equi voque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Wheth you are more obliged to me for loving you as we when I knew you leſs, or for loving you as we after loving you ſo many years, I ſhall not dete mine. What I would ſay is this: whilſt my min grows daily more independant of the world, an feels leſs need of leaning on external objects, th ideas of friendſhip return oftner, they buſy me, the warm me more: Is it that we grow more tender a the moment of our great ſeparation approaches? o is it that they who are to live together in anothe ſtate, (for *vera amicitia non niſi inter bonos*) begin t feel more ſtrongly that divine ſympathy which is t be the great band of their future ſociety? There i no one thought which ſooths my mind like this: I encourage my imagination to purſue it, and w

y afflicted when another faculty * of the in-
comes boiſterouſly in, and wakes me from ſo
g a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no
n Oeconomicks than I have done in my for-
tter. Thus much only I will ſay, that *otium*
nitate is to be had with 500 *l.* a year as well
1 5000: the difference will be found in the
of the man, and not in that of the eſtate. I
re you, that I have never quitted the de-
collecting, reviſing, improving, and extend-
eral materials which are ſtill in my power;
hope that the time of ſetting myſelf about this
ork of my life is not far off. Many papers
h curioſity and importance are loſt, and ſome
n in a manner which would ſurprize and an
1. However I ſhall be able to convey ſeveral
ruths to poſterity, ſo clearly and ſo authen-
that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of an-
age may rail, but not be able to deceive.

* *Reaſon.* Tully, (or, what is much the ſame, his Diſ-
ſerves ſomething like this on the like occaſion, where,
of Plato's famous Book of the Soul, he ſays, *Neſcio
dum lego, adſentior: cum poſui librum, et mecum ipſe de
itate animorum cœpi cogitare, adſenſio illa omnis elabitur.*
eems to have had but a confuſed notion of the *cauſe*,
he Letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the
ion is always ready to indulge ſo flattering an idea, but
eaſon corrects and diſclaims it. As to RELIGION, that
the queſtion; for Tully wrote to his few philoſophic

Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more paper than belongs to me, ſince Pope is to you; no matter, for, upon recollection, the proportion are not broken; he will ſay as much you in one page, as I have ſaid in three. talk to you of the work he is about, I hope earneſt; it is a fine one; and will be, in his an original *. His ſole complaint is, that he too eaſy in the execution. This flatters his l it flatters my judgment, who always thou (univerſal as his talents are) this is eminen peculiarly his, above all the writers I know l dead; I do not except Horace.

LETTER XLIV.

Nov. 28,

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a ſody; it is many years ago ſince I wr Wit. How many occurrences or informatio one omit, if one determin'd to ſay nothing t could not ſay prettily? I lately received fr widow of one dead correſpondent, and the fa another, ſeveral of my own letters of about and twenty years old; and it was not unen ing to myſelf to obſerve, how and by what I ceas'd to be a witty writer; as either my exp

* *Eſſay on Man.*

ew on the one hand, or my affection to my cor-ſpondents on the other. Now as I love you better an moſt I have ever met with in the world, and eem you too the more, the longer I have compar'd ou with the reſt of the world; ſo inevitably I write o you more negligently, that is, more openly, and hat all but ſuch as love one another will call writ-g worſe. I ſmile to think how Curl would be bit, ere our Epiſtles to fall into his hands, and how glo-ouſly they would fall ſhort of every ingenious rea-er's expectations?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to ave ſomething to rebuke you for in the way of Oe-nomy. I love the man that builds a houſe *ſubito genio*, and makes a wall for a horſe: then cries, We wiſe men muſt think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my an-uity; all we have in this world is no more than an nnuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will in-reaſe your regard for my wiſdom, and tell you, that is annuity includes alſo the life of another *, whoſe oncern ought to be as near me as my own, and with hom my whole proſpects ought to finiſh. I throw y javelin of Hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes ja-ulamur ævo*—&c.

The ſecond (as it is call'd, but indeed the eighth) dition of the Dunciad, with ſome additional notes nd epigrams, ſhall be ſent you, if I know any op-

* *His Mother's.*

portunity; if they reprint it with you, let them
all means follow that octavo edition.——The Dr
pier's letters are again printed here, very laudab
as to paper, print, &c. for you know I disappro
Irish politics, (as my Commentator tells you) bei
a strong and jealous subject of England. The La
you mention, you ought not to complain of for n
acknowledging your present; she having lately
ceiv'd a much richer present from Mr. Knight
the S. Sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever
turn it to one in the condition of an out-law. I
certain, as he can never expect any favour *, h
motive must be wholly dis-interested. Will not t
Reflection make you blush? Your continual dep
rings of Ireland, make me wish you were here lo
enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you:
am only in fear if you were, you would grow s
a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease,
your love of old England.—It is very possible, y
journey, in the time I compute, might exactly t
with my intended one to you; and if you must s
again go back, you would not be unattended.
the poor woman decays perceptibly every we
and the winter may too probably put an end t
very long, and a very irreproachable life.
constant attendance on her does indeed affect
mind very much, and lessen extremely my desire
long life; since I see the best that can come o

* *He* was mistaken in this. Mr. Knight was pardoned
came home in the year 1722.

miſerable benediction. I look upon myſelf to
iany years older in two years ſince you ſaw me:
natural imbecillity of my body, join'd now to
acquir'd old age of the mind, makes me at leaſt
d as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the
together: I only deſire I may be able to keep
: with you. My firſt friendſhip at ſixteen, was
racted with a man of ſeventy, and I found him
grave enough or conſiſtent enough for me, tho'
lived well to his death. I ſpeak of old Mr.
cherley; ſome letters of whom (by the by) and
iine, the Bookſellers have got and printed, not
iout the concurrence of a noble friend of mine
yours *. I don't much approve of it; though
e is nothing for me to be aſham'd of, becauſe I
not be aſham'd of any thing I do not do my-
or of any thing that is not immoral but merely
(as for inſtance, if they printed this letter I am
writing, which they eaſily may, if the under-
s at the Poſt-office pleaſe to take a copy of it.)
dmire on this conſideration, your ſending your
to me quite open, without a ſeal, wafer, or
cloſure whatever, manifeſting the utter open-
of the writer. I would do the ſame by this,
fear it would look like affectation to ſend two
ers ſo together.——I will fully repreſent to our
nd (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart)

* See the occaſion, in the ſecond and third Paragraphs of the
ce to the firſt Volume of Letters.

what you ſo feelingly ſet forth as to the b
your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme hon
and indeed ought to be ſo, conſidering how
diſcreet and unreſerved he is: But I do not
this part of his character, and will never j
him in any of his idleneſſes in the way of w
know my maxim to keep as clear of all off
I am clear of all intereſt in either party. I
diſpleas'd before at you, for complaining t
of my not having a penſion, and am ſo
your naming it to a certain Lord. I hav
proof in the courſe of my whole life, (from
when I was in the friendſhip of Lord Boli
and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I an
treated by Sir R. Walpole) that I never thou
ſelf ſo warm in any Party's cauſe as to deſer
money; and therefore would never have a
it: But give me leave to tell you, that of a
kind the two perſons I would leaſt have a
any favour from, are thoſe very two, to wh
have unluckily ſpoken of it. I deſire you
off any impreſſions which that dialogue m
left on his Lordſhip's mind, as if I ever h
thought of being beholden to him, or any o
that way. And yet, you know I am no e
the preſent Conſtitution; I believe, as ſincere
wiſher to it, nay, even to the church eſtabli
any Miniſter in, or out of employment whate
any Biſhop of England or Ireland. Yet am
Religion of Eraſmus, a Catholic; ſo I liv

hall die; and hope one day to meet you, Biſhop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchenſon, in that place, To which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B's anſwer to your letter I have juſt receiv'd, and join it to this pacquet. The work he ſpeaks of with ſuch abundant partiality, is a ſyſtem of Ethics a the Horatian way.

LETTER XLV.

April 14, 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and ſay nothing but to recommend to you (as a clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and honeſt man: Moreover he is above ſeventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honeſt. I ſhall think it a kindneſs done myſelf, if you can propagate Mr. Weſtley's ſubſcription for his Commentary on Job, among your Divines, (Biſhops excepted, of whom there is no hope) and among ſuch as are believers, and readers of Scripture. Even the curious may find nothing to pleaſe them, if they ſcorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his proſe more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke

is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your b
ſerve an old Tory, and a ſufferer for the Chur
England, tho' you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here ſome verſes in your name, wh
am angry at. Sure you wou'd not uſe me ſo
to flatter me? I therefore think it is ſome other
Iriſhman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's h
I proteſt to you. But ſince he will not fill th
mainder of the page, I think I may without off
I ſeek no epiſtolary fame, but am a good deal pl
to think that it will be known hereafter that
and I lived in the moſt friendly intimacy togeth
Pliny writ his letters for the public, ſo did Se
ſo did Balſac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not,
therefore theſe give us more pleaſure than any v
have come down to us from antiquity. Whe
read them, we pry into a ſecret which was in
ed to be kept from us. That is a pleaſure.
ſee Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others,
as they really were, and not ſuch as the gaping
titude of their own age took them to be, or a
ſtorians and Poets have repreſented them to
That is another pleaſure. I remember to hav
a proceſſion at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, wherein an im
Charlemagne is carried on the ſhoulders of a
who is hid by the long robe of the imperial
Follow him into the veſtry, you ſee the bear
from under the robe, and the gigantic figure

s into an image of the ordinary ſize, and is ſet by ong other lumber—I agree much with Pope, that r climate is rather better than that you are in, and rhaps your public ſpirit would be leſs grieved, or ner comforted, here than there. Come to us there- re on a viſit at leaſt. It will not be the fault of ſe- ral perſons here, if you do not come to live with us. it great good-will and little power produce ſuch w and feeble effects as can be acceptable to hea- n alone, and heavenly men.—I know you will be gry with me, if I ſay nothing to you of a poor wo- an, who is ſtill on the other ſide of the water in a moſt languiſhing ſtate of health. If ſhe regains rength enough to come over (and ſhe is better with- a few weeks) I ſhall nurſe her in this farm with all e care and tenderneſs poſſible. If ſhe does not, I uſt pay her the laſt duty of friendſhip wherever ſhe , tho' I break thro' the whole plan of life which I ave form'd in my mind. Adieu. I am moſt faith- lly and affectionately yours.

LETTER XLVI.

Lord B. to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan.

I Begin my letter by telling you that n
been returned from abroad about a n
that her health, though feeble and pre
better than it has been theſe two yea
much your ſervant, and as ſhe has bee
phyſician with ſome ſucceſs, imagines ſh
yours with the ſame. Would to God you
in her reach. She would, I believe, t
great deal of the *medicina animi*, without
courſe to the Books of Treſmegiſtus. I
ſhould be her principal apothecaries in th
the cure; and though our beſt Botaniſts
that few of the herbs and ſimples which
compoſition of theſe remedies, are to be
preſent in our ſoil, yet there are more of
than in Ireland; beſides, by the help of a
miſtry the moſt noxious juices may becon
ous, and rank poiſon a ſpecific.——Pope
my library with me, and writes to the wo
preſent and to future ages, whilſt I begin
which he is to finiſh to you. What goo
do to mankind I know not; this comfo
be ſure of, he cannot do leſs than you
before him. I have ſometimes though
preachers, hangmen, and moral-writers ke

, or ſo much as retard the progreſs of it, they
nuch as human nature admits: a real refor-
is not to be brought about by ordinary means;
ires thoſe extraordinary means which become
nents as well as leſſons: National corruption
; purged by national calamities.—Let us hear
ou. We deſerve this attention, becauſe we
it, and becauſe we believe that you deſire to
om us.

LETTER XLVII.

Lord B. to Dr. SWIFT.

March 29.

ve delayed ſeveral poſts anſwering your letter
January laſt, in hopes of being able to ſpeak
about a project which concerns us both, but
moſt, ſince the ſucceſs of it would bring us
r. It has been a good while in my head, and
ieart; if it can be ſet a going, you ſhall hear
f it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter
r a week, but in no danger either from the
of my diſtemper, or from the attendance of
hyſicians. Since that bilious intermitting fe-
iave had, as I had before, better health than
ard I have payed to health deſerves. We
h in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and
ien ſome years going down the hill; let us

make the paſſage as ſmooth as we can. Let us fence againſt phyſical evil by care, and the uſe of thoſe means which experience muſt have pointed out to us: Let us fence againſt moral evil by philoſophy, I renounce the alternative you propoſe. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination againſt her plaineſt dictates) we ſhall of courſe grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and intereſts of a ſyſtem out of which we are ſoon to go. This is much better than ſtupidity. The decay of paſſion ſtrengthens philoſophy, for paſſion may decay, and ſtupidity not ſucceed. *Paſſions* (ſays Pope, our Divine, as you will ſee one time or other) are the *Gales* of life: Let us not complain that they do not blow a ſtorm. What hurt does age do us, in ſubduing what we toil to ſubdue all our lives? it is now ſix in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I uſed to be going to bed, ſurfeited with pleaſure, or jaded with buſineſs: my head often full of ſchemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I riſe at this hour, refreſhed, ſerene, and calm? that the paſt, and even the preſent affairs of life ſtand like objects at a diſtance from me, where I can keep off the diſagreeable ſo as not to be ſtrongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Paſſions in their force, would bring all theſe, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and Reaſon would but ill defend me in the ſcuffle.

I leave Pope to ſpeak for himſelf, but I muſt tell you how much my Wife is obliged to you. She ſays, ſhe would find ſtrength enough to nurſe you, if you was here, and yet, God knows, ſhe is extremely weak: The ſlow fever works under, and mines the conſtitution; we keep it off ſometimes, but ſtill it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not aſhamed to ſay to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the King of Terrors; ſhe beholds him without the leaſt. When ſhe ſuffers much, ſhe wiſhes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, ſhe looks on him with diſlike, becauſe he is to ſeparate her from thoſe friends to whom ſhe is more attached than to life itſelf.—You ſhall not ſtay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope ſhall write ſomething much better than the ſcraps of old Philoſophers, which were the preſents, Munuſcula, that Stoical Fop Seneca uſed to ſend in every Epiſtle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has ſpoken juſtly of his Lady: why not I of my Mother? Yeſterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-firſt year of her age; her memory much diminiſh'd, but her ſenſes very little hurt, her ſight and hearing good; ſhe ſleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, ſays her prayers; this is all ſhe does. I have reaſon to thank God for continuing ſo long to me a very good and tender

parent, and for allowing me to exercise for ſom years, thoſe cares which are now as neceſſary to he as hers have been to me. An object of this ſo daily before one's eyes very much ſoftens the min but perhaps may hinder it from the willingneſs contracting other tyes of the like domeſtic natur when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy t tender pleaſures. I have formerly made ſome ſtro efforts to get and to deſerve a friend: perhaps it we wiſer never to attempt it, but live Extempore, a look upon the world only as a place to paſs thr juſt pay you hoſts their due, diſperſe a little charit and hurry on. Yet I am juſt now writing (or rath planning) a book, to make mankind look upon t life with comfort and pleaſure, and put morality good humour.—And juſt now too, I am going ſee one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to e tertain ſeveral civil people, whom if we call frien is by the Courteſy of England.—*Sic, ſic, juvat ſub umbras.* While we do live, we muſt make t beſt of life,

Cantantes *licet uſque (minus via lædet) eamus.*

as the ſhepherd ſaid in Virgil, when the road w long and heavy. I am yours.

LETTER XLVIII.

rd BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

U may aſſure yourſelf, that if you come ver this ſpring, you will find me not only k into the habits of ſtudy, but devoted to that al taſk, which you have ſet me theſe many I am in hopes of ſome materials which will me to work in the whole extent of the plan ſe to myſelf. If they are not to be had, I commodate my plan to this deficiency. In in time Pope has given me more trouble than thought of; and you will be ſurprized to it I have been partly drawn by him and part- yſelf, to write a pretty large volume upon a ave and very important ſubject; that I have d to pay no regard whatever to any authority ſacred authority, and that I have ventured to hought, which muſt, if it is puſh'd as ſuc- as I think it is, render all your metaphy- heology both ridiculous and abominable. is an expreſſion in one of your letters to ich makes me believe you will come into of thinking on this ſubject; and yet I am led that Divines and Freethinkers would e clamorous againſt it, if it was to be ſub- to their cenſure, as I do not intend that it The paſſage I mean, is that where you ſay u told Dr. * the Grand points of Chri-

ſtianity ought to be taken as infallible R
tions *, &c.

It has happened, that whilſt I was writing
you, the Dr. came to make me a viſit from L
where I heard he was arrived ſome time ag
was in haſte to return, and is, I perceive, in
haſte to print. He left with me eight Diſſertati
a ſmall part I underſtand, of his work, and
me to peruſe, conſider, and obſerve upon them
monday next, when he will come down again
what I have read of the two firſt, I find myſe
able to ſerve him. The principles he reaſons
are begged in a diſputation of this ſort, and the
ner of reaſoning is by no means cloſe and conc
The ſole advice I could give him in conſ
would be that which he would take ill and n
low. I will get rid of this taſk as well as I ca
I eſteem the man, and ſhould be ſorry to diſ
him where I cannot ſerve him.

As to retirement, and exerciſe, your notio
true: The firſt ſhould not be indulged ſo much
render us ſavage, nor the laſt neglected ſo as t
pair health. But I know men, who for fear
ing ſavage, live with all who will live with

* In this maxim all bigotted *Divines* and *free-thinking*
cians agree; the one, for fear of diſturbing the eſtabliſh'
gion: the other, leſt that diſturbance ſhould prove inju
their adminiſtration of government.

† *Revelation examined with candour.*

who, to preſerve their health, ſaunter away half time. Adieu: Pope calls for the paper.

S. I hope what goes before will be a ſtrong ve to your coming. God knows if ever I ſhall reland; I ſhall never deſire it, if you can be got :r, or kept here. Yet I think I ſhall be, too , a Freeman.——Your recommendations I con- ly give to thoſe you mention; tho' ſome of 'em : but ſeldom, and am every day more retired: ı leſs fond of the world, and leſs curious about yet no way out of humour, diſappointed or an- : tho' in my way I receive as many injuries as betters, but I don't feel them, therefore I ought to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. ſs almoſt all my time at Dawley and at home; Lord (of which I partly take the merit to my- is as much eſtranged from politics as I am. Let oſophy be ever ſo vain, it is leſs vain now than tics, and not quite ſo vain at preſent as Divi- : I know nothing that moves ſtrongly but Sa- and thoſe who are aſham'd of nothing elſe, are of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were ther but for three years, ſome good might be : even upon this Age.

know you'll deſire ſome account of my health: as uſual, but my ſpirits rather worſe. I write : or nothing. You know, I never had either a : or talent for politics, and the world minds no- g elſe. I have perſonal obligations which I will

her Grace that ſhe is a general Toaſt among
neſt folks here, and particularly at the De
even in the face of my Whig ſubjects—I wil
my money in Lord Bathurſt's hands, and th
nagement of it (for want of better) in your
pray keep the intereſt-money in a bag wrapt
ſealed by itſelf, for fear of your own finger
your careleſſneſs. Mr. Pope talks of you as
fect ſtranger; but the different purſuits and m
and intereſts of life, as fortune hath pleaſed
poſe them, will never ſuffer thoſe to live to
who by their inclinations ought never to p
hope when you are rich enough, you will hav
little oeconomy of your own in town or c
and be able to give your friend a pint of Po
the domeſtic ſeaſon of life will come on. I h
ver much hopes of your vampt Play, althou
Pope ſeem'd to have, and although it were
good: But you ſhould have done like the P
and changed your Text, I mean the Title, a
names of the perſons. After all, it was an e
idleneſs, for you are in the prime of life, wh
vention and judgment go together. I wiſh y
100 l. a year more for horſes—I ride and walk
ever good weather invites, and am reputed t
walker in this town and five miles round.
lately to Mr. Pope: I wiſh you had a little V
in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too v
and any Lady with a coach and ſix horſes wo
ry you to Japan.

LETTER L.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

'HEN my Lord Peterborow in the Queen's time went abroad upon his Ambaſſies, the ry told me, that he was ſuch a vagrant, they orced to write *at* him by gueſs, becauſe they not where to write *to* him. This is my caſe ou; ſometimes in Scotland, ſometimes at Ham- ſometimes God knows where. You are a f buſineſs, and not at leiſure for inſignificant ondence. It was I got you the employment ng my Lord Duke's *premier Miniſtre:* for his having heard how good a manager you were revenue, thought you fit to be entruſted with ents. I have had twenty times a ſtrong in- on to ſpend a ſummer near Saliſbury downs, ; rode over them more than once, and with a parſon of Saliſbury reckoned twice the ſtones onehenge, which are either ninety-two or three. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble vledgments to my Lady Ducheſs in return of ility. I hear an ill thing, that ſhe is *matre filia pulchrior:* I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was and would be angry ſhe ſhould excel her , who was long my principal Goddeſs. I you will tell her Grace, that the ill manage- of forks is not to be help'd when they are idential, which happens in all poor houſes,

eſpecially thoſe of Poets; upon which a
knife was abſolutely neceſſary at Mr. Pope'
it was morally impoſſible with a bidentia
convey a morſel of beef, with the incum
muſtard and turnips, into your mouth at on
her Grace hath coſt me thirty pounds to pro
dents for fear of offending her, which ſur
ſhe will pleaſe to return me.—I am ſick e
go to the Bath, but have not heard it will
for my diſorder. I have a ſtrong mind to
200 *l.* next ſummer in France: I am glad
for there is hardly twice that ſum left in t
dom. You want no ſettlement (I call th
where you live, and the foot you are upon,
ment) till you increaſe your fortune to what
port you with eaſe and plenty, a good ho
garden. The want of this I much dread
For I have often known a She-couſin of a
mily and ſmall fortune, paſſing months amo
relations, living in plenty, and taking her ci
ſhe grew an old Maid, and every body wear
Mr. Pope complains of ſeldom ſeeing you;
evil is unavoidable, for different circumſtanc
have always ſeparated thoſe whom friendſh
join: God hath taken care of this, to pre
progreſs towards real happineſs here, whic
make life more deſirable, and death too dre
hope you have now one advantage that yo
wanted before, and the want of which m
friends as uneaſy as it did yourſelf; I mean

moval of that ſolicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually fill'd your thoughts and diſturb'd your converſation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope ſeriouſly tells me, you will have opportunity of ſaving every groat of the intereſt you receive, and ſo by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to paſs the reſt of your wineleſs life, in eaſe and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having receiv'd a penny from thoſe taſteleſs ungrateful people from whom you deſerved ſo much, and who deſerve no better Genius's than thoſe by whom they are celebrated———If you ſee Mr. Ceſar, preſent my humble ſervice to him, and let him know that the ſcrub Libel printed againſt me here, and re-printed in London, for which he ſhewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myſelf, and ſent to a Whig-printer: It was in the ſtyle and genius of ſuch ſcoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this ſtrain againſt a friend of mine whom you know.—But my paper is ended.

LETTER LI.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight paſt, concluding you were in London, from whence I underſtood one of your former was dated: Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimſbury ſo late in the year, at which ſeaſon I take the Country to

be only a ſcene for thoſe who have been ill uſed by a Court on account of their Virtues; which is a ſtate of happineſs the more valuable, becauſe it is not accompanied by Envy, although nothing deſerves it more. I would gladly ſell a Dukedom to loſe favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, ſince he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wiſh me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as a Lieutenant: I confeſs he has a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than moſt of his predeceſſors, and I confeſs at the ſame time that he had, ſix times, a regard to my recommendation by preferring ſo many of my friends in the church; the two laſt acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the laſt of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hand. I told you in my laſt, that a continuance of giddineſs (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at preſent. For in my caſe a domeſtic life is neceſſary, where I can with the Centurion ſay to my ſervant, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and conſequently a Ducheſs is at this time the hatefulleſt Lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thouſand times more hateful. I confeſs I begin to apprehend you will ſquander my money, becauſe I hope you never leſs wanted it; and if you go on with ſucceſs for two years

er, I fear I ſhall not have a farthing of it left. Doctor hath ill-informed me, who ſays that Mr. is at preſent the chief Poetical Favourite, yet Pope himſelf talks like a Philoſopher and one ly retir'd. But the vogue of our few honeſt here is, that Duck is abſolutely to ſucceed Euſ- n the laurel, the contention being between Con- en or Theobald, or ſome other Hero of the Dun-

I never charged you for not talking, but the ous ſtate of your affairs in thoſe days was too a the ſubject, and I wiſh the Ducheſs had been oucher of your amendment. Nothing ſo much ibuted to my eaſe as the turn of affairs after the en's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, uld have no ambition left, unleſs I would have a greater raſcal than happened to ſuit with my er. I therefore ſat down quietly at my morſel, ig only thereto a principle of hatred to all ſuc- ng Meaſures and Miniſtries by way of ſauce to my meat: And I confeſs one point of conduct y Lady Ducheſs's life hath added much poign- to it. There is a good Iriſh practical bull to- s the end of your letter, where you ſpend a dozen in telling me you muſt leave off, that you may my Lady Ducheſs room to write, and ſo you ed to within two or three lines of the bottom; gh I would have remitted you my 200 *l.* to have lace for as many more.

To the Ducheſs.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the b the ſtairs. I am glad you know your dut hath been a known and eſtabliſh'd rule abov years in England, that the firſt advances h conſtantly made me by all Ladies who aſpir acquaintance, and the greater their qua greater were their advances. Yet, I know what weakneſs, I have condeſcended grac diſpenſe with you upon this important Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a name ſon ſent me eleven meſſages before I would a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is i obliged, for being the occaſion of the hapı now enjoys under the protection and favou Lord Duke and your Grace. At the ſar I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that a little imperious in your manner of maki advances. You ſay, perhaps you ſhall not li I affirm you are miſtaken, which I can plai monſtrate: for I have certain intelligence, th ther perſon diſlikes me of late, with whoſe yours have not for ſome time paſt gone tc However, if I ſhall once have the honour tc your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence as vain as I can, that I may not know your th

This is your own direction, but it was need-
ır Diogenes himſelf would be vain, to have
. the honour of being one moment of his life
oughts of your Grace.

LETTER LII.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

UR ſituation is an odd one; the Ducheſs is
ur Treaſurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you
Duke's. And I had gone a good way in ſome
n that occaſion, preſcribing leſſons to direct
duct, in a negative way, not to do ſo and
ike other Treaſurers; how to deal with Ser-
enants, or neighbouring Squires, which I
e Courtiers, Parliaments, and Princes in al-
nd ſo the parallel goes on, but grows too
pleaſe me: I prove that Poets are the fitteſt
to be treaſurers and managers to great per-
m their virtue, and contempt of money, &c.
why did you not get a new heel to your
nleſs you would make your court at St.
by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilli-
it the reſt of your letter being wholly taken
very bad character of the Ducheſs, I ſhall
ore to you, but apply myſelf to her Grace.

m, ſince Mr. Gay affirms that you love to
r own way, and ſince I have the ſame per-
I will ſettle that matter immediately, to

prevent thoſe ill conſequences he apprehend
Grace ſhall have your own way, in all place
your own houſe, and the domains about it.
and there only, I expect to have mine, ſo
have all the world to reign in, bating only
three hundred acres, and two or three houſes
and country. I will likewiſe, out of my
grace, certain knowledge, and mere motio
you to be in the right againſt all human ki
cept myſelf, and to be never in the wrong b
you differ from me. You ſhall have a great
lege in the third article of ſpeaking you
which I ſhall graciouſly allow you now and
do even to myſelf, and only rebuke you whe
not pleaſe me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Gr
ter, which having not read this fortnight
been out of town, and not daring to truſt
with the carriage of it) the preſumptuous m
which you begin had ſlipt out of my memor
I forgive you to the ſeventeenth line, where
gin to baniſh me for ever, by demanding m
ſwer all the good character ſome partial frie
given me Madam, I have lived ſixteen
Ireland, with only an intermiſſion of two
in England; and conſequently am fifty yea
than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty-t
times duller, and fifty-million times more
perverſe, and moroſe; ſo that under theſe
vantages I can only pretend to excel all yo

uaintance about ſome twenty bars length. Pray, dam, have you a clear voice? and will you let ſit at your left hand at leaſt within three of you, of two bad ears, my right is the beſt? My Groom s me that he likes your park, but your houſe is too e. Can the parſon of the pariſh play at back- mon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your men a good nurſe, if I ſhould fancy myſelf ſick four and twenty hours? how many days will you intain me and my equipage? When theſe preli- aries are ſettled, I muſt be very poor, very ſick, lead, or to the laſt degree unfortunate, if I do attend you at Aimſbury. For I profeſs you are firſt lady that ever I deſired to ſee, ſince the firſt Auguſt 1714, and I have forgot the date when t deſire grew ſtrong upon me, but I know I was then in England, elſe I would have gone on foot that happineſs as far as to your houſe in Scot- l. But I can ſoon recollect the time, by aſking e Ladies here the month, the day, and the hour n I began to endure their company? which how- I think was a ſign of my ill judgment, for I do perceive they mend in any thing but envying or iring your Grace. I diſlike nothing in your r but an affected apology for bad writing, bad ling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. found fault with, wherein you affront Mr. Gay, affront me, and you affront yourſelf. Falſe ling is only *excuſable* in a Chamber-maid, for *uld not pardon it in* any of your Waiting-wo-

men —Pray God preſerve your Grace an and give me leave to expect that you will l to remember me among thoſe who have th regard for virtue, goodneſs, prudence, cou generoſity; after which you muſt conclude with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, your Grace's moſt obedient and moſt hum vant, &c.

To Mr. GAY.

I have juſt got yours of February 24, wit ſcript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern I find Mr Pope dictated to you the firſt with great difficulty ſome days after added I ſee his weakneſs by his hand-writing. H does his philoſophy exceed mine? I could to ſee him: I will write to him ſoon.

LETTER LIII.

Dublin, June

EVER ſince I received your letter been upon a balance about going land, and landing at Briſtol, to paſs a month ſbury, as the Ducheſs hath given me lea many difficulties have interfered; firſt, I t had done with my law-ſuit, and ſo did all yers, but my adverſary, after being in appe Proteſtant theſe twenty years, hath declare always a Papiſt, and conſequently by the l

annot buy nor (I think) fell; ſo that I am at ſea gain, for almoſt all I am worth. But I have ſtill a worſe evil; for the giddineſs I was ſubject to, inſtead of coming ſeldom and violent, now conſtantly ttends me more or leſs, tho' in a more peaceable manner, yet ſuch as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: and the Ducheſs, in ll her youth, ſpirit, and grandeur, will make a very ll nurſe, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians muſt live where they can command, and old; I muſt have horſes to ride, I muſt go to bed nd riſe when I pleaſe, and live where all mortals re ſubſervient to me. I muſt talk nonſenſe when pleaſe, and all who are preſent muſt commend it. muſt ride thrice a week, and walk three or four iles beſides, every day.

I always told you Mr. ——— was good for nothing but to be a rank Courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may ell this to the Ducheſs, and I hate to ſee you ſo charitable, and ſuch a Cully; and yet I love you for it, ecauſe I am one myſelf.

You are the ſilleſt lover in Chriſtendom: If you ike Mrs. ——— why do you not command her to ike you? if ſhe does not, ſhe is not worth purſuing; you do her too much honour; ſhe hath neither ſenſe nor taſte, if ſhe dares to refuſe you, though e had ten thouſand pounds. I do not remember to ave told you of thanks that you have not given, or do I underſtand your meaning and I am ſure I

had never the leaſt thoughts of any myſelf. your friend, it is for my own reputation, an a principle of ſelf-love, and I do ſometimes r you for not honouring me by letting the worl we are friends.

I ſee very well how matters go with the Du regard to me. I heard her ſay, Mr. Gay letter to the Dean, that there may be no r me, the frolic is gone far enough, I have wri I will do no more; if the man has a mind t let him come; what a clutter is here? poſ will not write a ſyllable more. She is an ful Ducheſs conſidering how many adorers procured her here, over and above the thouſ had before——I cannot allow you rich enc you are worth 7000*l.* which will bring *per Annum*, and this will maintain you, with quiſite of ſpunging while you are young, a you are old will afford you a pint of port a two ſervants, and an old maid, a little gar pen and ink — provided you live in the cou Have you no ſcheme either in verſe or pro Ducheſs ſhould keep you at hard meat, and means force you to write; and ſo I have d you.

Madam,

Since I began to grow old, I have found become inconſtant, without any reproach fr conſcience. If I wait on you, I declare

of your women (which ever it is that has deſigns upon a Chaplain) muſt be my nurſe, if I happen to be ſick or peeviſh at your houſe, and in that caſe you muſt ſuſpend your domineering-Claim till I recover. Your omitting the uſual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters hath done me infinite miſchief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the Ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered ſince. I dare not confeſs that I have deſcended ſo low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but ſuſpected it, I ſhould loſe them all. One of them, who had an inklin of the matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refuſed to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice milk—Pray, conſider this, and do your duty, or dread the conſequence. I promiſe you ſhall have your will ſix minutes every hour at Aimſbury, and ſeven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be ſick, I muſt govern to a ſecond. Yet properly ſpeaking, there is no man alive with ſo much truth and reſpect your Grace's moſt obedient and devoted ſervant.

LETTER LIV.

Aug. 28, 1731.

YOU and the Ducheſs uſe me very ill, for, I profeſs, I *cannot* diſtinguiſh the ſtyle or the *hand-writing of either.* I think her Grace writes

likewise swear, that what I must suppose by the Duchess, is your hand; and thus zled and perplexed between you, but I in the innocency of my own heart. I am miles from our famous metropolis, to a co fon's, to whom I lately gave a City-living an English Chaplain would leap at. I reti for the public good, having two great hand: One to reduce the whole politeness mour, and style of England into a short the use of all persons of quality, and p the maids of honour *. The other is equal importance; I may call it the who servants, in about twenty several stations, steward and waiting-woman down to th and pantry-boy †—I believe no mortal such fair Invitations as to be happy in the

:ral times one of the chief governors, wholly
te, and with hardly common ſenſe: A Lord
nant told the firſt King George, that he was
:ateſt ſubject he had in both kingdoms; and
iis character was gotten and preſerved by his
ppearing in England, which was the only wiſe
ıe ever did, except purchaſing ſixteen thou-
ounds a year—Why, you need not ſtare: it
/ apply'd: I muſt be abſent, in order to pre-
ıy credit with her Grace—Lo here comes in
cheſs again (I know her by her d d's; but am
for diſcovering my Art) to defend herſelf
my conjecture of what ſhe ſaid—Madam, I
itate your Grace and write to you upon the
ine. I own it is a baſe un-romantic ſpirit in
ſuſpend the honour of waiting at your Grace's
ll I can finiſh a paltry law-ſuit. It concerns
almoſt my whole fortune; it is equal to
r. Pope's, and two thirds of Mr. Gay's, and
ix weeks rent of your Grace's. This curſed
t hath drill'd away the whole ſummer. But,
ı, underſtand one thing, that I take all your
civilities in a literal ſenſe, and whenever
the honour to attend you, ſhall expect them
erally perform'd: though perhaps I ſhall find
to prove your hand-writing in a Court of
but that will not be much for your credit.
ıiferably hath your Grace been miſtaken in
g to avoid Envy by running into exile, where
ıs you more than ever it did even at Court?

Non te civitas, non Regia domus in exilium miseru tu utraſque. So ſays Cicero (as your Grace k or ſo he might have ſaid.

I am told that the Craftſman in one of his is offended with the publiſhers of (I ſuppoſe) t edition of the Dunciad; and I was aſked w you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to th diſgraced perſon as formerly? This I knew n of, but ſuppoſe it was the conſequence of ſon ſtake. As to writing, I look on you juſt in the of life for it, the very ſeaſon when judgme invention draw together. But ſchemes are p ly accidental; ſome will appear barren of hin matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others th trary: And what you ſay, is paſt doubt, that one can beſt find hints for himſelf: though it i ſible that ſometimes a friend may give you a one juſt ſuited to your own imagination. I this is almoſt paſt with me: my invention and ment are perpetually at fifty-cuffs, till they quite diſabled each other: and the meereſt t ever wrote are ſerious philoſophical lucubrati compariſon to what I now buſy myſelf abo (to ſpeak in the author's phraſe) the world m day ſee *.

* His ludicrous prediction was, ſince his death, and ve to his diſhonour, ſeriouſly fulfilled, in collecting together, liſhing every folly that fell from his pen, in this *diſable* his wit, as he himſelf repreſents it to be; and which, ductions of it amply verify. This treatment of ſo grea nius for a little paltry lucre, well deſerves the indignatio ic.

LETTER LV.

Sept. 10, 1731.

ur ramble was on horſeback, I am glad of it
account of your health; but I know your
atching up a journey between ſtage-coaches
nds coaches: for you are as arrant a cock-
any hoſier in Cheapſide. One clean ſhirt
o cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make
: equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is
om Homer, that Agamemnon roſe without
have often had it in my head to put it into
that you ought to have ſome great work in
which may take up ſeven years to finiſh, be-
o or three under ones, that may add another
d pound to your ſtock; and then I ſhall be
ain about you. I know you can find din-
ut you love twelve-penny coaches too well,
conſidering that the intereſt of a whole thou-
unds brings you but half a crown a day. I
greater longing than ever to come amongſt
nd reaſon good, when I am teazed with
and Ducheſſes for a viſit, all my demands
'd with, and all excuſes cut off. You remem-
O happy Don Quixote! Queens held his
:, and Ducheſſes pulled off his armour," or
ng to that purpoſe. He was a mean-ſpirited
I can ſay ten times more; O happy, &c.
Ducheſs was deſigned to attend him, and
Duke invited him to command his Palace.

Nam iſtos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendi-bula: go read your Plautus, and obſerve Strobil vaporing after he had found the pot of gold.—I w have nothing to do with that Lady: I have lo hated her on your account, and the more, becau you are ſo forgiving as not to hate her; howeve ſhe has good qualities enough to make her eſteemed but not one grain of feeling. I only wiſh ſhe wer a fool.—I have been ſeveral months writing near fiv hundred lines on a pleaſant ſubject, only to tell wha my friends and enemies will ſay on me after I am dead *. I ſhall finiſh it ſoon, for I add two line every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well a enemies and detractors—It is a great comfort to ſe how corruption and ill conduct are inſtrumental i uniting Virtuous perſons and Lovers of their coun try of all denominations: Whig and Tory, High and Low church, as ſoon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be diſaffection, pray God ſend me always among the diſaffected! and I heartily wiſh you joy of your ſcurvy treatment at Court, which hath given you leiſure to cultivate both public and private Virtue, neither of them likely to be ſoon met with within the walls of St. James's or Weſtminſter.—But I muſt here diſmiſs you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

* *This* has been publiſhed, and is amongſt the beſt of his *poems.*

My Lord,

ould have ſworn that my Pride would be always
to preſerve me from Vanity; of which I have
in great danger to be guilty for ſome months
firſt by the conduct of my Lady Ducheſs, and
by that of your Grace, which had like to finiſh
work: and I ſhould have certainly gone about
ing my letters under the charge of ſecreſy to
blab of my acquaintance; if I could have the
hope of prevailing on any of them to believe
a man in ſo obſcure a corner, quite thrown out
e preſent world, and within a few ſteps of the
ſhould receive ſuch condeſcending invitations,
two ſuch perſons, to whom he is an utter ſtran-
and who know no more of him than what they
heard by the partial repreſentations of a friend.
the mean time, I muſt deſire your Grace not
tter yourſelf, that I waited for Your Conſent to
the invitation. I muſt be ignorant indeed not
ow, that the Ducheſs, ever ſince you met, hath
moſt politickly employ'd in increaſing thoſe
, and ſharpning thoſe arms with which ſhe ſub-
you at firſt, and to which, the braver and the
you grow, you will more and more ſubmit.
I knew myſelf on the ſecure ſide, and it was
piece of good manners to inſert that clauſe,
ch you have taken the advantage. But as I
t forbear informing your Grace that the Du-
great ſecret in her art of government, hath

been to reduce both your wills into one; tent, in due obſervance to the forms c to return my moſt bumble thanks to yc ſo great a favour as you are pleaſed and which nothing but impoſſibilities me from receiving, ſince I am, with the ſon, truth, and reſpect, my Lord, your obedient, &c.

Madam,

I have conſulted all the learned in o of my acquaintance, and have ſate up to diſcover the meaning of thoſe two h lines in your Grace's hand at the bott Aimſbury letter, but all in vain. Onl that the language is Coptic, and a v Behmiſt aſſures me, the ſtyle is poeti an invitation from a very great perſon ſex to a ſtrange kind of man whom ſt and this is all I can find, which after mer invitations, will ever confirm me i wherewith I am, Madam, your Grac dient, &c.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Decemb. 1, 1731.

YOU us'd to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you ſpeak: you may now be n with me, and take it out in writing. If you 't ſend to me now and then, the poſt-office will ık me of no conſequence, for I have no corre- ndent but you. You may keep as far from us as ı pleaſe, you cannot be forgotten by thoſe who r knew you, and therefore pleaſe me by ſome- es ſhewing that I am not forgot by you. I have hing to take me off from my friendſhip to you: :k no new acquaintance, and court no favour;)end no ſhillings in coaches or chairs to levees or at viſits, and, as I don't want the aſſiſtance of ıe that I formerly convers'd with, I will not ſo ch as ſeem to ſeek to be a dependant. As to ſtudies, I have not been entirely idle, though I not ſay that I have yet perfected any thing. at I have done is ſomething in the way of thoſe es I have already publiſhed. All the money I is by ſaving, ſo [illegible]t by habit there may be ſome es (if I grow [illegible]er) of my becoming a miſer. miſers have their excuſes; the motive to my imony is independance. If I were to be repre- ed by the Ducheſs (ſhe is ſuch a down right rig- *for me) this* character might not be allow'd

me; but I really think I am covetuous enough fo any who lives at the court end of the town, and wh is as poor as myſelf: for I don't pretend that I a equally ſaving with S——k. Mr. Lewis deſired yo might be told that he hath five pounds of yours i his hands, which he fancies you may have forg for he will hardly allow that a Verſe-man can ha a juſt knowledge of his own affairs. When yo got rid of your law-ſuit, I was in hopes that yo had got your own, and was free from every vexatio of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not e tirely out of your perplexity, though you have th ſecurity now in your own poſſeſſion; but ſtill yo caſe is not ſo bad as Captain Gulliver's, who w ruined by having a decree for him with coſts. have had an injunction for me againſt pirating-book ſellers, which I am ſure to get nothing by, and wi I fear, in the end drain me of ſome money. Wh I began this proſecution, I fancy'd there would ſome end of it; but the law ſtill goes on, and 't probable I ſhall ſome time or other ſee an Attor ney's bill as long as the Book. Poor Duke Diſm is dead, and hath left what he had among h friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke 500 Mr. Pelham 500 *l.* Sir William Wyndham's youn eſt ſon 500 *l.* Gen. Hill 500 *l.* Lord Maſſam's ſo 500 *l.*

You have the good wiſhes of thoſe I conver with; they know they gratify me, when they re *member* you; but I really think they do it pure

for your own ſake. I am ſatisfied with the love and friendſhip of good men, and envy not the demerits of thoſe who are moſt conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſh'd. Therefore as I ſet a juſt value upon your friendſhip, you cannot pleaſe me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me (the only ſatisfaction of diſtant friends!)

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worſt of it, is what ſhould be its excuſe, that I write in a head-ach that has laſted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: tho' in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you ſhun your friends when you are in thoſe circumſtances, and I deſire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady——took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no anſwer under a twelve-month; but kindneſs perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However ſhe is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common juſtice. For God's ſake why all this ſcruple about Lord B————'s keeping your horſes, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine: John Gay ſhall help me to entertain you, tho' you come like King Lear with fifty knights—Tho' ſuch proſpects as I wiſh, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you

part again: the old Lord may die, the benefi
drop, or, at worſt, you may carry me into I
You will ſee a work of Lord B——'s and
mine: which, with a juſt neglect of the preſe
conſult only poſterity; and, with a noble f
politics, aſpire to philoſophy. I am glad you
to meddle no more with the low concerns an
reſts of Parties, even of Countries (for Count
but larger parties) *Quid verum atque decens cu
rogare, noſtrum ſit.* I am much pleaſed wit
deſign upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray fin
I am happy whenever you join our names to
ſo would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time
be pleas'd with nothing: for his darling ſon i
in all probability, by the melancholy accou
ceived this morning.

The paper you aſk me about is of little val
might have been a ſeaſonable ſatire upon th
dalous language and paſſion with which men
dition have ſtoop'd to treat one another: ſure
ſacrifice too much to the people, when they
their own characters, families, &c. to the d
of that rabble of readers. I agree with you
contempt of moſt popularity, fame, &c. e
writer I am cool in it, and whenever you ſ
I am now writing, you'll be convinced
pleaſe but a few, and (if I could) make n

* The Poem on his own death, formed upon a max
chefoucault. It is one of the beſt of his Perfo:man
very characteriſtic.

idmirers, and greater Reaſoners *. I ſtudy much
: to render my own portion of Being eaſy, and
eep this peeviſh frame of the human body in
humour. Infirmities have not quite unmann'd
and it will delight you to hear they are not in-
'd, tho' not diminiſh'd. I thank God, I do
'ery much want people to attend me, tho' my
ıer now cannot. When I am ſick, I lie down:
ı I am better, I riſe up: I am uſed to the head-
&c. If greater pains arrive (ſuch as my late
natiſm) the ſervants bathe and plaſter me, or
urgeon ſcarifies me, and I bear it, becauſe I

This is the evil of Nature not of Fortune.
juſt now as well as when you was here: I pray
you were no worſe. I ſincerely wiſh my life
paſt near you, and, ſuch as it is, I would not
e at it.—All you mention remember you, and
you here.

LETTER LVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

m now as lame as when you writ your letter,
nd almoſt as lame as your letter itſelf, for want
at limb from my Lady Ducheſs, which you
is'd, and without which I wonder how it could

* The Poem he means is the *Eſſay on Man*.

limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a tru ſtep even on Aimſbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal falſe ſtep is worſe than a political one; nay worſe than a thouſand political ones, for which appeal to Courts and Miniſters, who hobble on an proſper, without the ſenſe of feeling. To talk o riding and walking is inſulting me, for I can as ſoo fly as do either. It is your pride or lazineſs, mor than chair-hire, that makes the town expenſive. N honour is loſt by walking in the dark; and in th day, you may beckon a black-guard-boy under gate, near your viſiting-place, *(experto credo)* fav eleven pence, and get half a crown's worth of health The worſt of my preſent misfortune is, that I ea and drink, and can digeſt neither for want of ex ercife; and, to increaſe my mifery, the knaves ar ſure to find me at home, and make huge void ſpac in my cellars. I congratulate with you for loſin your Great acquaintance; in ſuch a caſe, philoſoph teaches that we muſt ſubmit, and be content wit Good ones. I like Lord Combury's refuſing h penſion, but I demur at his being elected for Ox ford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed; an entirely devoted to new principles; ſo it appeared t me the two laſt times I was there.

I find by the whole caſt of your letter, that ye are as giddy and as volatile as ever, juſt the rever of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domeſtic li from his youth. I was going to wiſh you had ſom little place that you could call your own, but, I pr

ſs, I do not know you well enough to contrive
y one ſyſtem of life that would pleaſe you. You
etend to preach up riding and walking to the Du-
eſs, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty
ars, you always joined a violent deſire of perpe-
ally ſhifting places and company, with a rooted la-
ieſs, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach
d fix horſes is the utmoſt exerciſe you can bear,
d this only when you can fill it with ſuch company
is beſt ſuited to your taſte, and how glad would
u be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolt-
; ? while I, who am ſo much later in life can, or
leaſt could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horſe.
u mortally hate writing, only becauſe it is the
ng you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up
: vogue you have in the world, as to make you
y in your fortune: You are merciful to every thing
t money, your beſt friend, whom you treat with
umanity. Be aſſured, I will hire people to watch
your motions, and to return me a faithful ac-
mt. Tell me, have you cured your Abſence of
ad? can you attend to trifles? can you at Aimſ-
y write domeſtic libels to divert the family and
ghbouring ſquires for five miles round? or ven-
e ſo far on horſeback, without apprehending a
nble at every ſtep? can you ſet the foot-men a-
ghing as they wait at dinner? and do the Du-
ſs's women admire your wit? in what eſteem are
i with the Vicar of the pariſh? can you play
h him at back-gammon? have the farmers found

out that you cannot diſtinguiſh rye from barley, c an oak from a crab-tree? You are ſenſible that know the full extent of your country ſkill is in fiſh ing for Roaches, or Gudgeons at the higheſt.

I love to do you good offices with your friend: and therefore deſire you will ſhow this letter to th Ducheſs, to improve her Grace's good opinion o your qualifications, and convince her how uſeful yo are like to be in the family. Her Grace ſhall hav the honour of my correſpondence again when ſh goes to Aimſbury. Hear a piece of Iriſh news, buried the famous General Meredith's father laſ night in my Cathedral, he was ninety-ſix years old ſo that Mrs. Pope may live ſeven years longer. Yo ſaw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally mor healthy than when I was amongſt you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine yo drink in a day? My ſtint in company is a pint a noon, and half as much at night, but I often dine a home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have ſociety, if I could get what I like, people of middle underſtanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

LETTER LVIII.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I Had your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I ſuppoſe he ſtayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon ſomething; here is no writing I eſteem more than Fables, nor any thing ſo difficult to ſucceed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admir'd your happineſs in ſuch kind of performances, which I have frequently endeavour'd at in vain. I remember I acted as you ſeem to hint; I found a Moral firſt and ſtudied for a Fable, but could do nothing that pleaſed me, and ſo left off that ſcheme for ever. I remember one, which was to repreſent what ſcoundrels riſe in Armies by a long War, wherein I ſuppos'd the Lion was engag'd, and having loſt all his animals of worth, at laſt Serjeant Hog came to be Brigadier, and Corporal Aſs a Colonel, &c. I agree with you likewiſe about getting ſomething by the ſtage, which, when it ſucceeds, is the beſt crop for poetry in England: But, pray, take ſome new ſcheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The preſent humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your preſent ſituation at the Court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but thoſe circumſtances may have altered (at leaſt the former) ſince I left you. My ſcheme was to paſs a month at Aimſbury, and

then go to Twickenham, and live a Winter between that and Dawley, and ſometimes at Riſkins, without going to London, where I now can have no occaſional lodgings: But I am not yet in any condition for ſuch removals. I would fain have you get enough againſt you grow old, to have two or three ſervants about you and a convenient houſe. It is hard to want thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti*, when a man grows hard to pleaſe, and few people care whether he be pleaſed or no. I have a large houſe, yet I ſhould hardly prevail to find one viſiter, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: ſo that, when I am not abroad on horſeback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful, if a friend will paſs the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and ſo here's your health—and the ſecond and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Ducheſs—and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of Philoſophers) would ſtarve me, for even of port wine I ſhould require half a pint a day, and as much at night and you are growing as bad, unleſs your Duke and Ducheſs have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philoſophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink leſs than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, becauſe I imagined the cauſe was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of ſchemes by Court-*hopes* and Court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the ſame *defect*, and it is of all others the moſt mortal to

nverſation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke un-
ged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la ba-
elle!* but the Doctor is the King of inattention.
hat a vexatious life ſhould I lead among you? If
: Ducheſs be a *reveuſe*, I will never come to
mſbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you
th, to one of her women, and the ſteward and
plain.

Madam,

I mention'd ſomething to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge
uaintance, whom we forget of courſe when we
rn to town, and yet I am aſſured that if they
t again next ſummer, they have a better title to
me their commerce. Thus I look on my right
orreſponding with your Grace to be better eſta-
n'd upon your return to Aimſbury; and I ſhall
his time deſcend to forget, or at leaſt ſuſpend my
ntments of your neglect all the time you were in
don. I ſtill keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had
ſooner turned his back, than you left the place
is letter void which he had commanded you to
; though your guilt confounded you ſo far, that
wanted preſence of mind to blot out the laſt
, where that command ſtared you in the face.
it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my ac-
intance, and always come by the worſt; and
une is ever againſt me, but never ſo much as by
ſuing *me out of mere* partiality to your Grace,
which you are to anſwer. By your connivance,

ſhe hath pleaſed, by one ſtumble on the ſtairs, to give me a lameneſs that ſix months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myſelf by continuing a month at Aimſbury, and breeding confuſion in your Grace's family. No diſappointment through my whole life hath been ſo vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I ſhall ever live to ſee the inviſible Lady to whom I was obliged for ſo many favours, and whom I never beheld ſince ſhe was a bratt in hanging-ſleeves. I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient, and moſt humble, &c.

LETTER LIX.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I Know not what to ſay to the account of your ſtewardſhip, and it is monſtrous to me that the South-ſea ſhould pay half their debts at one clap. But I will ſend for the money when you put me into the way, for I ſhall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miſeries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worſe than ever; ſo that I ſhall ſoon petition the Ducheſs, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thouſand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me ſix hogſheads of wine, which will ſupport me a year; *proviſæ fru-*

in annum Copia. Horace desired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint, which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod & hunc in annum vivat & in plures*, and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the Duchess shall be your critic; and betwixt you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300*l.* a year; and that must be made up out of the Duchess's pin-money before I consent. I want to be Minister of Aimsbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and Prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the Duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D——y has got a wife with 1600*l.* a year; I who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would enquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thousand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Aimsbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants,

with ſome other leſſons, which I ſhall teach you, and always practiſed myſelf with ſucceſs. I believe I formerly deſired to know whether the Vicar of Aimſbury can play at back-gammon? pray aſk him the queſtion, and give him my ſervice.

To the Ducheſs.

Madam,

I was the moſt unwary creature in the world, when, againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condeſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any Inattention, although the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay laſt in London, talking with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, he would anſwer; "Well I "am determined not to accept the employment of "Gentleman-uſher;" and of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly deſpair.—As to yourſelf, I will ſay to you (though compariſons be odious) what I ſaid to the——, that your quality ſhould be never any motive of eſteem to me: My compliment was then loſt, but it will not be ſo to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by ſix months converſing. Your pen is always more natural and ſincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourſelf the trouble

of acting a part, and have indeed acted ſo indiſcreetly that I have you at mercy: and although you ſhould arrive to ſuch a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in ſwearing this muſt come from you only.

I will anſwer your queſtion. Mr. Gay is not diſcreet enough to live alone, but he is too diſcreet to live alone; and yet (unleſs you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the ſubject of bread and butter, is the moſt uſual thing in the world; Parliaments, Courts, Cities, and Kingdoms quarrel for no other cauſe; from hence, and from hence only, ariſe all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between thoſe who are in the Miniſtry, and thoſe who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the Church, the Law, and the Army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we ſay, It is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no buſineſs of mine. Therefore I deſpair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjuſted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet ſhould come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Aimſbury, ſhe offered fifty guineas to have you both at her houſe for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your queſtion I anſwer, that your Grace ſhould pull *me by the ſleeve till you* tore it off, and when you

ſaid you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you ſay of my Lord Duke, unleſs I ſee three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay muſt give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not aſhamed of you tho' you be Duke and Ducheſs, tho' I have been of others who are, &c. and I do not doubt but even your own ſervants love you, even down to your poſtilions; and when I come to Aimſbury, before I ſee your Grace I will have an hour's converſation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobſon and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her ſon Jacky.

I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect, your Grace's moſt obedient, &c.

LETTER LX.

Dublin, Oct. 3, 1731.

I Uſually write to friends after a pauſe of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diverſions. I believe I have told you of a great Man, who ſaid to *me, that* he never once in his life receiv'd a good *letter from* Ireland: for which there are reaſons

igh without affronting our underſtandings. For
e is not one perſon out of this country, who re-
ls any events that paſs here, unleſs he hath an
:e or employment.—I cannot tell that you or I
· gave the leaſt provocation to the preſent Mini-
, and much leſs to the Court; and yet I am ten
:s more out of favour than you. For my own
, I do not ſee the politic of opening common
rs, directed to perſons generally known; for a
's underſtanding would be very weak to convey
:ts by the poſt, if he knew any, which, I de-
:, I do not: and beſides I think the world is al-
y ſo well informed by plain events, that I que-
ı whether the Miniſters have any ſecrets at all.
:her would I be under any apprehenſion if a let-
hould be ſent me full of treaſon; becauſe I can-
ıinder people from writing what they pleaſe, not
ing it to me; and altho' it ſhould be diſcover'd
ave been open'd before it came to my hand, I
ld only burn it and think no further. I approve
he ſcheme you have to grow ſomewhat richer,
gh, I agree, you will meet with diſcouragements;
it is reaſonable you ſhould, conſidering what kind
ns are at this time only employed and encouraged.
you muſt allow that the bad painter was in the
, who, having painted a cock, drove away all
ocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear
: who paſſed by his ſhop might make a compari-
vith his *work*. And I will ſay one thing in ſpite
: *Poſt-officers*, that ſince Wit and Learning be-

gan to be made uſe of in our kingdoms, th
never profeſſedly thrown aſide, contemned,
niſhed, till within your own memory; nor
and Ignorance ever ſo openly encouraged a
moted. In anſwer to what you ſay of my li
mong you, if I could do it to my eaſe; perh
have heard of a ſcheme for an exchange in B
propoſed by two of our friends; but, beſides
ficulty of adjuſting certain circumſtances, i
not anſwer. I am at a time of life that ſe
and independence; you'll hear my reaſons w
ſee thoſe friends, and I concluded them with
That I would rather be a freeman among ſlav
a ſlave among freemen. The dignity of my
ſtation damps the pertneſs of inferior pupp
ſquires, which, without plenty and eaſe on y
the channel, would break my heart in a mo

Madam,

See what it is to live where I do. I am
ignorant of that ſame Strado del Poe; and
that Author be againſt lending or giving m
cannot but think him a good Courtier; whic
ſure, your Grace is not, no not ſo much as
Maid of honour. For I am certainly inform
you are neither a free-thinker, nor can ſell ba
that you can neither ſpell, nor talk, nor wr
think like a Courtier; that you pretend t
ſpected for qualities which have been out o

ever ſince you were almoſt in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of diſaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taſte for Wit, in preferring two old faſhion'd poets before Duck or Cibber. Beſides, you ſpell in ſuch a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in ſuch an old-faſhioned ſtyle as none of them can underſtand.—You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's ſtock of health. I promiſe you he will ſpend it all upon lazineſs, and run deep in debt by a winter's repoſe in town; therefore I entreat your Grace will order him to move his chops leſs and his legs more the ſix cold months, elſe he will ſpend all his money in phyſic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you diſpoſe what you call your love and reſpect, which, you ſay, are not paid to Merit but to your own Humour, Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of Merit, and there goes an ugly obſervation, that the Humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I ſhould go to Aimſbury with a great load of merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchaſe my merchandize at the price of your reſpect, the goods may be damaged, and no body elſe will take them off my hands. Beſides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the firſt part, and I but the ſecond; which is hard treatment, ſince I ſhall be the neweſt acquaintance by ſome years; *and I will appeal to all* the reſt of your ſex, whether

ſuch an innovation ought to be allowed? I ſhould b ready to ſay in the common forms, that I was muc oblig'd to the Lady who wiſh'd ſhe could give th beſt living, &c. if I did not vehemently ſuſpect i was the very ſame Lady who ſpoke many things t me in the ſame ſtyle, and alſo with regard to th gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whoſe Dup he was as well as of her Waiting-woman; but the were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a thin friend, though they will not believe it to this day I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to m Lord Duke, and with my heartieſt prayer for the pro ſperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c

---

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1731.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile m with ſickneſs attended by pain. With me, the lowneſs of ſpirits hath a moſt unhappy effect; I am grown leſs patient with ſolitude, and harder to be pleas'd with company; which I could formerly better digeſt, when I could be eaſier without it than at preſent. As to ſending you any thing that I have written ſince I left you (either verſe or proſe) I can only ſay, that I have order'd by my Will, that all my Papers of any kind ſhall be deliver'd you to diſpoſe

of as you pleaſe. I have ſeveral things that I have had ſchemes to finiſh, or to attempt, but I very fooliſhly put off the trouble, as ſinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averſe from writing, which is very natural, and, when I take a pen, ſay to myſelf a thouſand times, *non eſt tanti*. As to thoſe papers of four or five years paſt, that you are pleas'd to require ſoon; they conſiſt of little accidental things writ in the country; family amuſements, never intended further than to divert ourſelves and ſome neighbours: or ſome effects of anger on Public Grievances here, which would be inſignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a Weekly paper, and call it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long; for the whole Volume (it was re-printed in London, and, I find, you have ſeen it) was the work only of two, myſelf and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got ſome ingenious young man to have been the manager, who ſhould have publiſhed all that might be ſent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the Printer here could not afford ſuch a young man one farthing for his trouble, the ſale being ſo ſmall, and the price one half penny; and ſo it dropt. In the Volume you ſaw (to anſwer your queſtions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the Verſes, (very uncorrect, but againſt a fellow we all hated) the 9th mine, the 10th only the Verſes, and of thoſe *not the four laſt ſlovenly* lines; the 15th is a Pamph-

a View of the State of Ireland; a Project to
Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret;
a Libel on Dr. D—— and Lord Carteret;
to Dr. D—— on the Libels writ again
the Barrack (a ſtolen Copy;) the Lady's J
the Lady's Dreſſing-room (a ſtolen Copy;) t
of the Damn'd (a ſtolen copy;) all theſe ha
printed in London. (I forgot to tell you
Tale of Sir Ralph was ſent from England.)
theſe there are five or ſix (perhaps more) Pa
Verſes writ in the North, but perfect Family
two or three of which may be tolerable; t
but indifferent, and the humour only local, a
that would give offence to the times. Such
are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I
this lameneſs, and live long enough to ſee yo
here or there. I forget again to tell you t

trons: he is marry'd and has children, and makes up about 100*l.* a year, on which he lives decently. The utmoſt ſtretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much ſuperfluous money, as will give him a ſight of you, and half an hour of your preſence; after which he will return home in full ſatisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drain'd, and I profeſs, I grow gradually ſo dry, that a Rhime with me is almoſt as hard to find as a Guinea; and even Proſe ſpeculations tire me almoſt as much. Yet I have a thing in proſe begun about twenty-eight years ago, and almoſt finiſhed. It will make a four ſhilling Volume, and is ſuch a perfection of folly, that you ſhall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you ſhall be left to gueſs *. Nay I have another of the ſame age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worſe than the former, in which I will ſerve you the ſame way. I heard lately from Mr.——, who promiſes to be leſs lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are ſeldom provident enough to conſider that both Wit and Beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is paſt.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too ſolitary without her. In that neither he nor you are compar-

* Polite Converſation.

nions young enough for me, and, I believe, the part of the reaſon why men are ſaid to grow chil when they are old, is becauſe they cannot ente themſelves with thinking; which is the very ca little boys and girls, who love to be noiſy ar their play-fellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is wi pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle d without uneaſineſs to herſelf or friends; yet I c but pity you, who are ten times the greater ſuf by having the perſon you moſt love, ſo long b you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may affect your mind or your health.

LETTER LXII.

* Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 5, 17

IT is not a time to complain that you hav anſwered me two letters (in the laſt of wh was impatient under ſome fears:) It is not no deed a time to think of myſelf, when one o neareſt and longeſt tyes I have ever had, is b all on a ſudden, by the unexpected death of Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried hin

* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: Received De "15, but not read till the 20th, by an Impulſe, forebodin "Misfortune." [This is indors'd on the original letter Swift's hand.]

of this life in three days. He died laſt night at nine o'clock, not depriv'd of his ſenſes entirely at laſt, and poſſeſſing them perfectly till within five hours. He aſked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breaſt. His effects are in the Duke of Queenſbury's cuſtody. His ſiſters, we ſuppoſe, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this ſtage? In every friend we loſe a part of ourſelves, and the beſt part. God keep thoſe we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's ſelf the leaſt of all.

I ſhall never ſee you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the moſt amiable by far, his qualities were the gentleſt; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have loſt had not been ſo amiable, nor ſo good! but that's a wiſh for our own ſakes, not for his. Sure if Innocence and Integrity can deſerve Happineſs, it muſt be his. Adieu, I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminiſh nothing from it. Yet write to me, and ſoon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whoſe humanity you know, heartily commends himſelf to you. All poſſible diligence and affection has been ſhown, and continues

attendance on this melancholy occaſion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly diſconſolate.

Dear Sir,

I am ſorry that the renewal of our correſpondence ſhould be upon ſuch a melancholy occaſion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at laſt a mortification of the bowels, it was the moſt precipitate caſe I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two Phyſicians beſides myſelf. I believed the diſtemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleaſure of a line from you theſe two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no anſwer. I wiſh you all health and happineſs, being with great affection and reſpect, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER LXIII.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I Received yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our loſing Mr. Gay, upon which event I ſhall ſay nothing. I am only concern'd that long-living hath not harden'd me: for even in this kingdom and in a few days paſt, two perſons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myſelf upon the loſs of friends, as I do upon the loſs of money; by turning to my account-book, and ſeeing whether

have enough left for my ſupport; but in the for-
er caſe I find I have not, any more than in the
her; and I know not any Man who is in a greater
:elyhood than myſelf to die poor and friendleſs.
ıu are a much greater loſer than me by his death,
being a more intimate friend, and often his com-
nion; which latter I could never hope to be, ex-
pt perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a
nmer. I hope he hath left you the care of any
itings he may have left, and I wiſh, that, with
ɔſe already extant, they could all be publiſhed in
air edition under your inſpection. Your Poem
the Uſe of Riches hath been juſt printed here, and
have no objection but the obſcurity of ſeveral
ſſages by our ignorance in facts and perſons, which
ıkes us loſe abundance of the Satire. Had the
nter given me notice, I would have honeſtly print-
the names at length, where I happened to know
:m; and writ explanatory notes, which however
ıuld have been but few, for my long abſence hath
ıde me ignorant of what paſſes out of the ſcene
ıere I am. I never had the leaſt hint from you
ɔut this work, any more than of your former, up-
Taſte. We are told here, that you are preparing
ıer pieces of the ſame bulk to be inſcribed to other
ınds, one (for inſtance) to my Lord Bolingbroke,
ıther to Lord Oxford, and ſo on.—Doctor Delany
ſents you his moſt humble ſervice: he behaves
ıſelf very commendably, converſes only with his
ner friends, makes no parade, but entertains them

conſtantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the ſtreets as uſual, by day-light, does many acts of charity and generoſity, cultivates a country-houſe two miles diſtant, and is one of thoſe very few within my knowledge, on whom a great acceſs of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his eſtate by the knavery of an Agent; he is a moſt worthy Gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P—, which, I deſire, may continue no longer than he ſhall deſerve by his Modeſty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballaſt. If you are acquainted with the Ducheſs of Queenſbury, I deſire you would preſent her my moſt humble ſervice: I think ſhe is a greater loſer by the death of a friend than either of us. She ſeems a Lady of excellent ſenſe and ſpirit. I had often poſtſcripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was ſometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happineſs I could have here. This was the more generous, becauſe I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing ſo much as being a domeſtic friend to ſuch a Lady. I deſire you will never fail to ſend me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly enquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but juſt

among the living, and conſequently a continual grief to you: ſhe is ſenſible of your tenderneſs, which robs her of the only happineſs ſhe is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg ſhe may not ſhorten yours.

LETTER LXIV.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

IT is indeed impoſſible to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject as the loſs of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I ſend you what I intend for the inſcription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queenſbury will ſet up at Weſtminſter. As to his writings, he left no Will, nor ſpoke a word of them, or any thing elſe, during his ſhort and precipitate illneſs, in which I attended him to his laſt breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be ſtrange if the ſiſters do not leave his papers totally at his diſpoſal, who will do the ſame that I would with them. He has managed the Comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouſe the week before his death) to the utmoſt advantage for his relations; and propoſes to do the ſame with ſome Fables he left finiſhed.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than Mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the beſt monuments we can of our friends, their

own images in their writings: (for thoſe are the beſt, when their minds are ſuch as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is.) I am preparing alſo for my own, and have nothing ſo much at heart, as to ſhew the ſilly world that men of Wit, or even Poets, may be the moſt moral of mankind. A few looſe things ſometimes fall from them, by which cenſorious fools judge as ill of them as poſſibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when ſuch unguarded and trifling *Jeux d'Eſprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, ſince they cannot be deny'd, is to put 'em fairly upon that foot; and teach the public (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miſcellanies) to diſtinguiſh betwixt our ſtudies and our idleneſſes, our works and our weakneſſes. That was the whole end of the laſt Vol. of Miſcellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That theſe volumes con-"tained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been diſcredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the Libel on Dr. D—, and the beſt Panegyric on myſelf, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book as you obſerve, was printed in great haſte; the cauſe whereof was, that the bookſellers here were doing the ſame, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff; but with other wit of Ireland which was ſo, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to

ate what you writ ſeriouſly from what you writ
eſsly; and thought my own weeds might paſs for
t of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.
was I that ſent you thoſe books into Ireland,
ſo I did my Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt even before
s publiſh'd, and another thing of mine, which is
'arody from Horace, writ in two mornings. I
r took more care in my life of any thing than of
ormer of theſe, nor leſs than of the latter: yet
friend has forced me to print it, tho' in truth my
ſingle motive was about twenty lines towards the
end, which you will find out.
ave declined opening to you by letters the whole
ne of my preſent Work, expecting ſtill to do it
etter manner in perſon: but you will ſee pretty
that the letter to Lord Bathurſt is a part of it,
ou will find a plain connection between them,
read them in the order juſt contrary to that they
publiſh'd in. I imitate thoſe cunning tradeſmen,
how their beſt ſilks laſt; or (to give you a truer
tho' it ſounds too proudly) my works will in one
t be like the works of Nature, much more to be
and underſtood when conſider'd in the relation
bear with each other, than when ignorantly
l upon one by one; and often, thoſe parts which
t moſt at firſt ſight, will appear to be not the
hut the leaſt conſiderable.
m pleas'd and flatter'd by your expreſſion of
me. The chief pleaſure this work can give me

* Sat. i. Lib. ii.

of being *adorned* to death, and buried
weight of garlands, like one I have read
where or other. My Mother lives (which
ſwer to that point) and, I thank God, the
mory be in a manner gone, is yet awake
ble to me, though ſcarce to any thing elſ
doubles the reaſon of my attendance, and a
time ſweetens it. I wiſh (beyond any o
you could paſs a ſummer here; I might (t
bly) return with you, unleſs you prefer
France firſt, to which country, I think, y
have a ſtrong invitation. Lord Peterboro
rowly eſcaped death, and yet keeps his cha
is perpetually ſpeaking in the moſt affectio
ner of you: he has written you two lette
you never received, and by that has been di
from writing more. I can well believe

ve to ſend all I write to Curl, if moſt of what I
te was not too ſilly.

I deſire my ſincere ſervices to Dr. Delany, who, I
ee with you, is a man every way eſteemable;
y Lord Orrery is a moſt virtuous and good-natur'd
bleman, whom I ſhould be happy to know. Lord
. receiv'd your letter thro' my hands; it is not to be
d you how much he wiſhes for you: the whole liſt
perſons, to whom you ſent your ſervices, return
u theirs, with proper ſenſe of the diſtinction—Your
dy friend is *Semper Eadem*, and I have written an
piſtle to her on that qualification in a female cha-
cter; which is thought by my chief Critic in your
ſence to be my *Chef d'Oeuvre*: but it cannot be
inted perfectly, in an age ſo ſore of Satire, and ſo
illing to miſapply Characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as uſual. I
ve lain ill ſeven days of a ſlight fever (the complaint
re) but recover'd by gentle ſweats, and the care
Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left ſucceeds
ry well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu.
od preſerve your life, your health, your limbs,
ur ſpirits, and your friendſhips!

LETTER LXV.

April 2

YOU ſay truly, that death is only terri
as it ſeparates us from thoſe we lov
really think thoſe have the worſt of it who a
us, if we are true friends. I have felt more
in the loſs of Mr. Gay, than I ſhall ſuff
thought of going away myſelf into a ſtate
feel none of this ſort of loſſes. I wiſh'd vel
to have ſeen him in a condition of living ir
ent, and to have lived in perfect indolence t
our days together, the two moſt idle, moſt i
undeſigning Poets of our age. I now as vel
wiſh you and I might walk into the grave t
by as ſlow ſteps as you pleaſe, but contente
chearfully: Whether that ever can be, or
country, I know no more, than into what
we ſhall walk out of the grave. But it ſuf
to know it will be exactly what region or ſ
Maker appoints, and that whatever *Is*, is *Rig*
poor friend's papers are partly in my hands,
as much as is ſo, I will take care to ſuppref
unworthy of him. As to the Epitaph, I'm ſo
gave a copy, for it will certainly by that mea
into print, and I would correct it more, unl
will do it for me (and that I ſhall like as well
on the whole, I earneſtly wiſh your coming
ther, for this reaſon among many others, t

ence may be join'd with mine to ſuppreſs what-
we may judge proper of his papers. To be
ged in my Neighbour's and my papers, will be
inevitable fate as ſoon as you come. That I
n author whoſe characters are thought of ſome
ht, appears from the great noiſe and buſtle that
Court and Town make about any I give: and I
not render them leſs important, or leſs intereſt-
by ſparing Vice and Folly, or by betraying the
s of Truth and Virtue. I will take care they
be ſuch, as no man can be angry at but the
ns I would have angry. You are ſenſible with
decency and juſtice I paid homage to the Royal
ily, at the ſame time that I ſatirized falſe Cour-
, and Spies, &c. about 'em. I have not the cou-
however to be ſuch a Satiriſt as you, but I would
s much, or more a Philoſopher. You call your
s, Libels; I would rather call my ſatires, Epi-
: They will conſiſt more of Morality than of
and grow graver, which you will call duller. I
leave it to my Antagoniſts to be witty (if they
and content myſelf to be uſeful, and in the right.
me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord *'s
rmance? they are certainly the Top-wits of the
rt, and you may judge by that ſingle piece what
be done againſt me; for it was labour'd, correct-
præ-commended and poſt diſapprov'd, ſo far as
: diſ-own'd by themſelves, after each had highly
l it up for the other's *. I have met with ſome

* See the Epiſtle written on this occaſion at the end of the ſe-
Vol. of Letters.

complaints, and heard at a diſtance of ſome threats, occaſion'd by my verſes: I ſent fair meſſages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houſes to ſatisfy them, and ſo it dropp'd. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a diſtance, and have nothing to ſay to you when they ſee you. I am glad you perſiſt and abide by ſo good a thing as that Poem †, in which I am immortal for my Morality: I never took any praiſe ſo kindly, and yet I think, I deſerve that praiſe better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it conſiſt of? I have but laſt week finiſhed another of my Epiſtles, in the order of the ſyſtem; and this week *(exercitandi gratia)* I have tranſlated (or rather parody'd) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you adviſing me about my expences, houſekeeping, &c. But theſe things ſhall lie by, till you come to carp at 'em, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our Parliament will ſit till Midſummer, which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in ſummer than ſo late as autumn: you us'd to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I ſee not, Courtiers I know not, Kings I adore not, Queens I compliment not; ſo I am never like to be in faſhion, nor in dependance. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor Lady for her unhappineſs, and ſhould only pity her more, if ſhe had more of what they at Court call Happineſs. Come then,

† The ironical libel on Dr. Delany.

and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the ſeaſon, and compare the Liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thouſand warm wiſhes, mix'd with ſhort ſighs) ever yours.

LETTER LXVI.

To Mr. POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I Anſwer your Letter the ſooner becauſe I have a particular reaſon for doing ſo. Some weeks ago came over a Poem call'd, *The Life and Character of Dr. S. written by himſelf.* It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal ſtory, ſays, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the ſame Maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that Impoſtor ſays in his Dedication, with many Circumſtances, all pure invention. I deſire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this ſpurious piece there is not a ſingle line, or a bit of a line, or thought, any way reſembling *the genuine Copy, any* more than it does Virgil's

Æneis; for I never gave a Copy of mine, nor lent it out of my ſight. And although I ſhew'd it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and ſome of them (eſpecially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one ſingle line or thought is contained in this Impoſture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick ſhall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be ſeen, till I can be ſeen no more: I therefore deſire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an Advertiſement to be printed here, and tranſmit it to England, that every body may know the deluſion, and acquit me, as, I am ſure, you muſt have done yourſelf, if you have read any part of it, which is mean, and trivial, and full of that Cant that I moſt deſpiſe: I would ſink to be a Vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with ſuch a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute: and a continual giddy diſorder more or leſs is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at leaſt equally pity myſelf, if I liv'd amongſt you; becauſe I ſhould have ſeen him oftner than you did, who are a kind of Hermit, how great a noiſe ſoever you make by your Ill-nature in not letting the honeſt Villains of the times enjoy themſelves in

this world, which is their only happineſs, and terrifying them with another. I ſhould have added in my libel, that of all men living you are the moſt happy in your Enemies and your Friends: and I will ſwear you have fifty times more Charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at leaſt ſo bad verſifyers. Therefore *facit indignatio verſus*, is only to be apply'd when the indignation is againſt general Villainy, and never operates when ſome ſort of people write to defend themſelves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulneſs; only I would be ſatisfy'd, ſince you are ſo dull, why are they ſo angry? Give me a ſhilling, and I will enſure you, that poſterity ſhall never know you had one ſingle enemy, excepting thoſe whoſe memory you have preſerv'd.

I am ſorry for the ſituation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourſelf as much as I could wiſh in this affair. I had rather the two ſiſters were hang'd than ſee his works ſwell'd by any loſs of credit to his memory. I would be glad to ſee the moſt valuable printed by themſelves, thoſe which ought not to be ſeen burn'd immediately, and the others that have gone abroad, printed ſeparately like opuſcula, or rather be ſtifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be ingrav'd, and therefore I made leſs ſcruple to give a Copy to Lord Orrery, who *earneſtly* deſir'd it, but to no body elſe; *and, he tells me, he* gave only two, which he will

recall. I have a ſhort Epigram of his upon
wherein I would correct a line or two at moſt, a
then I will ſend it you (with his permiſſion.) I h
nothing againſt yours, but the laſt line, *Striking t*
aching; the two participles, as they are ſo near, ſe
to ſound too like. I ſhall write to the Ducheſs, v
hath lately honoured me with a very friendly let
and I will tell her my opinion freely about
friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs
enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if
other mends. I can uſe a courſe of medicines, la
and giddy. My chief deſign, next to ſeeing you
to be a ſevere Critic on you and your neighbo
but firſt kill his father, that he may be able to m
tain me in my own way of living, and particul
my horſes. It coſt me near 600*l.* for a wall to k
mine, and I never ride without two ſervants for
of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitioſa paupertate.* T
are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he m
the poorer. With you I will find graſs, and wi
and ſervants, but with him not.—The collection
ſpeak of is this. A Printer came to me to deſire
might print my works (as he call'd them) in f
volumes, by ſubſcription. I ſaid I would give
leave, and ſhould be ſorry to ſee them printed h
He ſaid they could not be printed in London.
anſwer'd, they could, if the Partners agreed.
ſaid "he would be glad of my permiſſion, bu
"he could print them without it, and was adv
"that it cou'd do me no harm, and having bee

ſur'd of numerous ſubſcriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at purſuing his own intereſt, &c." uch of this diſcourſe paſt, and he goes on with the itter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, ough it be much to my diſcontent; and I wiſh it uld be done in England rather than here, although im grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that nd. This is the truth of the ſtory.

My Vanity turns at preſent on being perſonated your *Quæ Virtùs*, &c. You will obſerve in this ter many marks of an ill head and a low ſpirit; t a Heart wholly turned to love you with the ateſt Earneſtneſs and Truth.

LETTER LXVII.

May 28, 1733.

Have begun two or three letters to you by ſnatches, and been prevented from finiſhing m by a thouſand avocations and diſſipations. I ſt firſt acknowledge the honour done me by Lord ery, whoſe praiſes are that precious ointment omon ſpeaks of, which can be given only by n of Virtue: all other praiſe, whether from Poets Peers, is contemptible alike; and I am old enough, l experienced enough to know, that the only iſes worth *having*, are thoſe beſtowed by Virtue. *Virtue. My Poetry* I abandon to the critics, my

Morals I commit to the teſtimony of thoſe who know me; and therefore I was more pleas'd with your Libel, than with any Verſes I ever receiv'd. I wiſh ſuch a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was ſurpriz'd to receive from the Printer that ſpurious piece, call'd The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter telling me the perſon, "who publiſh'd "it, had aſſur'd him the Dedication to me was what "I would not take ill, or elſe he would not have "printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took ſo far upon him as to anſwer for my way of thinking; tho' had the thing been genuine, I ſhould have been greatly diſpleas'd at the publiſher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earneſt as you can be, in doing my beſt to prevent the publiſhing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wiſh you would come over. All the myſteries of my philoſophical work ſhall then be clear'd to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough: It will not want for Satire, but as for Anger I know it not; or at leaſt only that ſort of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks. "Be ye angry and ſin not."

My Neighbour's writings have been metaphyſical, and will next be hiſtorical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable Hiſtory of Europe in theſe latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken *him; for* age, indolence, and contempt of the world, *grow* upon men apace, and may often make the

indifferent whether poſterity be any wiſer than
To a man in years, Health and Quiet become
rities, and conſequently ſo valuable, that he is
think of nothing more than of enjoying them
ver he can, for the remainder of life; and
doubt not, has cau'd ſo many great men to
hout leaving a ſcrap to poſterity.

I ſincerely troubled for the bad account you
e of your own health. I wiſh every day to
better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I
lly aſſure you.

LETTER LXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

ſt condole with you for the loſs of Mrs. Pope,
whoſe death the papers have been full. But
I rather rejoice with you, becauſe, if any cir-
ıces can make the death of a dear Parent and
a ſubject for joy, you have them all. She
an extreme old age, without pain, under the
the moſt dutiful Son that I have ever known
d of; which is a felicity not happening to one
llion. The worſt effect of her death falls
ıe, and ſo much the worſe, becauſe I expect-
is damno uſus in illo, that it would be followed
:ing me and this kingdom happy with your
. *But I* am told, to my great misfortune,

that a very convenient offer happening, you wav
the invitation preſſed on you, alledging the fear y
had of being killed here with eating and drinki
By which I find that you have given ſome credit
a notion of our great plenty and hoſpitality. I
true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is
ways in the pooreſt countries, becauſe there is
money to pay for them: I believe there are not
this whole city three Gentlemen out of Employme
who are able to give entertainments once a mor
Thoſe who are in Employments of church or ſt
are three parts in four from England, and amo
to little more than a dozen: Thoſe indeed may o
er twice invite their friends, or any perſon of diſ
ction that makes a voyage hither. All my acqua
ance tell me, they know not above three fami
where they can occaſionally dine in a whole ye
Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who k
one certain day in the week to entertain ſeve
eight friends at dinner, and to paſs the even
where there is nothing of exceſs, either in eatin
drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath
left us) was invited to dinner once or twice b
judge, a biſhop, or a commiſſioner of the reven
but moſt frequented a few particular friends,
chiefly, the Doctor, who is eaſy in his fortune,
very hoſpitable. The conveniencies of taking
air, winter or ſummer, do far exceed thoſe in I
don. For the two large ſtrands juſt at two end
the town are as firm and dry in winter as in

r. There are at leaſt ſix or eight gentlemen of
ſe, learning, good-humour and taſte, able and
irous to pleaſe you; and orderly females, ſome of
better ſort to take care of you. Theſe were the
tives that I have frequently made uſe of to entice
ı hither. And there would be no failure among
beſt people here, of any honours that could be
ıe you. As to myſelf, I declare, my health is ſo
:ertain that I dare not venture amongſt you at
ſent. I hate the thoughts of London, where I
not rich enough to live otherwiſe than by ſhift-
, which is now too late. Neither can I have
veniencies in the country for three horſes and two
'ants, and many others, which I have here at
d. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-
ches, carts, and carriages round this town, who
e not inſult me, like your raſcally waggoners or
ch-men, but give me the way; nor is there one
'd or Squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me
of the road, or run over me with their coaches
ſix. Thus, I make ſome advantage of the pub-
poverty, and give you the reaſons for what I
e writ, why I chuſe to be a freeman among ſlaves,
.er than a ſlave among freemen. Then, I walk
ſtreets in peace without being juſtled, nor ever
ıout a thouſand bleſſings from my friends the vul-

I am Lord Mayor of 120 houſes, I am abſo-
Lord of the greateſt Cathedral in the kingdom,
at *peace with the* neighbouring Princes, the Lord
or of the city, and the Archbiſhop of Dublin.

only the latter, like the K. of France, fon attempts encroachments on my dominions, Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midſt of th lery, I can tell you with ſerioufneſs, that th vantages contribute to my eaſe, and therefo lue them. And in one part of your letter rel my Lord B—— and yourſelf, you agree w entirely, about the indifference, the love o the care of health, &c. that grow upon men i And if you diſcover thoſe inclinations in m and yourſelf, what can you expect from me health is ſo precarious? and yet at your or h of life, I could have leap'd over the moon.

LETTER LXIX.

Sept. 1,

I Have every day wiſh'd to write to you, t thouſand things; and yet, I think, I ſho have writ to you now, if I was not ſick of any thing, ſick of myſelf, and (what is wor of my friends too. The world is become tc for me; every body is ſo concerned for the that all private enjoyments are loſt, or diſ-r I write more to ſhow you I am tired of this lif to tell you any thing relating to it. I live a I think as I did, I love you as I did; but al *are to* no purpoſe: the world will not live, t *love*, as I do. I am troubled for, and vex

my friends by turns. Here are ſome whom you love, and who love you: yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between. In earneſt, I would go a thouſand miles by land to ſee you, but the ſea I dread. My ailments are ſuch, that I really believe a ſea-ſickneſs (conſidering the oppreſſion of colical pains, and the great weakneſs of my breaſt) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I muſt of the exceſſive eating and drinking of your hoſpitable town, and the exceſſive flattery of your moſt poetical country. I hate to be cramm'd, either way. Let your hungry Poets, and your rhyming Poets digeſt it, I cannot. I like much better to be abuſed and half ſtarved, than to be ſo over-praiſed and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reſerve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and eſteeming you: You are the only Patriot I know, who is not hated for ſerving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he ſaid of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for ſaying them in words quite different from thoſe you had yourſelf employed before on the ſame ſubject: for ſurely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himſelf can hardly ſay the ſame thing twice over with equal happineſs; Nature is ſo much a *better thing* than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: It is no tion to tell you, my Mother's loſs has tur frame of thinking. The habit of a whole ſtronger thing than all the reaſon in the wo know I ought to be eaſy, and to be free; b dejected, I am confined: my whole amuſem reviewing my paſt life, not in laying plans future. I wiſh you cared as little for popu plauſe as I; as little for any nation, in contra tion to others, as I: and then I fancy, you not afraid of the ſea, you that are a ſtronger ſixty than ever I was at twenty, would come ſeveral people who are (at laſt) like the p chriſtians, of one ſoul and of one mind. Th come, which I have often wiſhed, but never t to ſee; when *every mortal, that I eſteem, is of t ſentiment in Politics and in Religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours; but all a except (dear Sir) your ſincere friend.

LETTER LXX.

Jan. 6,

I Never think of you and can never write now, without drawing many of thoſe ſho of which we have formerly talk'd: The re both of the friends we have been depriv'd Death, and of thoſe from whom we are ſe almoſt as eternally by Abſence, checks me degree that it takes away in a manner the p

ich yet I feel very ſenſibly too) of thinking I am converſing with you. You have been ſilent to as to your Works; whether thoſe printed here or are not genuine? but one, I am ſure, is yours, your method of concealing yourſelf puts me in id of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail ſtick . You'll have immediately by ſeveral franks (even ore 'tis here publiſhed) my Epiſtle to Lord Cobham, t of my *Opus Magnum*, and the laſt Eſſay on Man, h which, I conclude, will be grateful to your ɔkſeller, on whom you pleaſe to beſtow them ſo ly. There is a woman's war declar'd againſt me a certain Lord; his weapons are the ſame which men and children uſe, a pin to ſcratch, and a ſquirt beſpatter: I writ a ſort of anſwer, but was aſhamed enter the liſts with him, and after ſhewing it to ɔe people, ſuppreſs'd it: otherwiſe it was ſuch as s worthy of him and worthy of me. I was three eks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who re- ɔes in your doings, and always ſpeaks with the ɔateſt affection of you. I need not tell you who ɔ do the ſame; you may be ſure almoſt all thoſe ɔom I ever ſee, or deſire to ſee. I wonder not that —— paid you no ſort of civility while he was in ɔland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true t, and too much half-honeſt, to eſteem any entire ɔrit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will my beſt *to make him*: he is ſo inſupportably in- *ɔnt in his civility* to me when he meets me at one

third place, that I muſt affront him to be ri
That ſtrict neutrality as to public parties, v
have conſtantly obſerv'd in all my writings,
gives me the more title to attack ſuch men,
der and belye my character in private, to th
know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I wi
take, unleſs at the ſame time they are Peſts of
ſociety, or miſchievous members of the publ
is to ſay, unleſs they are enemies to all men
as to me.—Pray write to me when you can:
I can come to you, I will: if not, may Provid
our friend and our guard through this ſimple
where nothing is valuable but ſenſe and fri
Adieu, dear Sir, may health attend your yea
then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am juſt now told, a very curious L
tends to write to you to pump you about ſome
ſaid to be yours. Pray tell her, that you h
anſwered me on the ſame queſtions, and that
take it as a thing never to be forgiven from
you tell another what you have conceal'd fron

LETTER LXXI.

Sept. 15, 1734.

'e ever thought you as ſenſible as any man I
:w, of all the delicacies of friendſhip, and
ar (from what Lord B. tells me you ſaid in
ſt letter) that you did not quite underſtand
ſon of my late ſilence. I aſſure you it pro-
wholly from the tender kindneſs I bear you.
:he heart is full, it is angry at all words that
come up to it; and you are now the man in all
ld I am moſt troubled to write to, for you are
nd I have left whom I am moſt grieved about.
has not done worſe to me in ſeparating poor
r any other, than diſeaſe and abſence in divid-

I am afraid to know how you do, ſince moſt
s I have, give me pain for you, and I am un-
to tell you the condition of my own health.
re good, I would ſee you; and yet if I found
:hat very condition of deafneſs, which made
from us while we were together, what com-
ld we derive from it? In writing often I ſhould
at relief, could we write freely: and yet, when
lone ſo, you ſeem by not anſwering in a very
ıe, to feel either the ſame uneaſineſs as I do,
ſtain, from ſome prudential reaſon. Yet I am
:thing that you and I wou'd ſay to each other,
r own ſouls were to be laid open to the clerks
oſt-office) could hurt either of us ſo much, in
ion of any honeſt man or good ſubject, as the

intervening, officious, impertinence of thoſe G
between us, who in England pretend to intima
with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me.
cannot but receive any that call upon me in y
name, and in truth they take it in vain too often.
take all opportunities of juſtifying you againſt th
Friends, eſpecially thoſe who know all you think
write, and repeat your ſlighter verſes. It is gener
on ſuch little ſcraps that Witlings feed, and 'tis h
the world ſhould judge of our houſe-keeping fr
what we fling to our dogs, yet this is often the c
ſequence. But they treat you ſtill worſe, mix th
own with yours, print them to get money, and
them at your door. This I am ſatisfied was the c
in the Epiſtle to a Lady; it was juſt the ſame ha
(if I have any judgment in ſtyle) which printed y
Life and Character before, which you ſo ſtron
diſavow'd in your letters to lord Carteret, myſelf, a
others. I was very well informed of another fa
which convinced me yet more; the ſame perſon w
gave this to be printed, offer'd to a bookſeller a pi
in proſe as yours, and as commiſſioned by you, whi
has ſince appear'd, and been own'd to be his ow
I think (I ſay once more) that I know your ha
tho' you did not mine in the Eſſay on Man. I b
your pardon for not telling you, as I ſhould, had y
been in England: but no ſecret can croſs your Ir
Sea, and every clerk in the poſt-office had known
I fancy, tho' you loſt ſight of me in the firſt of th
Eſſays, you ſaw me in the ſecond. The deſign

concealing myſelf was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a Divine, a Philoſopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a ſanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the ſame grave march like Lucretius, or muſt deſcend to the gayeties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either? but let the future as it will, I ſhall collect all the paſt in one fair quarto this winter, and ſend it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourſelf. I was glad you ſuffer'd your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wiſh'd it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dreſt, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a Philoſopher, till I pull it off, and make a jeſt of it myſelf. 'Tis juſt what my Lord B. is doing with Metaphyſics. I hope, you will live to ſee, and ſtare at the learned figure he will make, on the ſame ſhelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You ſee how I talk to you (for this is not writing) if you like I ſhould do ſo, why not tell me ſo? if it be the leaſt pleaſure to you, I will write once a week moſt gladly; but can you abſtract the letters from the perſon who writes them, ſo far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our ſeparation, and thoſe misfortunes which occaſion it, than ſatisfaction in the Nothings he can expreſs? If you can, *really and from my* heart I cannot. I return again

to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a ſatisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you ſhall hear from me punctually juſt when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who is juſt returned from a progreſs of three months, and is ſetting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will ſtay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yeſterday, and I cannot ſeal and diſpatch it till I have ſcribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompouſly of my Metaphyſics, and places them in a very honourable ſtation. It is true, I have writ ſix letters and an half to him on ſubjects of that kind, and I propoſe a letter and an half more, which would ſwell the whole up to a conſiderable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the Name of an Author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have ſeen them, *ſatis magnum Theatrum mihi eſtis*, I ſhall not have the itch of making them more public†. I know how little regard you pay to Writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any ſuch, it muſt be thoſe that ſtrip Metaphyſics of all their bombaſt, keep within the ſight of every well-conſtituted Eye, and never bewilder themſelves whilſt they pretend to guide the reaſon of others. I writ to you a long letter ſome

† His Lordſhip, as appears by his laſt will, altered his mind; and they have been ſince given to the world, to the admiration and aſtoniſhment of all the learned and the pious.

ime ago, and ſent it by the poſt. Did it come to your hands? or did the inſpectors of private correſpondence ſtop it, to revenge themſelves of the ill laid of them in it? *Vale & me ama.*

LETTER LXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 1, 1734.

I Have yours with my Lord B——'s Poſtſcript of September 15: it was long on its way, and or ſome weeks after the date I was very ill with my wo inveterate diſorders, giddineſs and deafneſs. The atter is pretty well off; but the other makes me tot-r towards evenings, and much diſpirits me. But I ontinue to ride and walk, both of which, although hey be no cures, are at leaſt amuſements. I did ne-er imagine you to be either inconſtant, or to want ight notions of friendſhip, but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent won-er to me how you have been able to entertain the orld, ſo long, ſo frequently, ſo happily, under ſo any bodily diſorders. My Lord B. ſays you have een three months rambling, which is the beſt thing ou can poſſibly do in a ſummer ſeaſon; and when he winter recalls you, we will, for our own intereſts, ave you to your ſpeculations. God be thanked, have done with every thing, and of every kind hat requires writing, except now and then a letter,

or, like a true old man, ſcribling trifles only f
children and ſchool-boys of the loweſt claſs at
which three or four of us read and laugh at to
and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is ſingular, I
am without ſome great work in view, enou
take up forty years of the moſt vigorous he
man: although I am convinced that I ſhall nev
able to finiſh three Treatiſes, that have lain b
ſeveral years, and want nothing but correction
Lord B. ſaid in his poſtſcript, that you would
Bath in three days: we ſince heard that you
dangerouſly ill there, and that the news-mo
gave you over. But a gentleman of this king
on his return from Bath, aſſured me he left you
and ſo did ſome others whom I have forgot.
ſorry at my heart that you are peſtered with p
who come in my name, and I profeſs to you
without my knowledge. I am confident I ſhall h
ever have occaſion again to recommend, fo
friends here are very few, and fixed to the free
from whence nothing but death will remove t
Surely I never doubted about your Eſſay on M
and I would lay any odds, that I would neve
to diſcover you in ſix lines, unleſs you had a
to write below or beſide yourſelf on purpoſe. I
feſs I did never imagine you were ſo deep in M
or that ſo many new and excellent rules coul
produced ſo advantageouſly and agreeably in
ſcience, from any one head. I confeſs in ſome
places I was forced to read twice. I believe

you before what the Duke of D—— ſaid to me on that occaſion, How a judge here, who knows you, told him that on the firſt reading thoſe Eſſays, he was much pleaſed, but found ſome lines a little dark: On the ſecond moſt of them cleared up, and his pleaſure increaſed: On the third he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My lord B——'s attempt of reducing Metaphyſics to intelligible ſenſe and uſefulneſs, will be a glorious undertaking, and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the ſole management, ſo I am confident he will ſucceed in this. I deſire you will allow that I write to you both at preſent, and ſo I ſhall while I live: It ſaves your money, and my time; and he being your Genius, no matter to which it is addreſſed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwiſe between the weakneſs of my eyes, and the thickneſs of my hearing, I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure that is left me. Pray command my lord B——— to follow that example, if I live to read his Metaphyſics. Pray God bleſs you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will anſwer his letter as ſoon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXIII.

Twickenham, Dec. 19, 1734.

I Am truly ſorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakneſs of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good underſtanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the moſt, is the friendſhip of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects thoſe who are ſtept a few years before us, cannot but ſenſibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my conſtitution younger than you, it will be in my remembring every thing that has pleaſed me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two ſummers we paſs'd together dwell always on my mind, like a viſion which gave me a glympſe of a better life and better company, than this world otherwiſe afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcaſe I am annex'd to did not hinder me I rambled by very eaſy journeys this year to Lord Bathurſt and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occaſion commemorate, love, and wiſh for you. I now paſs my days between Dawley, London, and this place, not ſtudious, nor idle, rather poliſhing *old* works than hewing out new. I redeem now and *then* a paper that hath been abandon'd ſeveral yea

f this ſort you'll ſoon ſee one, which I inſcribe
old friend Arbuthnot.

as far I had written, and thinking to finiſh my
the ſame evening, was prevented by company,
ie next morning found myſelf in a fever, high-
)rder'd, and ſo continued in bed for five days,
i my chamber till now; but ſo well recover'd
iope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the ad-
f Dr. Arbuthnot. He himſelf, poor man, is
broke, tho' not worſe than for theſe two laſt
is he has been. He took extremely kind your

I wiſh to God we could once meet again, be-
hat ſeparation, which yet, I would be glad to
e, ſhall re-unite us: But he who made us, not
irs, but his purpoſes, knows only whether it
the better or the worſe, that the affections of
ſe ſhould, or ſhould not continue into the other:
loubtleſs it is as it ſhould be. Yet I am ſure
/hile I am here, and the thing that I am, I ſhall
iperfect without the communication of ſuch
is as you; you are to me like a limb loſt, and
i in another country; tho' we ſeem quite di-
, every accident makes me feel you were once
t of me. I always conſider you ſo much as a
l, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too
, but 'tis as much as I would deſire you would
me. However, if I could inſpirit you to be-
correction upon thoſe three Treatiſes, which
ay are ſo near completed, I ſhould think it a
work than any I can pretend to of my own.

I am almoſt at the end of my Morals, as I've been, long ago, of my Wit; my ſyſtem is a ſhort one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a ſphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to Truth (or to ſpeak more like a human creature, to the appearances of Truth) we ſoon find the ſhortneſs of our Tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphyſical chain of Ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progreſs beyond the point to which providence has pinn'd us: But this does not ſatisfy me, who would rather ſay a little to no purpoſe, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to deſtroy volumes. I ſhall not live, I fear, to ſee that work printed; he is ſo taken up ſtill (in ſpite of the monitory hint given in the firſt line of my Eſſay) with particular Men, that he neglects mankind, and is ſtill a creature of this World, not of the Univerſe: This World, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Caſtle, and ſo diminiſhing, till it comes to our own affairs, and our own perſons. When you write (either to him or to me, for we accept it all as one) rebuke him for it, as a Divine if you like it, or as a Badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will ſhew you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and every body

that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford, who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion, by the villainy of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcern'd to see all things tending towards absolute power, in both nations * (it is here in perfection already) although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor, hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like

* *The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a giddiness in his head.*

a ſum of money in a bank, from which I ſhould re ceive at leaſt annual intereſt, as I do from you, an have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To ſhew how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnigh ſince I heard of the death of my Lady Maſham, n conſtant friend in all changes of times. God forb that I ſhould expect you to make a voyage th would in the leaſt affect your health: but in the mea time how unhappy am I, that my beſt friend ſhou have perhaps the only kind of diſorder for which ſea-voyage is not in ſome degree a remedy? The o Duke of Ormond ſaid, he would not change his dea ſon (Oſſory) for the beſt living ſon in Europe. Ne ther would I change you my abſent friend for th beſt preſent friend round the Globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord I called a Diſſertation on Parties. I think it very ma ſterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: believe your prayers will do me more good tha thoſe of all the Prelates in both kingdoms, or an Prelates in Europe, except the Biſhop of Marſeilles * And God preſerve you for contributing more to mer the world, than the whole pack of (modern) Parſon in a lump.

I am ever intirely your

* Who continued there with his flock all the time a dread peſtilence deſolated that city.

LETTER LXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private irs. This is an anſwer to yours of two months , which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. eartily wiſh you were what they call diſaffected, I am. I may ſay as David did, I have ſinned atly, but what have theſe ſheep done? You have en no offence to the Miniſtry, nor to the Lords, Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power. r you are a man of virtue, and therefore muſt ab- vice and all corruption, although your diſcre- holds the reins. "You need not fear any conſequence in the commerce that hath ſo long paſſed between us; although I never deſtroy'd one of your letters. But my Executors are men of honour and virtue, who have ſtrict orders in my will o burn every letter left behind me." Neither did letters contain any Turns of Wit, or Fancy, or litics, or Satire, but mere innocent Friendſhip: I am loth that any letters, from you and a very other friends, ſhould die before me; I believe neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left nd to ſtudy what we ſhould write next; yet we *ve held a conſtant* intercourſe from your youth and *middle age,* and from your middle age it muſt

be continued till my death, which my bad health makes me expect every month. I h ambition, and it is very earneſt as well as i to have one Epiſtle inſcribed to me while I a and you juſt in the time when wit and wiſdo the height. I muſt once more repeat Cicero to a friend; *Orna me.* A month ago were over by a friend of mine, the works of John H Eſq. They are in verſe and proſe. I neve of the man in my life, yet, I find your na ſubſcriber too. He is too grave a Poet for m I think, among the *mediocribus* in proſe as verſe. I have the honour to know Dr. Run is indeed worth all the reſt you ever ſent us, b is ſaying nothing, for he anſwers your cha I have dined thrice in his company. He b over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom chaplain, which was a very wiſe and popular His only fault, is, that he drinks no wine, drink nothing elſe.

This kingdom is now abſolutely ſtarving, means of every oppreſſion that can be inflic mankind—Shall I not viſit for theſe things the Lord. You adviſe me right, not to troub ſelf about the world: But, oppreſſion torture and I cannot live without meat and drink, n either without money; and money is not to b except they will make me a Biſhop, or a Judg Colonel, or a Commiſſioner of the Revenues. A

LETTER LXXVI.

TO anſwer your queſtion as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as n honeſt man: but he was of the claſs you think im.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He ill be an honour to the Biſhops and a diſgrace to ne Biſhop, two things you will like: But what you ill like more particularly, he will be a friend and nefactor even to your un-friended, un-benefited ation; he will be a friend to human race, where- er he goes. Pray tell him my beſt wiſhes for his alth and long life: I wiſh you and he came over gether, or that I were with you. I never ſaw a man ſeldom whom I liked ſo much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a laſt leave of, his ſetting ſail for Liſbon: No Body can be more ifted, no Soul can be more alive. Immediately er the ſevereſt operation of being cut into the adder for a ſuppreſſion of urine, he took coach, d got from Briſtol to Southampton. This is a man at will neither live nor die like any other mortal. Poor Lord Peterborow; there is another ſtring t, that wou'd have help'd to draw you hither! He ler'd on his death-bed his Watch to be given me iat which had accompanied him in all his travels) th this *reaſon*, "*That I might have ſomething to put me every day in mind of him.*" It was a

preſent to him from the King of Sicily, whoſe arms and *Inſignia* are graved on the inner-caſe; on the outer, I have put this inſcription. *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliæ, Dux Sabaudiæ, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit*, 1735.

Pray write to me a little oftner: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleaſes you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleaſure, that your preſent care is to relieve the moſt helpleſs of this world, thoſe objects * which moſt want our compaſſion, tho' generally made the ſcorn of their fellow-creatures, ſuch as are leſs innocent than they. You always think generouſly; and of all charities, this is the moſt diſintereſted, and leaſt vain-glorious, done to ſuch as never will thank you, or can praiſe you for it.

God bleſs you with eaſe, if not with pleaſure; with a tolerable ſtate of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a reſign'd temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon theſe terms I live myſelf, tho' younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the preſence of a few that I love be added to theſe. Adieu.

* Idiots.

LETTER LXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 21, 1735.

ſwer'd your letter relating to Curl, &c. I be-
ve my letters have eſcap'd being publiſh'd,
e I writ nothing but Nature and Friendſhip,
rticular incidents which could make no figure
ing. I have obſerv'd that not only Voiture,
ewiſe Tully and Pliny writ their letters for
blic view, more than for the ſake of their cor-
dents; and I am glad of it, on account of the
ainment they have given me. Balſac did the
hing, but with more ſtiffneſs, and conſequent-
diverting: Now I muſt tell you. that you are
k upon me as one going very faſt out of
rld; but my fleſh and bones are to be carried
ly-head, for I will not lie in a Country of

It pleaſeth me to find that you begin to diſ-
ings in ſpite of your Philoſophy; your Muſe
: forbear her hints to that purpoſe. I cannot
to ſee you; otherwiſe, I ſolemnly proteſt I
do it. I have an intention to paſs this win-
the country with a Friend forty miles off, and
e only ten miles a day; yet is my health ſo
ain that I fear it will not be in my power. I
ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own
night: My beſt way would be to marry, for
: caſe any bed would be better than my own.

I found you a very young man, and I left you
middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged ma
and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord—
methinks I am enquiring after a Tulip of laſt year.
" You need not apprehend any Curl's meddling wi
" your letters to me; I will not deſtroy them, b
" have order'd my Executors to do that office."
have a thouſand things more to ſay, *longævitas*
garrula, but I muſt remember I have other letters
write if I have time, which I ſpend to tell you ſo.
am ever, deareſt Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 9, 1735-6.

I Cannot properly call you my beſt friend, becau
I have not another left who deſerves the nam
ſuch a havock have Time, Death, Exile, and Obl
vion made. Perhaps you would have fewer co
plaints of my ill health and lowneſs of ſpirits, if th
were not ſome excuſe for my delay of writing eve
to you. It is perfectly right what you ſay of the i
difference in common friends, whether we are ſic
or well, happy or miſerable. The very maid-ſe
vants in a family have the ſame notion: I have hea
them often ſay, Oh, I am very ſick, if any-body car
for it! I am vexed when my viſitors come with th
compliment uſual here, Mr. Dean I hope you

ery well. My popularity that you mention, is holly confined to the common people, who are ore conſtant than thoſe we miſ-call their betters. I alk the ſtreets, and ſo do my lower friends, from hom and from whom alone, I have a thouſand hats d bleſſings upon old ſcores, which thoſe we call the ientry have forgot But I have not the love, or ardly the civility, of any one man in power or ſta- on; and I can boaſt that I neither viſit nor am ac- uainted with any Lord Temporal or Spiritual in the hole kingdom; nor am able to do the leaſt good ffice to the moſt deſerving man, except what I can iſpoſe of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. /hat hath ſunk my ſpirits more than even years and ckneſs, is reflecting on the moſt execrable Corrup- ons that run through every branch of public ma- agement.

I heartily thank you for thoſe lines tranſlated, *egula de nobis anni, &c.* You have put them in a ong and admirable light; but however, I am ſo rtial, as to be more delighted with thoſe which e to do me the greateſt honour I ſhall ever receive om poſterity, and will outweigh the malignity of a thouſand enemies. I never ſaw them before, by hich it is plain that the letter you ſent me miſ- rry'd.—I do not doubt that you have choice of w acquaintance, and ſome of them may be de- ving: For youth is the ſeaſon of Virtue; Corrup- as grow with years, and I believe the oldeſt rogue *England is the* greateſt. You have years enough

before you to watch whether theſe new acquai
will keep their Virtue, when they leave you a
into the world; how long will their ſpirit of
pendency laſt againſt the temptations of future
ſters, and future Kings.—As to the new Lord
tenant, I never knew any of the family; ſo
ſhall not be able to get any jobb done by h
any deſerving friend.

LETTER LXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 7, 17

IT is ſome time ſince I dined at the bi
Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told m
great concern, that you were taken very ill.
heard nothing ſince, only I have continued i
pain of mind, yet for my own ſake and the
more than for yours; becauſe I well knov
little you value life both as a philoſopher
Chriſtian, particularly the latter, wherein hard
in a million of us heretics can equal you
are well recover'd, you ought to be repr
for not putting me eſpecially out of pain, wh
not bear the loſs of you; although we muſt
ever diſtant as much as if I were in the gra
which my years and continual indiſpoſition a
paring me every ſeaſon. I have ſtaid too lon
preſſing you to give me ſome eaſe by an acc

your health; pray do not uſe me ſo ill any more. I look upon you as an eſtate from which I receive my beſt annual rents, although I am never to ſee it. Mr. Tickel was at the ſame meeting under the ſame real concern; and ſo were a hundred others of this town who had never ſeen you.

I read to the Biſhop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concern'd him, and his Lordſhip expreſs'd his thankfulneſs in a manner that became him. He is eſteemed here as a perſon of learning and converſation and humanity, but he is beloved by all people.

I have no-body now left but you: Pray be ſo kind to out-live me, and then die as ſoon as you pleaſe, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my Religion will permit, but rather my Virtue, altho' much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurſt know how much I love him; I ſtill inſiſt on his remembring me, altho' he is too much in the world to honour an abſent friend with his letters. My ſtate of health is not to boaſt of; my giddineſs is more or leſs too conſtant: I ſleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as eaſily write a Poem in the Chineſe-language as my own: I am as fit for Matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily ſchemes for innumerable Eſſays in proſe, and proceed ſometimes to no leſs than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waſte paper. What vexes me moſt is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forſaken me, altho' I am not ſo old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove

by Arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as ſoon as you can, about that ugly report of your illneſs; and let me know who this Cheſelden is, that hath ſo lately ſprung up in your favour? Give me alſo ſome account of your neighbour who writ to me from Bath. I hear he reſolves to be ſtrenuous for taking off the Teſt; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced Reaſons I ever was able to form, and againſt the maxims of all-wiſe Chriſtian governments*, which always had ſome eſtabliſh'd Religion, leaving at beſt a toleration to others.

Farewel, my deareſt friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendſhip and eſteem.

LETTER LXXX.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more Epiſtles in Verſe, one of them ſhall be addreſs'd to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finiſhed as my laſt work ought to be, that is to ſay, more finiſhed than any of the reſt. The ſubject is large, and will divide into four Epiſtles, which naturally follow the Eſſay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reaſon and Science. 2. A view of the uſeful and

* The Author of the *Diſſertation on Parties* appears to have been of the ſame Opinion: But the Author of the Book of Fragments is of another mind.

therefore attainable, and of the un-uſeful and therefore un-attainable Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Uſe of different Capacities. 5. Of the Uſe of *Learning*, of the *Science* of the *World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a Satire againſt the miſ-application of all theſe, exemplify'd by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the taſk is great, and *non ſum qualis eram!* My underſtanding indeed, ſuch as it is, is extended rather than diminiſh'd: I ſee things more in the whole, more conſiſtent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the ſide of philoſophy, I loſe on the ſide of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our Heaven of a Court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds riſe, and the winter comes on. I find myſelf but little diſpoſed to build a new houſe; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to ſee how few friends I have left. Pray, whoſe eſteem or admiration ſhould I deſire now to procure by my writings? whoſe friendſhip or converſation to obtain by them? I am a man of deſperate fortunes, that is, a man whoſe friends are dead: for I never aim'd at any other fortune than in friends. As ſoon as I had ſent my laſt letter, I receiv'd a moſt kind one from you, expreſſing great pain for my late illneſs *at Mr. Cheſelden's*. I conclude you was eaſed *of that friendly apprehenſion* in a few days after you

had diſpatch'd yours, for mine muſt have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheſelden was? It ſhews that the trueſt merit does not travel ſo far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the moſt noted, and moſt deſerving man, in the whole profeſſion of Chirurgery; and has ſav'd the lives of thouſands by his manner of cutting for the ſtone—I am now well, or what I muſt call ſo.

I have lately ſeen ſome writings of Lord B's ſince he went to France. Nothing can depreſs his Genius: Whatever befals him, he will ſtill be the greateſt man in the world, either in his own time, or with poſterity.

Every man you know or care for here, enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wiſh you had any motive to ſee this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourſelf and two ſervants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myſelf at home; the kind and hearty houſe-wife is dead! the agreeable and inſtructive neighbour is gone; yet my houſe is inlarg'd, and the gardens extend and flouriſh, as knowing nothing of the gueſts they have loſt. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good Melons and Pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better Gardener, as I am a worſe Poet, than when you ſaw me: But Gardening is near a-kin to Philoſophy, for Tully ſays, *Agricultura proxima ſapientiæ*. For God's ſake,

why ſhould not you (that are a ſtep higher than a Philoſopher, a Divine, yet have too much grace and wit to be a Biſhop) e'en give all you have to the Poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done every thing elſe) ſo quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordes* be our Motto and our Epitaph.

LETTER LXXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

MY common illneſs is of that kind which utterly diſqualifies me for all converſation; I mean my Deafneſs; and indeed it is that only which diſcourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; becauſe I am never ſure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honeſt Gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an eaſy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to what you "ſay of your Letters, ſince you have many years of "life more than I, my reſolution is to direct my "Executors to ſend you all your letters, well ſealed "and pacqueted, along with ſome legacies men-"tioned in my will, and leave them entirely to "*your diſpoſal:* Thoſe things are all tied up, en-"*dors'd and locked* in a cabinet, and I have not

" one ſervant who can properly be ſaid to write
" read: No mortal ſhall copy them, but you ſh
" ſurely have them when I am no more." I have
little repined at my being hitherto ſlipped by you
your Epiſtles, not from any other ambition than t
Title of a Friend, and in that ſenſe I expect y
ſhall perform your promiſe, if your health and l
ſure and inclination will permit. I deny your loſ
on the ſide of poetry; I could reaſon againſt yo
little from experience; you are, and will be ſo
years to come, at the age when Invention ſtill ke
its ground, and Judgment is at full maturity; l
your ſubjects are much more difficult when confi
to Verſe. I am amazed to ſee you exhauſt the wh
ſcience of Morality in ſo maſterly a manner.
W. Temple ſaid, that the loſs of Friends was a T
upon long life: It need not be very long, ſince y
have had ſo great a ſhare, but I have not above c
left: and in this Country I have only a few gene
companions of good nature and middling und
ſtandings. How ſhould I know Cheſelden? On y
ſide, men of fame ſtart up and die before we h
(at leaſt I) know any thing of the matter. I an
little comforted with what you ſay of Lord B's C
nius ſtill keeping up, and preparing to appear
effects worthy of the author, and uſeful to the wor
—Common reports have made me very uneaſy ab
your neighbour Mr. P. It is affirmed that he h
been very near death: I love him for being a I
triot in moſt corrupted times, and highly eſteem

cellent underſtanding. Nothing but the perverſe ture of my diſorders, as I have above deſcribed em, and which are abſolute diſqualifications for nverſe, could hinder me from waiting on you at Wickenham, and nurſing you to Paris. In ſhort, / Ailments amount to a prohibition, although I ı, as you deſcribe yourſelf, what *I muſt call well*, : I have not ſpirits left to ride out, which (except- ; walking) was my only diverſion. And I muſt pect to decline every month, like one who lives on his principal ſum which muſt leſſen every day; d indeed I am likewiſe literally almoſt in the ſame e, while every body owes me, and no-body pays . Inſtead of a young race of Patriots on your e, which gives me ſome glympſe of joy, here we re the direct contrary, a race of young Dunces d Atheiſts, or old Villains and Monſters, whereof r fifths are more wicked and ſtupid than Chartres. ur wants are ſo few, that you need not be rich to ply them; and my wants are ſo many, that a King's en millions of guineas would not ſupport me.

LETTER LXXXII.

Aug. 17, 1736.

Find, tho' I have leſs experience than you, the truth of what you told me ſome time ago, that reaſe of years makes men more talkative but leſs tative: to that degree, that I now write no let-

ters but of plain buſineſs, or plain how-d'ye's, to thoſe few I am forced to correſpond with, either out of neceſſity, or love: And I grow Laconic even beyond Laconiciſme; for ſometimes I return only Yes, or No, to queſtionary or petitionary Epiſtles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almoſt the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whoſe writings will reach the next: Others are mere mortals. Whatever failings ſuch men may have, a reſpect is due to them, as Luminaries whoſe exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather cauſes it to ſeem ſo to others. I am afraid to cenſure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, becauſe I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull: And you ſhould be cautious of cenſuring any action or motion of Lord B. becauſe you hear it only from ſhallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him I find to my great ſcandal repeated in one of yours to——. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the prophane? the thing, if true, ſhould be concealed; but it is, I aſſure you, abſolutely untrue, in every circumſtance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole buſineſs *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you ſo long? I may, for I hear from him ſel*domer* than from you, that is twice or thrice a year *at moſt*. Can you poſſibly think he can neglect you,

or diſregard you? If you catch yourſelf at thinking ſuch nonſenſe, your parts are decay'd: For, believe me, great Genius's muſt and do eſteem one another, and I queſtion if any others can eſteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only gueſs at that merit, or ſee glimmerings of their minds: A genius has the intuitive faculty: Therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be ſo ſure of any man's eſteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you deſpiſe me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought ſo by poſterity, than if all the Houſe of Lords writ Commendatory Verſes upon me, the Commons order'd me to print my Works, the Univerſities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince crown'd me with Laurel. You are a very ignorant man; you don't know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preſerve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, ſed proximus, intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the preſent age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while thoſe ſubſiſt, you'll both appear the greateſt men of the time, in ſpite of Princes and Miniſters; and the wiſeſt, in ſpite of all the little Errors you may pleaſe to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than, I fear you poſſeſs; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at preſent, tolerable, when an eaſy mind is join'd with it.

LETTER LXXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 2, 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and Infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual diſorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converſe. All I have left is to walk and ride; the firſt I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this ſeaſon, is ſeldom in my power; and having not an ounce of fleſh about me, my ſkin comes off in ten miles riding, becauſe my ſkin, and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, becauſe you will not ſuppoſe me as ſick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I ſhould not be able to anſwer. I have too many vexations by my ſtation and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few diſtant friends that are left; and, conſidering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly *one friend* left but yourſelf. What Horace ſays, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month,

at fartheſt; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I ſhall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to diſtinguiſh ſo confounded early, that your acquaintance with diſtinguiſh'd men of all kinds was almoſt as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherly, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addiſon, Parnel, &c. and in ſpite of your heart, you have owned me a Cotemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow: In ſhort, I was t'other day recollecting twenty-ſeven great Miniſters, or Men of Wit and Learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years paſt: neither have I the grace to be ſorry, that the preſent times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life.—May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of Poſterity when I conſider from what Monſters they are to ſpring.—My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you ſee I ſend this under his cover, or at leaſt franked by him. He has 3000*l.* a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid: This is our condition, in theſe bleſſed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and ſubſcribed my name: I fear he hath not received my letter, and wiſh you would aſk him; but perhaps he is ſtill a rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath reſtor'd his health.—How my ſervices are leſſened of late with the number of my friends on your ſide! yet, my *Lord Bathurſt* and Lord Maſham and Mr.

Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance I de
when you ſee them to deliver my compliments;
chiefly to Mrs. P. B. and let me know whether
be as young and agreeable as when I ſaw her la
Have you got a ſupply of new friends to make
for thoſe who are gone? and are they equal to
firſt? I am afraid it is with friends as with times;
that the *laudator temporis acti ſe puero*, is equally
plicable to both. I am leſs grieved for living h
becauſe it is a perfect retirement, and conſeque
fitteſt for thoſe who are grown good for nothi
for this town and kingdom are as much out of
world as North Wales—My head is ſo ill that I c
not write a paper full as I uſed to do; and ye
will not forgive a blank of half an inch from y
——I had reaſon to expect from ſome of your lett
that we were to hope for more Epiſtles of Morali
and, I aſſure you, my acquaintance reſent that t
have not ſeen my name at the head of one.
ſubjects of ſuch Epiſtles are more uſeful to the p
lic, by your manner of handling them, than any o
your writings: and although, in ſo profligate a w
as ours, they may poſſibly not much mend our m
ners, yet poſterity will enjoy the benefit, when
a Court happens to have the leaſt reliſh for Vi
and Religion.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To Dr. SWIFT.

Decemb. 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almoſt any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Tho' others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good ſpirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: And indeed it is but a prudent part, to ſeem not ſo concern'd about others, nor ſo crazy ourſelves as we really are: for we ſhall neither be beloved nor eſteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we muſt complain, of what ('tis a thouſand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you ſhall not have much of my Pity: But if you ever live to have leſs, you ſhall not have leſs of my Affection. A whole people will rejoyce at every year that ſhall be added to you, of which you have had a late inſtance in the public rejoycings on your birth-day. I can aſſure you, ſomething better and greater than high birth and quality *muſt go toward* acquiring thoſe demonſtrations of

public eſteem and love. I have ſeen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile Ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general eſteem, for your Senſe, Virtue, and Charity.

The moſt melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of thoſe we lov'd and have loſt, perpetually increaſing. How much that Reflection ſtruck me, you'll ſee from the Motto I have prefix'd to my Book of Letters, which ſo much againſt my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

Quo deſiderio veteres revocamus Amores,
Atque olim amiſſas flemus Amicitias!

I detain this letter till I can find ſome ſafe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine muſt be, of any thing to offend my ſuperiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue, "But "I have much reaſon to fear, thoſe which you "have too partially kept in your hands will get out "in ſome very diſagreeable ſhape, in caſe of our "mortality: and the more reaſon to fear it, ſince "this laſt month Curl has obtain'd from Ireland two "letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine, "to you, which we wrote in the year 1723) and he "has printed them, to the beſt of my memory, "rightly, except one paſſage concerning Dawley, "which muſt have been ſince inſerted, ſince my "Lord had not that place at that time. Your an-

:r to that letter he has not got; it has never
:n out of my cuſtody; for whatever is lent is
(Wit as well as Money) to theſe needy poeti-
Readers."

e world will certainly be the better for his
ge of life. He ſeems in the whole turn of his
;, to be a ſettled and principled Philoſopher,
ing Fortune for the Tranquillity he has been
to by her averſion, like a man driven by a vio-
/ind, from the ſea into a calm harbour. You
e, if I have got any ſupply of new Friends to
up for thoſe that are gone? I think that im-
le, for not our friends only, but ſo much of our-
is gone by the mere flux and courſe of years,
were the ſame Friends to be reſtored to us, we
not be reſtored to ourſelves, to enjoy them.
; when the continual waſhing of a river takes
our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and
; in their room *; ſo the courſe of time brings
iething, as it deprives us of a great deal; and
l of leaving us what we cultivated, and ex-
l to flouriſh and adorn us, gives us only what
ome little uſe, by accident. Thus I have ac-
, without my ſeeking, a few chance-acquaint-
of young men, who look rather to the paſt

re are ſome ſtrokes in this letter, which can be account-
o otherwiſe than by the Author's extreme compaſſion and
:ſs of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a
old man, (labouring and impatient under his infirmities)
intent in the friendly office of mollifying them.

age than the preſent, and therefore the future may have ſome hopes of them. If I love them, it is becauſe they honour ſome of thoſe whom I, and the world, have loſt, or are loſing. Two or three of them have diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their aſſerting of Independency, and contempt of Corruption. One or two are link'd to me by their love of the ſame ſtudies and the ſame authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got ſo much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter ſcore, and none without a caſting weight on the former. But I find my heart harden'd and blunt to new impreſſions; it will ſcarce receive or retain affections of yeſterday; and thoſe friends who have been dead theſe twenty years, are more preſent to me now, than theſe I ſee daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former ſort to me in all reſpects, but that we can, yet, correſpond together. I don't know know whether 'tis not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourſe. Adieu, I can ſay no more, I feel ſo much: Let me drop into common things.——Lord Maſham has juſt married his ſon. Mr. Lewis has juſt buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindneſs. Mrs B. ſighs more for you than the loſs of youth. She ſays, ſhe will be agreeable many years hence, for ſhe has learn'd that ſecret from ſome receipts of your writing.——Adieu.

LETTER LXXXV.

March 23, 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task; for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I drop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed, they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large: my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants: and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life, and sometimes think of your old house-keeper as my nurse; tho' I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in pro-

poſing France to meet in, was the narrowneſs of th paſſage by ſea from hence, the Phyſicians havin told me the weakneſs of my breaſt, &c. is ſuch, a a ſea-ſickneſs might endanger my life. Tho' one o two of our friends are gone, ſince you ſaw your na tive country, there remain a few more who will lă ſo till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have a attractive power to draw you back to a Country which cannot quite be ſunk or enſlaved, while ſuc ſpirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a fe more of the ſame ſpirit, who would awaken all you old Ideas, and revive your hopes of her future re covery and Virtue. Theſe look up to you with re verence, and would be animated by the ſight of hi at whoſe ſoul they have taken fire, in his writings and deriv'd from thence as much love of their ſpe cies as is conſiſtent with a contempt for the knave of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of wri ting to you; but my real reaſon (and a ſtrong on it is) for doing it ſo ſeldom, is Fear; Fear of a ver great and experienc'd evil, that of my letters bein kept by the partiality of friends, and paſſing into th hands, and malice of enemies; who publiſh the with all their Imperfections on their head; ſo that write not on the common terms of honeſt men.

Would to God you would come over with Lor Orrery, whoſe care of you in the voyage I could certainly depend on; and bring with you your ol houſe-keeper, and two or three ſervants. I b

room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our laſt days eaſy, and leave ſome ſort of Monument, what Friends two Wits could be in ſpite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

IT is true I owe you ſome letters, but it has pleaſed God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you ſhall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the ſame diſability to your preſent or future friends. But my age is not my diſability, for I can walk ſix or ſeven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together; this deafneſs unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not ſpeak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham; for deafneſs being not a frequent diſorder, hath no allowance given it; and the ſcurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly inſupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Ornamie*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge *me with being* in your debt; which by your *way of reckoning* I muſt always be, for yours are

always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, becauſe I am not at the head of any of your epiſtles. I am often wondring how you come to excel all mortals on the ſubject of Morality, even in the poetical way; and ſhould have wondred more, if Nature and Education had not made you a profeſſor of it from your infancy: "All the letters I can find of yours, I have faſtened "in a folio cover, and the reſt in bundles endors'd: "But, by reading their dates, I find a chaſm of ſix "years, of which I can find no copies; and yet I "keep them with all poſſible care: But, I have been "forced, on three or four occaſions, to ſend all my "papers to ſome friends; yet thoſe papers were all "ſent ſealed in bundles, to ſome faithful friends; "however, what I have are not much above ſixty." I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: None of them have any thing to do with Party, of which you are the cleareſt of all men by your Religion, and the whole tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment againſt the Corruption of both kingdoms, eſpecially of this; ſuch is my weakneſs.

I have read your Epiſtle of Horace to Auguſtus: it was ſent me in the Engliſh Edition, as ſoon as it could come. They are printing it in a ſmall octavo. The curious are looking out, ſome for flattery, ſome for Ironies in it; the four folks think they have found out ſome: But your admirers here, I mean *every* man of taſte, affect to be certain, that the Profeſſion of friendſhip to Me in the ſame poem, will

iffer you to be thought a Flatterer. My hap-
; is that you are too far engaged, and in ſpite
u the ages to come will celebrate me, and know
vere a friend who loved and eſteemed me, al-
;h I dyed the object of Court and Party hatred.
ıy, who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the Epic
call'd Leonidas, which is reprinting here, and
great vogue? We have frequently good Poems
:e from London. I have juſt read one upon
erſation, and two or three others. But the
do not incumber you, who, like the Orator
:acher, ſtand aloft, and are ſeen above the reſt,
than the whole aſſembly below.
m able to write no more; and this is my third
vour, which is too weak to finiſh the paper. I
ny deareſt friend, yours entirely, as long as I
rite, or ſpeak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

it a letter to you ſome weeks ago, which my
ırd Orrery incloſed in one of his, to which I
d as yet no anſwer, but it will be time enough
his Lordſhip goes over, which will be, as he
in about ten days, and then he will take with

him " all the letters I preſerved of yours, which a
" not above twenty-five. I find there is a gr
" chaſm of ſome years, but the dates are more e
" ly than my two laſt journeys to England, whi
" makes me imagine, that in one of thoſe journ
" I carried over another Cargo." But I can
truſt my memory half an hour; and my diſorders
deafneſs and giddineſs increaſe daily. So that I
declining as faſt as it is eaſily poſſible for me, i
were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which, I
told, are to be printed here: Some of thoſe w
highly eſteem you, and a few who know you per
nally, are grieved to find you make no diſtinct
between the Engliſh Gentry of this Kingdom, a
the ſavage old Iriſh (who are only the vulgar, a
ſome Gentlemen who live in the Iriſh parts of t
kingdom) but the Engliſh Colonies, who are thi
parts in four, are much more civilized than ma
Counties in England, and ſpeak better Engliſh, a
are much better bred. And they think it very ha
that an American who is of the fifth generation fr
England, ſhould be allowed to preſerve that tit
only becauſe we have been told by ſome of them t
their names are entered in ſome pariſh in Lond
I have three or four Couſins here who were born
Portugal, whoſe parents took the ſame care, a
they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, wh
as I take it, is of an Iriſh family, came to viſit
three days ago, on purpoſe to complain of thoſe

ſages in your Letters; he will not allow ſuch a difference between the two climates, but will aſſert that North-Wales, Northumberland, Yorkſhire, and the other Northern Shires have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In ſhort, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a Palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of Letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the beſt Syſtem that ever was wrote for the Conduct of human life, at leaſt to ſhame all reaſonable men out of their Follies and Vices. It is ſome recommendation of this Kingdom, and of the taſte of the people, that you are at leaſt as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for Slavery, Corruption, Atheiſm, and ſuch trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other Vice.—I wiſh you would give orders againſt the corruption of Engliſh by thoſe ſcriblers, who ſend us over their traſh in Proſe and Verſe, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms.—I am now daily expecting an end of life: I have loſt all ſpirit, and every ſcrap of health; I ſometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be ſilent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery ſee you often; next to yourſelf I *love no man ſo well*; and tell him what I ſay, if he

viſits you. I have now done, for it is evening, an my head grows worſe. May God always prote you, and preſerve you long for a pattern of Piet and Virtue.

Farewel, my deareſt and almoſt only conſtant frien I am ever, at leaſt in my eſteem, honour and affectic to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, &

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

My dear Friend, Dublin, Aug. 8, 1738.

I Have yours of July 25, and firſt I deſire you wi look upon me as a man worn with years, an ſunk by public as well as perſonal vexations. I hav entirely loſt my memory, uncapable of converſatic by a cruel deafneſs, which has laſted almoſt a yea and I deſpair of any cure. I ſay not this to increa your compaſſion (of which you have already to great a part) but as an excuſe for my not being r gular in my Letters to you, and ſome few oth friends. I have an ill name in the Poſt-office of bo Kingdoms, which makes the Letters addreſſed to n not ſeldom miſcarry, or be opened and read, an then ſealed in a bungling manner before they con to my hands. Our Friend Mrs. B. is very often i my thoughts, and high in my eſteem; I deſire, y

will be the meſſenger of my humble thanks and ſervice to her. That ſuperior univerſal Genius you deſcribe, whoſe hand-writing I know towards the end of your Letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too ſoon gone to his foreſt abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my Patron, and then deſcended to be my Friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have abſolutely done with Poetry for ſeveral years paſt, and even at my beſt times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that ſcore, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your ſecond Dialogue that you lately ſent me, to equal almoſt any thing you ever writ; although I live ſo much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and perſons, which, I preſume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's: (I mean the Court excluſive.)

" I can faithfully aſſure you, that every letter you " have favour'd me with, theſe twenty years and " more, are ſealed up in bundles, and delivered to " Mrs. W—, a very worthy, rational, and judicious " Couſin of mine, and the only relation whoſe viſits " I can ſuffer: All theſe Letters ſhe is directed to " ſend ſafely to you upon my deceaſe."

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her eſtate in the North: She is a perſon of very *good underſtanding* as any I know of her ſex. Give

Give me leave to write here a ſhort anſwer to my Lord B's letter in the laſt page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordſhip for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confeſs, that I have more obligations to your Lordſhip than to all the world beſides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great Miniſter of State: and yet I love you ſtill more, for your condeſcending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an Exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publiſh your Hiſtory, and am vain enough to wiſh that my name could be ſqueez'd in among the few Subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*: If not, I will be revenged, and contrive ſome way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordſhip for my beſt Patron; and I will live and die, with the higheſt veneration and gratitude, your moſt obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here in a Poſtſcript correct (if it be poſſible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I ſhewed my Couſin the above letter, and ſhe aſſures me, that a great Collection of * your letters to me, my you,

* 'Tis written juſt thus in the Original. The Book that is now printed ſeems to be part of the Collection here ſpoken of, as it contains not only the Letters of Mr. Pope but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were return'd him after Mr. Gay's death: tho' any mention made by Mr. P. of the Return or Exchange of Letters has been induſtriouſly ſuppreſt in the Publication, and only appears by ſome of the Anſwers.

e put up and ſealed and in ſome very ſafe hand †. am, my moſt dear and honoured Friend, entirely urs.

J. SWIFT.

It is now *Aug.* 24, 1738.

† The Earl of ORRERY to Mr. POPE.

SIR,

I am more and more convinced that your letters are either loſt nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a ſafe hand *in Ireland, is beyond my power of gueſſing, for I am particularly acquainted with moſt, if not all, of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of thoſe Letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains, to find out where they were: but my enquiries were to no purpoſe, and, I fear, whoever has them, is too tenacious of them to diſcover where they are. "Mrs. W— did aſſure me ſhe had not one of them, and ſeem'd to be "under great uneaſineſs "that you ſhould imagine "they were left with her. "She likewiſe told me ſhe "had ſtop'd the Dean's let- "ter which gave you that "information; but believ- "ed he would write ſuch "another; and therefore "deſir'd me to aſſure you, "from her, that ſhe was "totally ignorant where "they were."*

You may make what uſe you pleaſe, either to the Dean or any other perſon, of what I have told you. I am ready to teſtify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That "the Dean ſays they are "deliver'd into a ſafe hand,

" *and* * *Mrs. W— declares* " *ſhe has them not. The* " *Conſequence of their being* " *hereafter publiſh'd may* " *give uneaſineſs to ſome of* " *your Friends, and of courſe* " *to you: ſo I would do all* " *in my power to make you* " *entirely eaſy in that* " *point.*"

This is the firſt time I have put pen to paper ſince my late misfortu ſhould ſay (as an this letter) that i me ſome pain, did low me an opportu ſure you, that I an

Dear Sir,

With the true

Your very faithful and obedient

Marſton, Oct. 4, 1738. O R

* This Lady ſince gave Mr. Pope the ſtrongeſt Aſſur ſhe had uſed her utmoſt Endeavours to prevent the Pu nay, went ſo far as to *ſecrete* the Book, till it was c from her, and delivered to the Dublin Printer: Wher Son-in-law, D. Swift, Eſq; inſiſted upon writing a l juſtify Mr. P. from having any Knowledge of it, and upon the corrupt Practices of the Printers in London he would not agree to, as not knowing the Truth of th

LETTERS TO RALPH ALLEN, Eſq;

LETTER LXXXIX.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Twitnam, April 30, 1736.

I Saw Mr. M. yeſterday, who has readily allowed Mr. V. to copy the Picture. I have enquired for the beſt Originals of thoſe two ſubjects, which, I found, were favourite ones with you, and well deſerve to be ſo, the Diſcovery of Joſeph to his Brethren, and the Reſignation of the Captive by Scipio. Of the latter, my Lord Burlington has a fine one done by Ricci, and I am promiſed the other in a good Print from one of the chief Italian Painters. That of Scipio is of the exact ſize one would wiſh for a Baſſo Relievo, in which manner, in my opinion, you would beſt ornament your Hall, done in Chiaro oſcuro.

A man not *only* ſhews his Taſte, but his Virtue, *in the choice of ſuch* ornaments: And whatever, ex-

ample moſt ſtrikes us, we may reaſonably
may have an influence upon others. So
Hiſtory itſelf, if well choſen, upon a rich ma
is very often a better leſſon than any he co
by his converſation. In this ſenſe, the St
be ſaid to ſpeak when Men cannot, or wil
can't help thinking (and I know you'll join
you who have been making an Altar-piece,
zeal of the firſt Reformers was ill placed, in
pictures (that is to ſay, examples) out of C
and yet ſuffering *Epitaphs* (that is to ſay,
and falſe hiſtory) to be the burthen of Chur
and the ſhame, as well as deriſion, of all hon

I have heard little yet of the ſubſcription
tend to make a viſit for a fortnight from
Lady Peterborow at Southampton, about th
of May. After my return I will enquire
been done; and I really believe, what I
will prove true, and I ſhall be honourably
of a taſk I am not fond of†. I have ru
leaf, and will only add my ſincere wiſhes
happineſs of all kinds. I am &c.

* For his own Edit. of the 1ſt Vol. of his letters;
at Mr. Allen's requeſt.

† The printing his letters by Subſcription.

LETTER XC.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Southampton, June 5, 1736.

Need not ſay I thank you for a Letter, which roves ſo much friendſhip for me. I have much to ſay upon it than I can, till we meet. But, word, I think your notion of the value of thoſe s * is greatly too high, as to any ſervice they lo to the public; and, as to any advantage they do to my own character, I ought to be con- with what they have done already. I aſſure you not think it the leaſt of thoſe advantages that have occaſioned me the good-will (in ſo great ree) of ſo worthy a man †. I fear, (as I muſt r retrench than add to their number, unleſs I d publiſh my own commendations) that the non run of Subſcribers would think themſelves ed by not having every thing, which diſcretion ſuppreſs; and this, they (without any other con- ition than as buyers of a book) would call giv- hem an imperfect collection; whereas the only) my own character, as an Author, of ſuch a pub- on, would be the ſuppreſſion of many things:

* is Letters.

† Mr. Allen's friendſhip with the Author was contracted on ding his Vol. of Letters, which gave the former the higheſt of the other's general benevolence and goodneſs of heart.

and as to my character as a Man, it wo
juſt where it is; unleſs I could be ſo vain,
not be virtuous, to add more and more h
ments; which, when done *to be printed*, w
be wrong and weak alſo.

I do grant it would be ſome pleaſure to
punge ſeveral idle paſſages, which will o
not go down to the next age, paſs, at le
for mine; although many of them were
God knows, none of them are my preſent
but, on the contrary, wholly diſapprov'd

And I do not flatter you when I ſay, th
would be increaſed to me, in knowing I
what would pleaſe *you*. But I cannot per
ſelf to let the whole burden, even tho' it w
lic good, lie upon you, much leſs to ſerve
fame entirely at another's expence *.

But, underſtand me rightly: Did I b
ſo well of them as you do, I would not ſc
aſſiſtance; becauſe I am ſure, that to oc
to contribute to a real good would be th
benefit I could oblige you in. And I h
miſe you, if ever I am ſo happy as to fi
occaſion where your generoſity and goo
unite for ſuch a worthy end, I will not
draw upon you for any ſum to effect it.

As to the preſent affair; that you may k
ced what weight your opinion and your de
with me, I will do what I have not yet don

* *Mr. A.* offered to print the Letters at his own e

tell my Friends I am as willing to publiſh this book as to let it alone. And, rather than ſuffer you to be taxed at your own rate, will publiſh, in the News, next winter, the Propoſals, &c.

I tell you all theſe particulars to ſhew you how willing I am to follow your advice, nay, to accept your aſſiſtance in any moderate degree. But I think you ſhould reſerve ſo great a proof of your benevolence to a better occaſion.

Since I wrote laſt, I have found, on further inquiry, that there is another fine picture on the ſubject of Scipio and the Captive, by Pietro da Cortona, which Sir Paul Methuen has a ſketch of: and, I believe, is more expreſſive than that of Ricci, as Pietro is famous for expreſſion. I have alſo met with a fine Print of the diſcovery of Joſeph to his Brethren, a deſign, which, I fancy, is of La Sueur, and will do perfectly well.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Nov. 6, 1736.

I Do not write too often to you for many reaſons; but one, which I think a good one, is, that Friends ſhould be left to think of one another for certain intervals without too frequent memorandums: it is an exerciſe of their friendſhip, and a trial of their

memory: and moreover to be perpetually repeati aſſurances, is both a needleſs and ſuſpicious kind treatment with ſuch as are ſincere: not to add t tautology one muſt be guilty of, who can make c ſo many idle words as to fill pages with ſaying o thing. For all is ſaid in this word, *I am truly you*

I am now as buſy in planting for myſelf as I w lately in planting for another. And I thank G for every wet Day and for every Fog, that gives r the head-ach, but proſpers my works. They w indeed outlive me (if they do not die in their Tr vels from place to place; for my Garden, like r Life, ſeems, to me, every day to want correction, hope, at leaſt, for the better) but I am pleaſed think my Trees will afford ſhade and fruit to othe when I ſhall want them no more. And it is no ſ of grief to me, that thoſe others will not be Things my own poor body: But it is enough, they are Cre tures of the ſame Species, and made by the ſan hand that made me. I wiſh (if a wiſh would tra ſport me) to ſee you in the ſame employment: a it is no partiality even to you, to ſay it would be pleaſing to the full to me, if I could improve yo works as my own.

Talking of works, mine in proſe are above thr quarters printed, and will be a book of fifty a more ſheets in quarto. As I find, what I imagi ed, the flowneſs of ſubſcribers, I will do all I can *diſappoint you* in particular, and intend to publiſh *January*, when the Town fills, an Adverti ſem

that the book will be delivered by Lady-day, to oblige all that will ſubſcribe, to do it. In the mean time, I have printed Receipts, which put an end to any perſon's delaying upon pretence of *doubt*, by determining that time. I ſend you a few that you may ſee I am in earneſt, endeavouring all I can to ſave your money, at the ſame time that nothing can leſſen the obligation to me.

I thank God for your health and for my own, which is better than uſual.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

June 8, 1737.

I Was very ſorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendſhip betrayed you into upon the falſe report which occaſioned your grief. I am now ſo well, that I ought not to conceal it from you, as the juſt reward of your goodneſs which made you ſuffer for me. Perhaps when a Friend is really dead (if he knows our concern for him) he knows us to be as much miſtaken in our ſorrow as you now were: ſo that, what we think a real evil is, to ſuch ſpirits as ſee things truly, no more of moment than a mere imaginary one. It is equally as God pleaſes; let us think or call it good or evil.

I *wiſh the world* would let me give myſelf more *to ſuch people in it* as I like, and diſcharge me of

half the honours which persons of higher ra
flow on me; and for which one generally pa
de too much of what they cannot bestow, Th
Life. Were I arrived to that happiest circum
you would see me at Widcombe, and not a
But whether it will be as much in my pow
thy wish, God knows. I can only say, I t
it with the pleasure and sincerity becoming o
ss, &c.

LETTER XCIII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Nov. 24, 1

THE event * of this week or fortni
filled every body's mind, and mine s
that I could not get done what you desir
Dr. P. but as soon as I can get home, where m
lie, I will send them to Mr. K. The death
persons is such a sort of surprise to *all*, a
one's death is to himself, tho' both should
be expected and prepared for. We begin to
and commend our superiors, at the time
pity them, because then they seem not abo
selves. The Queen shewed, by the conse
all about her, the utmost firmness and tempe
last moments, and thro' the course of great to

* The Queen's death.

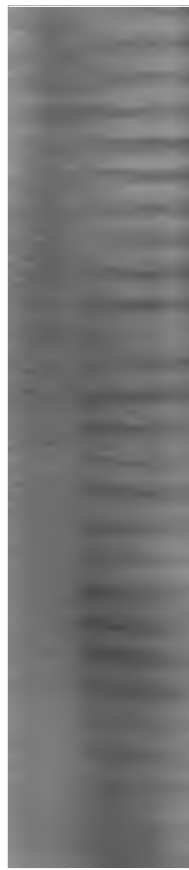
hat character historians will allow her, I do not ow; but all her domestic servants, and those near her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere rs. But the public is always hard; rigid at best, en when just, in its opinion of any one. The only rasure which any one, either of high or low rank, ust depend upon receiving, is in the candour or rtiality of friends, and that small circle we are nversant in: and it is therefore the greatest satisfaction to such as wish us well, to know we enjoy at. I therefore thank you particularly for telling e of the continuance, or rather increase of those essings which make your domestic life happy. I ve nothing so good to add, as to assure you I pray r it, and am always faithfully and affectionate, &c.

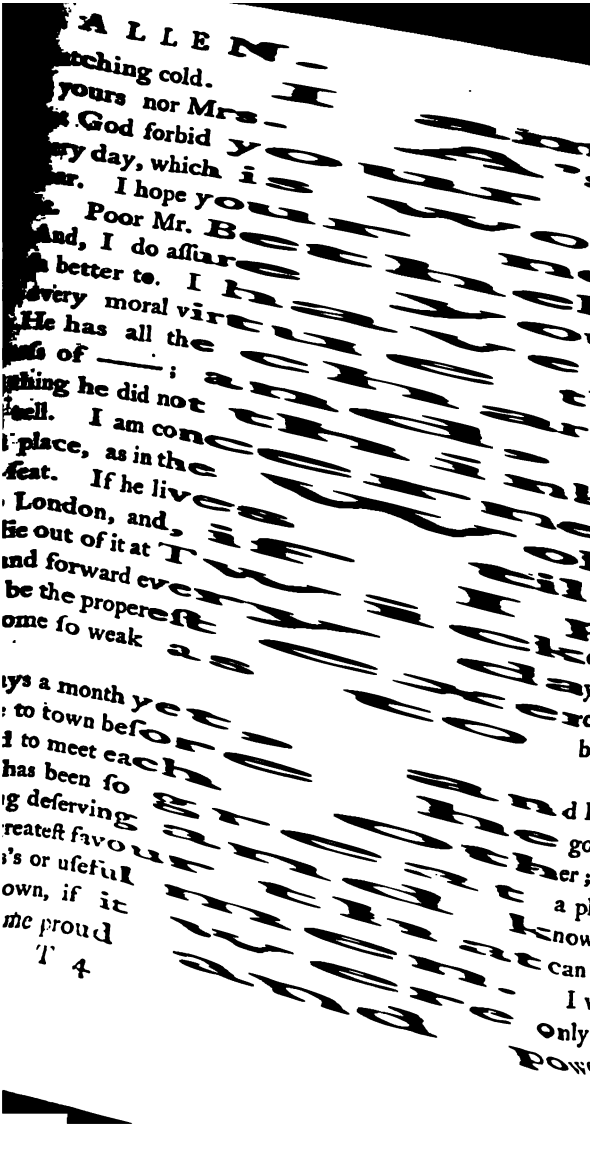
LETTER XCIV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Twickenham, April 28, 1738.

'T is a pain to me to hear your old complaint so troublesome to you; and the share I have borne d still bear too often, in the same complaint, gives e a very feeling sense of it. I hope we agree in ery other sensation besides this; for your *heart* is ways right, whatever your body may be. I will *nture too to say*, my body is the worst part of me; *God have mercy* on my soul. I can't help





ALLEN.

tching cold. I am
yours nor Mrs. A's
God forbid your
ry day, which is
ar. I hope your
Poor Mr. Bethel
And, I do assure you
better to. I have
every moral virtue
He has all the
ss of ——; and
thing he did not
tell. I am concerned
place, as in the
seat. If he lives
London, and, if
lie out of it at Twick
and forward every day
be the properest
ome so weak as to

ys a month yet
to town before
d to meet each
has been so
g deserving
reatest favour
's or useful
own, if it
me proud

ing you the rapture you accidentally gave the po
woman (for whom you left a Guinea, on what
told you of my finding her at the end of my garde
I had no notion of her want being ſo great, as I th
told you, when I gave her half a one. But I fi
I have a pleaſure to come, for I will allow h
ſomething yearly, and that may be but one ye
for, I think, by her looks, ſhe is not leſs than eight
I am determined to take this charity out of yo
hands, which, I know, you'll think hard upon yo
But ſo it ſhall be.

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my pu
ting your name into a poem of mine (incidentall
not at all going out of the way for it) provided
ſay ſomething of you, which moſt people would ta
ill, for example, that you are no man of high bir
or quality? You muſt be perfectly free with me
this, as on any, nay, on every other occaſion.

I have nothing to add but my wiſhes for yo
health: every other enjoyment you will provide f
yourſelf, which becomes a reaſonable man. Adie

I am, &c.

LETTER XCV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Jan. 20.

I Ought ſooner to have acknowledged yours; b
I have been ſeverely handled by my Aſthm
and, at the ſame time, hurried by buſineſs that

an increaſe to it by catching cold. I am truly ſorry to find that neither yours nor Mrs. A's diſorder is totally removed: but God forbid your pain ſhould continue to return every day, which is worſe by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account. Poor Mr. Bethel too is very ill in Yorkſhire. And, I do aſſure you, there are not two men I wiſh better to. I have known and eſteemed him for every moral virtue theſe twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakneſs of ——; and, I firmly believe, never ſaid a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell. I am concerned he is in ſo cold and remote a place, as in the Wolds of Yorkſhire, at a hunting-ſeat. If he lives till ſpring, he talks of returning to London, and, if I poſſibly can, I would get him to lie out of it at Twickenham, tho' we went backward and forward every day in a warm coach, which would be the propereſt exerciſe for both of us, ſince he is become ſo weak as to be deprived of riding a horſe.

L. Bolingbroke ſtays a month yet, and I hope Mr. Warburton will come to town before he goes. They will both be pleaſed to meet each other; and nothing in all my life, has been ſo great a pleaſure to my nature, as to bring deſerving and knowing men together. It is the greateſt favour that can be done, either to great genius's or uſeful men. I wiſh too, he were *a while in* town, if it were only to lye *a little in the way of* ſome proud and powerful per-

ſons, to ſee if they have any of the beſt ſort of pride left, namely, to ſerve learning and merit, and by that means diſtinguiſh themſelves from their predeceſſors.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCVI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

March 6.

I Thank you very kindly for yours. I am ſure we ſhall meet with the ſame hearts we ever met; and I could wiſh it were at Twickenham, tho' only to ſee you and Mrs. Allen twice there inſtead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has ſince obliged me to reſide here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I muſt ſee you here or no where. Let that be an additional reaſon for your coming and ſtaying what time you can.

The utmoſt I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may ſlide along the Surrey ſide (where no Middleſex juſtice can pretend any cognizance) to Batterſea, and thence croſs the water for an hour or two, in a cloſe chair, to dine with you or ſo. But to be in town, I fear, will be imprudent, and thought inſolent. At leaſt, hitherto, all comply with the proclamation *.

* On the Invaſion, at that time threatened from France and the Pretender.

I write thus early, that you may let me know if your day continues, and I will have every room in my houſe as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may poſſibly be that I ſhall be taking the ſecret flight I ſpeak of to Batterſea, before you come, with Mr. Warburton, whom I have promiſed to make known to the only great man in Europe, who knows as much as He. And from thence we may return the 16th, or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail, if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the ſcale, as to keeping me here (tho' in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the leaſt accident of cold, or motion almoſt, throws me into a very dangerous and ſuffering condition.) God ſend you long life, and an eaſier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, &c.

LETTERS

OF

Mr. POPE

TO

Mr. WARBURTON.

LETTER XCVII.

April 11, 1739.

I Have juſt received from Mr. R. two more of your *Letters* *. It is in the greateſt hurry imaginable that I write this, but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your Third *Letter*, which is ſo extremely clear, ſhort, and full, that I think Mr. Crouzaz † ought never to have another anſwer, and deſerved not ſo good an one. I can only ſay, you do him too much honour, and me too much

* *Commentaries on the Eſſay on Man.*

† *A German profeſſor, who wrote remarks upon the philoſophy of that Eſſay.*

right, ſo odd as the expreſſion ſeems, for you have made my ſyſtem as clear as I ought to have done and could not. It is indeed the ſame ſyſtem as mine, but illuſtrated with a ray of your own, as they ſay our natural body is the ſame ſtill when it is glorified. I am ſure I like it better than I did before, and ſo will every man elſe. I know I meant juſt what you explain, but I did not explain my own meaning ſo well as you. You underſtand me as well as I do myſelf, but you expreſs me better than I could expreſs myſelf. Pray accept the ſincereſt acknowledgements. I cannot but wiſh theſe letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a tranſlation of part, at leaſt, or of all of them, into French *; but I ſhall not proceed a ſtep without your conſent and opinion, &c.

LETTER XCVIII.

May 26, 1739.

THE diſſipation in which I am obliged to live through many degrees of civil obligation, which ought not to rob a man of himſelf, who paſſes for an independent one, and yet make me every body's ſervant more than my own: This, Sir, is the occaſion of my ſilence to you, to whom I really have more obligation than to almoſt any man. By wri-

* They were all tranſlated into that language by a *French gentleman of condition*, who is now in an eminent ſtation in his own *country*.

ting, indeed, I propoſed no more than to tell you my ſenſe of it: As to any corrections of your *Letters* I could make none, but what reſulted from inverting the Order of them, and thoſe expreſſions relating to myſelf which I thought exaggerated. I could not find a word to alter in the laſt letter, which I return'd immediately to the bookſeller. I muſt particularly thank you for the mention you have made of me in your Poſtſcript to the laſt Edition of the *Legation of Moſes*. I am much more pleaſed with a compliment that links me to a virtuous Man, and by the beſt ſimilitude, that of a good mind (even a better and ſtronger tye than the ſimilitude of ſtudies) than I could be proud of any other whatſoever. May that independency, charity, and competency attend you, which ſets a good prieſt above a biſhop, and truly makes his Fortune: that is, his happineſs in this life as well as in the other.

LETTER XCIX.

Twitenham, Sept. 20, 1739.

I Received with great pleaſure the paper you ſent me; and yet with greater, the proſpect you give me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to Town. I ſhall hope what part of your time you can afford me, amongſt the number of thoſe *who eſteem* you, will be paſt rather in this place *than in* London; ſince it is here only I live as I

ought, *mihi et amicis.* I therefore depend on your promiſe; and ſo much as my conſtitution ſuffers by the winter, I yet aſſure you ſuch an acquiſition will make the ſpring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine prima.*

As ſoon as Mr. R. can tranſmit to me an entire copy of your *Letters*, I wiſh he had your leave ſo to do; that I may put the book into the hands of a French gentleman to tranſlate, who, I hope, will not ſubject your work to as much ill-grounded criticiſm, as my French tranſlator * has ſubjected mine. In earneſt, I am extremely obliged to you, for thus eſpouſing the cauſe of a ſtranger whom you judged to be injured; but my part, in this ſentiment, is the leaſt. The generoſity of your conduct deſerves eſteem, your zeal for truth deſerves affection from every candid man: And as ſuch, were I wholly out of the caſe, I ſhould eſteem and love you for it. I will not therefore uſe you ſo ill as to write in the general ſtyle of compliment; it is below the dignity of the occaſion: and I can only ſay (which I ſay with ſincerity and warmth) that you have made me, &c.

* *Reſnel*, on whoſe very faulty and abſurd tranſlation Crouzas founded his only plauſible objections.

LETTER C.

Jan. 4, 1739.

IT is a real truth that I ſhould have written to you oftener, if I had not a great reſpect for you, and owed not a great debt to you. But it may be no unneceſſary thing to let you know that moſt of my friends alſo pay you their thanks; and ſome of the moſt knowing, as well as moſt candid Judges think me as much beholden to you as I think myſelf. Your *Letters* * meet from ſuch with the Approbation they merit, and I have been able to find but two or three very ſlight Inaccuracies in the whole book, which I have, upon their obſervation, altered in an exemplar which I keep againſt a ſecond Edition. My very uncertain ſtate of health, which is ſhaken more and more every winter, drove me to Bath and Briſtol two months ſince; and I ſhall not return towards London till February. But I have received nine or ten Letters from thence on the ſucceſs of your book †, which they are earneſt to have tranſlated. One of them is begun in France. A French gentleman, about Monſieur Cambis the Ambaſſador, hath done the greateſt part of it here. But I will retard the Impreſſion till I have your directions, or till I can have a pleaſure I earneſtly wiſh for, to meet you in town, where you gave me ſome

* *On the Eſſay on Man.*
† *The Commentary on the Eſſay on Man.*

hopes you ſometimes paſs'd a part of the ſpring, for the beſt reaſon, I know, of ever viſiting it, the converſation of a few Friends. Pray, ſuffer me to be what you have made me, one of them, and let my houſe have its ſhare of you; or, if I can any way be inſtrumental in accommodating you in town during your ſtay, I have lodgings and a library or two in my diſpoſal; which, I believe, I need not offer to a man to whom all libraries ought to be open, or to one who wants them ſo little, but that 'tis poſſible you may be as much a ſtranger to this town, as I wiſh with all my heart I was. I ſee by certain ſquibs in the *Miſcellanies* * that you have as much of the uncharitable ſpirit pour'd out upon you, as the Author you defended from Crouzaz. I only wiſh you gave them no other anſwer than that of the ſun to the frogs, ſhining out, in your ſecond book, and the completion of your argument. No man is, as he ought to be, more, or ſo much a friend to your merit and character, as, Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER CI.

Jan. 17, 1739-40.

THough I writ to you two poſts ago, I ought to acknowledge now a new and unexpected favour of the Remarks on the fourth epiſtle †; which

* The Weekly Miſcellany, by Dr. Webſter, Dr. Waterland, *Dr. Stebbing*, *Mr. Venn*, and others.

† *Of the Eſſay on Man.*

(though I find by yours, attending them, they were ſent laſt month) I received but this morning This was occaſioned by no fault of Mr. R. but the neglect, I believe, of the perſon to whoſe care he conſigned them. I have been full three months about Bath and Briſtol, endeavouring to amend a complaint which more or leſs has troubled me all my life: I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philoſophical, and improve my reſignation to part with it at laſt. I am preparing to return home, and ſhall then reviſe what my French gentleman has done, and add *this* to it. He is the ſame perſon who tranſlated the *Eſſay* into proſe, which Mr. Crouzaz ſhould have profited by, who, I am really afraid, when I lay the circumſtances all together, was moved to his proceeding in ſo very unreaſonable a way, by ſome malice either of his own, or ſome other's: tho' I was very willing, at firſt, to impute it to ignorance or prejudice. I ſee nothing to be added to your work; only ſome commendatory Deviations from the Argument itſelf, in my favour, I ought to think might be omitted.

I muſt repeat my urgent deſire to be previouſly acquainted with the preciſe time of your viſit to London; that I may have the pleaſure to meet a man in the manner I would, whom I muſt eſteem one of the greateſt of my Benefactors. I am, with the moſt grateful and affectionate regard, &c.

LETTER CII.

April 16, 1740.

YOU could not give me more pleaſure than by your ſhort letter, which acquaints me that I may hope to ſee you ſo ſoon. Let us meet like men who have been many years acquainted with each other, and whoſe friendſhip is not to begin, but continue. All forms ſhould be paſt, when people know each other's mind ſo well: I flatter myſelf you are a man after my own heart, who ſeeks content only from within, and ſays to greatneſs, *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habebo meas.* But as it is but juſt your other friends ſhould have ſome part of you, I inſiſt on my making you the firſt viſit in London; and hence, after a few days, to carry you to Twitenham, for as many as you can afford me. If the preſs be to take up any part of your time, the ſheets may be brought you hourly thither by my waterman: and you will have more leiſure to attend to any thing of that ſort than in town. I believe alſo I have moſt of the Books you can want, or can eaſily borrow them. I earneſtly deſire a line may be left at Mr. R's, where and when I ſhall call upon you, which I will daily enquire for, whether I chance to be here, or in the country. Believe me, Sir, with the trueſt regard, and the ſincereſt wiſh to deſerve

Yours, &c.

LETTER CIII.

Twitenham, June 24, 1740.

IT is true that I am a very unpunctual correſpondent, tho' no unpunctual agent or friend; and that in the commerce of words, I am both poor and lazy. Civility and Compliment generally are the goods that letter-writers exchange, which, with honeſt men, ſeems a kind of illicit trade, by having been, for the moſt part, carried on, and carried furtheſt by deſigning men. I am therefore reduced to plain enquiries, how my friend does, and what he does? and to repetitions, which I am afraid to tire him with, *how much I love him*. Your two kind letters gave me real ſatisfaction, in hearing you were ſafe and well; and in ſhewing me you took kindly my unaffected endeavours to prove my eſteem for you, and delight in your converſation. Indeed my languid ſtate of health, and frequent deficiency of ſpirits, together with a number of diſſipations, *et aliena negotia centum*, all conſpire to throw a faintneſs and cool appearance over my conduct to thoſe I beſt love; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at: But in earneſt, no man is more deeply touched with merit in general, or with particular merit towards me, in any one. You ought therefore in both views to hold yourſelf what you are to me in my opinion and affection; ſo high in each, that I may perhaps ſeldom attempt to tell it you. The greateſt Juſtice, and

favour too that you can do me, is to take it for granted.

Do not therefore commend my talents, but inſtruct me by your own. I am not really learned enough to be a judge in works of the nature and depth of yours. But I travel thro' your book as thro' an amazing ſcene of ancient Egypt or Greece; ſtruck with veneration and wonder; but at every ſtep wanting an inſtructor to tell me all I wiſh to know. Such you prove to me in the walks of antiquity; and ſuch you will prove to all mankind: but with this additional character, more than any other ſearcher into antiquities, that of a genius equal to your pains, and of a taſte equal to your learning.

I am obliged greatly to you, for what you have projected at Cambridge, in relation to my Eſſay *; but more for the motive which did originally, and does conſequentially in a manner, animate all your goodneſs to me, the opinion you entertain of my honeſt intention in that piece, and your zeal to demonſtrate me no irreligious man. I was very ſincere with you in what I told you of my own opinion of my own character as a poet †, and, I think I may conſcientiouſly ſay, I ſhall die in it. I have nothing to add, but that I hope ſometimes to hear you are well, as you certainly ſhall now and then hear the beſt I can tell you of myſelf.

* Mr. Pope deſired the editor to procure a good tranſlation of the *Eſſay on Man*, into latin proſe.

† *See his Life.*

LETTER CIV.

Oct. 27, 1740.

I Am grown ſo bad a correſpondent, partly thro' the weakneſs of my eyes, which has much increaſed of late, and partly thro' other diſagreeable accidents (almoſt peculiar to me) that my oldeſt as well as beſt friends are reaſonable enough to excuſe me. I know you are of the number who deſerve all the teſtimonies of any ſort, which I can give you of eſteem and friendſhip; and I confide in you, as a man of candour enough, to know it cannot be otherwiſe, if I am an honeſt one. So I will ſay no more on this head, but proceed to thank you for your conſtant memory of whatever may be ſerviceable or reputable to me. The tranſlation * you are a much better judge of than I, not only becauſe you underſtand my work better than I do myſelf, but as your continued familiarity with the learned languages, makes you infinitely more a maſter of them. I would only recommend that the Tranſlator's attention to Tully's Latinity may not preclude his uſage of ſome *Terms* which may be more *preciſe* in modern philoſophy than ſuch as he could ſerve himſelf of, eſpecially in matters metaphyſical. I think this ſpecimen cloſe enough, and clear alſo, as far as the claſſical phraſes allow; from which yet I would rather he ſometimes deviated, than ſuffered the ſenſe to be ob-

* Of his *Eſſay on Man* into latin proſe.

ther dubious or clouded too much. You know my mind perfectly as to the intent of such a version, and I would have it accompanied with your own remarks translated, such only I mean as are general, or explanatory of those passages, which are concise to any degree of obscurity, or which demand perhaps too minute an attention in the reader.

I have been unable to make the Journey I designed to Oxford, and Lord Bathurst's, where I hoped to have made you of the party. I am going to Bath for near two months. Yet pray let nothing hinder me sometimes from hearing you are well. I have had that contentment from time to time from Mr. G.

Scriblerus * will or will not be published, according to the event of some other papers coming, or not coming out, which it will be my utmost endeavour to hinder †. I will not give you the pain of acquainting you what they are. Your simile of B. and his nephew, would make an excellent epigram. But all Satire is become so ineffectual (when the last step that Virtue can stand upon, *shame*, is taken away) that Epigram must expect to do nothing even in its own little province, and upon its own little subjects. Adieu. Believe I wish you nearer us; the only power I wish is that of attaching, and at the same time supporting, such congenial bodies as you are to, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

* The *Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

† *The letters publish'd* by Dr. Swift.

LETTER CV.

Bath, Feb. 4, 1740-1.

IF I had not been made by many accidents ſo ſick of letter-writing, as to be almoſt afraid of the ſhadow of my own pen, you would be the perſon I ſhould oſteneſt pour myſelf out to: indeed for a good reaſon, for you have given me the ſtrongeſt proofs of underſtanding, and accepting, my meaning in the beſt manner; and of the candour of your heart, as well as the clearneſs of your head. My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I muſt juſt mention the two greateſt I now have. They have printed in Ireland, my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the ſtrangeſt circumſtance) by his own conſent and direction *, without acquainting me till it was done. The other is one that will continue with me till ſome proſperous event to your ſervice ſhall bring us nearer to each other. I am not content with thoſe glympſes of you, which a ſhort ſpring viſit affords; and from which you carry nothing away with you but my ſighs and wiſhes, without any real benefit.

I am heartily glad of the advancement of your *ſecond Volume* *; and particularly of the *Digreſſions*, for they are *ſo much more of you*; and I can truſt your judgment enough to depend upon their being pertinent. You will, I queſtion not, verify the good proverb, that the furtheſt way about, is the neareſt way

* Of the Div. Leg.

home: and much better than plunging thro' thick and thin *more Theologorum*; and perſiſting in the ſame old track, where ſo many have either broken their necks, or come off very lamely.

This leads me to thank you for that very entertaining, and, I think, inſtructive ſtory of Dr. W***, who was, in this, the image of ***, who never admit of any remedy from a hand they diſlike. But I am ſorry he had ſo much of the modern Chriſtian rancour, as, I believe, he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of Heaven is not for ſuch.

I am juſt returning to London, and ſhall the more impatiently expect your book's appearance, as I hope you will follow it; and that I may have as happy a month thro' your means as I had the laſt ſpring.

I am, &c.

LETTER CVI.

April 14, 1742.

YOU are every way kind to me; in your partiality to what is tolerable in me; and in your freedom where you find me in an error. Such, I own, is the inſtance given of—You owe me much friendſhip of this latter ſort, having been too profuſe of the former.

I think every day a week till you come to town, *which, Mr. G.* tells me, will be in the beginning of

the next month: When, I expect, you will con to be as beneficial to me as you can, by paſſing me as much time as you can: every day of whi will be my fault if I do not make of ſome u me, as well as pleaſure. This is all I have tc you, and, be aſſured, my ſincereſt eſteem and affe are yours.

LETTER CVII.

Twitenham, Aug. 12, 17

THE general indiſpoſition I have to wri unleſs upon a belief of the neceſſity or u it, muſt plead my excuſe in not doing it to you know it is not (I feel it is not) needful to repea ſurances of the true and conſtant friendſhip eſteem I bear you. Honeſt and ingenuous mind ſure of each other's; the tye is mutual and ſ The uſe of writing letters reſolves wholly int gratification given and received in the knowled each other's welfare: unleſs I ever ſhould be ſo tunate (and a rare fortune it would be) to be ab procure, and acquaint you of, ſome real benefit you by my means. But fortune ſeldom ſuffers diſintereſted man to ſerve another. 'Tis too n an inſult upon her to let two of thoſe who moſt ſpiſe her favours, be happy in them at the ſame t and in the ſame inſtance. I wiſh for nothin much at her hands, as that ſhe would permit great Perſon or other to remove you nearer the

the Thames; tho' very lately a nobleman, whom ou eſteem much more than you know, had deſtined c.——

I thank you heartily for your hints, and am afraid I had more of them, not on this only, but on her ſubjects, I ſhould break my reſolution, and be- me an author a-new: nay a new author, and a tter than I yet have been; or God forbid I ſhould on jingling only the ſame bells!

I have received ſome chagrin at the delay of your egree at Oxon. As for mine, I will die before I ceive one, in an art I am ignorant of, at a place here there remains any ſcruple of beſtowing one on ou, in a ſcience of which you are ſo great a maſter. ſhort, I will be doctor'd with you, or not at all. am ſure, wherever honour is not conferred on the ſerving, there can be none given to the undeſerv- g; no more from the hands of Prieſts than of Prin- s. Adieu. God give you all *true bleſſings*.

LETTER CVIII.

Sept. 20, 1741.

T is not my friendſhip, but the diſcernment of . that nobleman † I mentioned, which you are thank for his intention to ſerve you. And his dgment is ſo uncontroverted, that it would really a pleaſure to you to owe him any thing; in-

† Lord Cheſterfield.

ſtead of a ſhame, which is often the caſe in the favours of men of that rank. I am ſorry I can only wiſh you well, and not do myſelf honour in doing you any good. But I comfort myſelf when I reflect, few men could make you happier, none more deſerving than you have made yourſelf.

I don't know how I have been betray'd into a paragraph of this kind. I aſk your pardon, tho' it be truth, for ſaying ſo much.——

If I can prevail on myſelf to complete * the Dunciad, it will be publiſhed at the ſame time with a general edition of all my Verſes (for Poems I will not call them) and, I hope, your Friendſhip to me will be then as well known, as my being an Author; and go down together to Poſterity. I mean to as much of Poſterity as poor moderns can reach to; where the Commentator (as uſual) will lend a crutch to the weak Poet to help him to limp a little further, than he could on his own feet. We ſhall take our degree together in Fame, whatever we do at the Univerſity: And I tell you once more, I will not have it there without you.—

* He had then communicated his intention to the Editor, of adding a fourth book to it, in purſuance of the Editor's advice.

LETTER CIX.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1741.

I Am always naturally ſparing of my letters to my Friends; for a reaſon I think a great one; that it is needleſs after experience, to repeat aſſurances of Friendſhip; and no leſs irkſome to be ſearching for words, to expreſs it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. Firſt, to expreſs a ſatisfaction at your reſolution not to keep up the ball of diſpute with Dr. M. tho' I am ſatisfied, you could have done it; and to tell you that Mr. L. is pleaſed at it too, who writes me word upon this occaſion, that he muſt infinitely eſteem a Divine, and an Author who loves Peace better than Victory. Secondly I am to recommend to you as an author, a bookſeller in the room of the honeſt one you have loſt, Mr. G. and I know none who is ſo worthy, and has ſo good a title in that character to ſucceed him as Mr. Knapton. But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper intereſt and pleaſure. I am here in more leiſure than I can poſſibly enjoy even in my own houſe, *vacare literis*. It is at this place, that your exhortations may be moſt effectual, to make me reſume the ſtudies I have almoſt laid aſide, by perpetual avocations and diſſipations. If it were practicable for you to paſs a month or ſix weeks from home, it is here I could wiſh to be with you: *And if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amuſement*

commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit, than that of aiming by his moral ſtrokes to merit ſome regard from ſuch men as advance Truth and Virtue in a more effectual way; in either caſe, this place and this houſe would be an inviolable aſylum to you, from all you would deſire to avoid, in ſo public a ſcene as Bath. The worthy man, who is the maſter of it, invites you in the ſtrongeſt terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is ſincerer and plainer than almoſt any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be ſerviceable to your complaints (as I believe from what you have told me of them) no opportunity can ever be better. It is juſt the beſt ſeaſon. We are told the Biſhop of Saliſbury is expected here daily, who I know is your friend: at leaſt, tho' a biſhop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You ſee I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance, in which, however, I will not think myſelf light, ſince I have known your partiality. You will want no ſervant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will ſerve us. Here is a Library and a Gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. ALLEN tells me, you might on horſeback be here in three days; it is leſs than 100 miles from Newarke, the road through Leiceſter, Stow in the Wolde in Glouceſter, and Cirenceſter by *Lord* Bathurſt's. I could engage to carry you to

London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality? can you give ear to me?

Audiſtin'? an me ludit amabilis
Inſania?

Dear Sir, adieu; and give me a line to Mr. Allen's at Bath. God preſerve you ever.

LETTER CX.

Nov. 12, 1741.

YOURS is very full and very kind, it is a friendly and ſatisfactory anſwer, and all I can deſire. Do but inſtantly fulfil it.—Only I hope this will find you before you ſet out. For I think (on all conſiderations) your beſt way will be to take London in your way. It will ſecure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither, and from thence hither. But in particular, I think you ſhould take ſome care as to Mr. G's executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more ſerviceable in ſettling any ſuch accounts than Mr. Knapton, who ſo well knows the trade, and is of ſo acknowledged a credit in it. If you can ſtay but a few days there, I ſhould be glad; tho' I would not have you omit any *neceſſary thing to yourſelf.* I wiſh too you would *juſt ſee* ***, though when you have paſs'd a month

here, it will be time enough, for all we have to do in town, and they will be leſs buſy, probably, than juſt before the Seſſion opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you ſhall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may ſend to meet you, and bring you hither.

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the maſter of this houſe; and by ſharing with me, what I think one of the chief ſatisfactions of my life, his Friendſhip. But whether I ſhall owe you any in contributing to make me a ſcribler again *, I know not.

LETTER CXI.

April 23, 1742.

MY letters are ſo ſhort, partly becauſe I could by no length of *writings* (not even by ſuch as lawyers write) *convey* to you more than you have already of my heart and eſteem; and partly becauſe I want time and eyes. I can't ſufficiently tell you both my pleaſure and my gratefulneſs, in and for your two laſt letters, which ſhew your zeal ſo ſtrong for that piece of my idleneſs, which was literally

* He had concerted the plan of the fourth book of the Dunciad with the Editor the ſummer before, and had now written a great part of it; which he was willing the Editor ſhould ſee.

written only to keep *me* from ſleeping in a dull winter, and perhaps to make others ſleep unleſs awaken'd by my Commentator; no uncommon caſe among the learned. I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival: with whom I ſhall ſeize all the hours I can; for his ſtay (I fear by what he writes) will be very ſhort.—I do not think it impoſſible but he may go to Bath for a few weeks, to ſee (if he be then alive, as yet he is) his old ſervant.——In that caſe I think to go with him, and if it ſhould be at a ſeaſon when the waters are beneficial (which agree particularly with him too) would it be an impoſſibility to meet you at Mr. Allen's? whoſe houſe, you know, and heart are yours. Though this is a mere chance, I ſhould not be ſorry you ſaw ſo great a genius, though he and you were never to meet again.—Adieu. The world is not what I wiſh it; but I will not repent being in it while two or three live.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXII.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1742.

THIS will ſhew you I am ſtill with our friend, but it is the laſt day; and I would rather you heard of me pleaſed, as yet I am, than chagrin'd as I ſhall be in a few hours. We are both pretty well. *I wiſh you* had been more explicite if your

leg be quite well. You ſay no more than that you got home well. I expect a more particular account of you when you have repoſed yourſelf a while at your own fire-ſide. I ſhall enquire as ſoon as I am in London, which of my friends have ſeen you? There are two or three who know how to value you: I wiſh I were as ſure they would ſtudy to ſerve you. —A project has ariſen in my head to make you, in ſome meaſure, the Editor of this new edition of the Dunciad *, if you have no ſcruple of owning ſome of the graver notes, which are now added † to thoſe of Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude, or advertiſement to the public, of your Commentaries on the *Eſſays on Man*, and on *Criticiſm*, which I propoſe to print next in another volume proportioned to this. I only doubt whether an avowal of theſe notes to ſo ludicrous a poem be ſuitable to a character ſo eſtabliſhed as yours for more ſerious ſtudies. It was a ſudden thought ſince we parted; and I would have you treat it as no more; and tell me if it is not better to be ſuppreſs'd; freely and friendlily. I have a particular reaſon to make you intereſt yourſelf in me and my writings. It will cauſe both them and me to make the better figure to poſterity. A very mediocre poet, one Drayton, is yet taken ſome notice of, becauſe Selden writ a few notes on one of his poems.——

* That is, of the four books complete.

† Added in the three firſt books, and diſtinguiſhed in this edition of his works.

Adieu. May every domeſtic happineſs make you nwilling to remove from home; and may every riend you do that kindneſs for, treat you ſo as to ıake you forget you are not at home.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXIII.

Dec. 28, 1742.

I Have always ſo many things to take kindly of you, that I don't know which to begin to thank ou for. I was willing to conclude our whole acount of the Dunciad, at leaſt, and therefore ſtaid l it was finiſhed. The encouragement you gave e to add the fourth book firſt determined me to do ; and the approbation you ſeem'd to give it was hat ſingly determined me to print it. Since that, our Notes and your Diſcourſe in the name of Arirchus have given its laſt finiſhings and ornaments. —I am glad you will refreſh the *memory* of ſuch reırs as have no other faculty to be readers, eſpeciy of ſuch works as the *Divine Legation*. But I ipe you will not take too much notice of another d duller ſort; thoſe who become writers thro' mae, and muſt die whenever you pleaſe to ſhine out the completion of the Work; which I wiſh were ıw your only anſwer to any of them: except you ill make uſe of that ſhort and excellent one you *ve me in the ſtory* of the *reading*-glaſs.

The world here grows very busy. About what time is it you think of being amongst us? My health, I fear will confine me, whether in town or here, so that I may expect more of your company as one good resulting out of evil.

I write, you know, very laconically. I have but one formula which says every thing to a Friend, "I "am yours, and beg you to continue mine." Let me not be ignorant (you can prevent my being so of *any thing*, but first and principally) of your health and well being; and depend on my sense of all the *Kindness* over and above all the *Justice* you shall ever do me.

I never read a thing with more pleasure than an additional sheet to * Jervas's preface to Don Quixote. Before I got over two paragraphs I cried out, *Aut Erasmus aut diabolus!* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the Gods by the first pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to express myself in, but could not omit this which delighted me so greatly.

My Law-suit with L. is at an end.—Adieu! Believe no man can be more yours. Call me by any title you will but a *Doctor of Oxford*; *Sit tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui.*

* On the origin of the books of Chivalry.

LETTER CXIV.

Jan. 18, 1742.

I Am forced to grow every day more laconic in my letters, for my eye-ſight grows every day ſhorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that I anſwer you ſummarily. I can even leſs bear an equal part in a correſpondence than in a converſation with you. But be aſſured once for all, the more I read of you, as the more I hear from you, the better I am inſtructed and pleaſed. And this misfortune of my own dulneſs, and my own abſence, only quickens my ardent wiſh that ſome good fortune would draw you nearer, and enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our lives in this neighbourhood; and in ſuch a ſituation as might make more beneficial friends, than I, eſteem and enjoy you equally.—I have again heard from Lord * * and another hand, that the Lord † writ to you of, declares an intention to ſerve you. My anſwer (which they related to him) was, that he would be ſure of your acquaintance for life, if once he ſerved, or obliged you; but that, I was certain, you would never trouble him with your expectation, tho' he would never get rid of your gratitude.—Dear Sir, adieu! and let me be ſometimes certified of your health. My own is as uſual; and my affection the ſame, always yours.

† L. Granville.

LETTER CXV.

Twitenham, March 24, 1743.

I Write to you amongſt the very few I now deſire to have my Friends, merely, *Si valeas, valeo.* 'Tis in effect all I ſay: but it is very literally true, for I place all that makes my life deſireable in their welfare. I may truly affirm, that vanity or intereſt have not the leaſt ſhare in any friendſhip I have; or cauſe me now to cultivate that of any one man by any one letter. But if any motive ſhould draw me to flatter a great man, it would be to ſave the friend I would have him ſerve from doing it. Rather than lay a deſerving perſon under the neceſſity of it, I would hazard my own character and keep his in dignity. Tho', in truth, I live in a time when no meaſures of conduct influence the ſucceſs of one's applications, and the beſt thing to truſt to is chance and opportunity.

I only meant to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words ſo ever I make of it.—A greater pleaſure to me is, that I chanc'd to make Mr. Allen ſo, who is not only worth more than——intrinſically; but I foreſee, will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man leſs truly great than an honeſt one is but ſmall.——

I have lived much by myſelf of late, partly thro' *ill health*, and partly to amuſe myſelf with little im-

provements in my garden and houſe, to which poſſibly I ſhall (if I live) be ſoon more confined. When the Dunciad may be publiſhed I know not. I am more deſirous of carrying on the beſt, that is, your edition of the reſt of the *Epiſtles* and *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, &c. I know it is there I ſhall be ſeen moſt to advantage. But I inſiſt on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourſelf in finiſhing that noble work of the *Divine Legation* (which is what, above all, *iterum, iterumque monebo*) or any other uſeful ſcheme of your own. It would be a ſatisfaction to me at preſent only to hear that you have ſupported your health among theſe epidemical diſorders, which tho' not mortal to any of my friends, have afflicted almoſt every one.

LETTER CXVI.

June 5.

I Wiſh, that inſtead of writing to you once in two months, I could do you ſome ſervice as often; for I am arrived to an age when I am as ſparing of words as moſt old men are of money, though I daily find leſs occaſion for any. But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power of an honeſt man to beſtow; nor indeed of an honeſt man to receive, conſidering on what terms they are generally to be *had. It is certain* you have a full right to any

could do you, who not only monthly, but weekly of late have loaded me with favours of that kind, which are moſt acceptable to veteran Authors; thoſe garlands which a Commentator weaves to hang about his Poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too; not bloſſoms ſpringing from the dry Author.

It is very unreaſonable after this, to give you a ſecond trouble in reviſing the * *Eſſay on Homer*. But I look upon you as one ſworn to ſuffer no errors in me: and tho' the common way with a Commentator be to erect them into beauties, the beſt office of a Critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little leſs defective, and the bookſeller will not allow me time to do ſo myſelf.—

Lord B. returns to France very ſpeedily, and it is poſſible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr. Allen's in the ſummer; of which I will not fail to advertiſe you, if it ſuits your conveniency to be there and drink the waters more beneficially.

Forgive my ſcribling ſo haſtily and ſo ill. My eyes are at leaſt as bad as my head: and it is with my heart only that I can pretend to be, to any real purpoſe, Your, &c.

* The Editor did reviſe and correct it as it now ſtands in the laſt edition.

LETTER CXVII.

July 18.

YOU may well expect letters from me of thanks: but the kind attention you ſhew to every thing that concerns me is ſo manifeſt, and ſo repeated, that you cannot but tell yourſelf how neceſſarily I muſt pay them in my heart, which makes it almoſt impertinent to ſay ſo. Your alterations to the Preface and Eſſay * are juſt; and none more obliging to me than where you prove your concern that my notions in my firſt writings ſhould not be repugnant to thoſe in my laſt. And you will have the charity to think, when I was then in an error, it was not ſo much that I thought wrong or perverſely, as that I had not thought ſufficiently. What I could correct in the diſſipated life I am forced to lead here, I have: and ſome there are which ſtill want your help to be made as they ſhould be.—Mr. Allen depends on you at the end of the next month or in September, and I will join him as ſoon as I can return from the other party. I believe not till September at ſooneſt.—— You will pardon me (dear Sir) for writing to you but juſt like an attorney or agent. I am more concerned for your Finances † than your Fame; becauſe the firſt, I fear, you will never be concerned about your-

* Prefix'd to his Homer's Iliad.

† His debt from the Executor of Mr. S.

ſelf; the ſecond is ſecure to you already, and (whether you will or not) will follow you.

I have never ſaid one word to you of the public. I have known the greater world too long to be very ſanguine. But accidents and occaſions may do what virtue would not; and God ſend they may! Adieu. Whatever becomes of public Virtue, let us preſerve our own poor ſhare of the private. Be aſſured, if I have any, I am with a true ſenſe of your merit and friendſhip, &c.

LETTER CXVIII.

Octob. 7.

I Heartily thank you for yours, from which I learn'd your ſafe arrival. And that you found all yours in health, was a kind addition to the account; as I truly am intereſted in whatever is, and deſerves to be dear to you, and to make a part of your happineſs. I have many reaſons and experiences to convince me, how much you wiſh health to me, as well as long life to my writings. Could you make as much a better man of me as you can make a better author, I were ſecure of Immortality both here and hereafter by your means. The Dunciad I have ordered to be advertiſed in quarto. Pray order as many of them as you will; and know that whatever is mine is yours.

LETTER CXIX.

Jan. 12, 1743.

AN unwillingneſs to write nothing to you, whom I reſpect; and worſe than nothing (which would afflict you) to one who wiſhes me ſo well, has hitherto kept me ſilent. Of the Public I can tell you nothing worthy the reflection of a reaſonable man; and of myſelf only an account that would give you pain; for my aſthma has increaſed every week ſince you laſt heard from me, to the degree of confining me totally to the fire-ſide; ſo that I have hardly ſeen any of my friends but two, who happen to be divided from the world as much as myſelf, and are conſtantly retired at Batterſea. There I have paſt moſt of my time, and often wiſh'd you of the company, as the beſt I know to make me not regret the loſs of all others, and to prepare me for a nobler ſcene than any mortal greatneſs can open to us. I fear by the account you gave me of the time you deſign to come this way, one of them (whom I much wiſh you had a glympſe of) will be gone again, unleſs you paſs ſome weeks in London before Mr. Allen arrives there in March. My preſent indiſpoſition takes up almoſt all my hours, to render a very few of them ſupportable: yet I go on ſoftly to prepare the great Edition of my Things with your Notes, and as faſt as I receive any from you, I add others in order.——

I am told the Laureat is going to publiſh a very abuſive pamphlet. That is all I can deſire; it is enough, if it be abuſive and if it be his. He threatens you; but, I think, you will not fear or love him ſo much as to anſwer him, though you have anſwered one or two as dull. He will be more to me than a doſe of hartſhorn: and as a ſtink revives one who has been oppreſſed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a courſe of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that ſome of your Clergy are offended at a verſe or two of mine*, becauſe I have a reſpect for *your* Clergy, (though the verſes are harder upon *ours*.) But if they do not blame *you* for defending thoſe verſes, I will wrap myſelf up in the layman's cloak, and ſleep under your ſhield.

I am ſorry to find by a letter two poſts ſince from Mr. Allen, that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indiſpoſition, nor Mrs. Allen quite well. Don't be diſcouraged from telling me how you are: for no man is more yours than, &c.

LETTER CXX.

IF I was not aſhamed to be ſo behind hand with you, that I can never pretend to fetch it up (any more than I could in my preſent ſtate, to overtake you in a race) I would particularize which of your letters I ſhould have anſwered firſt. It muſt ſuffice

* Ver. 355 to 358. ſecond Book of the Dunciad.

to ſay I have received them all; and whatever very little reſpites I have had, from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in reviſing the papers *on the uſe of Riches*, which I would have ready for your laſt reviſe, againſt you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here.——I own, the late encroachments upon my conſtitution make me willing to ſee the end of all further care about me or my works. I would reſt for the one, in a full reſignation of my being to be diſpoſed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be ſome example) I would commit them to the candour of a ſenſible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every ſhort-ſighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and cenſorious reader. And no hand can ſet them in ſo good a light, or ſo well turn their beſt ſide to the day as your own. This obliges me to confeſs I have for ſome months thought myſelf going, and that not ſlowly, down the hill. The rather as every attempt of the phyſicians and ſtill the laſt medicines more forceable in their nature, have utterly fail'd to ſerve me. I was at laſt, about ſeven days ago, taken with ſo violent a fit at Batterſea, that my friends Lord M. and Lord B. ſent for preſent help to the ſurgeon; whoſe bleeding me, I am perſuaded, ſaved my life, by the inſtantaneous effect it had; and which has continued ſo much to amend me, that I have paſs'd five days without *oppreſſion*, and recovered, what I have three months *wanted, ſome degree of expectoration*, and ſome hour

together of ſleep. I am now got to Twitenham, to try if the air will not take ſome part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds; and between that place and Batterſea with my Lord B. I will paſs what I have of life, while he ſtays (which I can tell you, to my great ſatisfaction will be this fortnight or three weeks yet.) What if you came before Mr. Allen, and ſtaid till then, inſtead of poſtponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, juſt tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him: But that I will do, the firſt day I find myſelf alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be even here, or in any ſpirits yet to hold a pen. You ſee I ſay nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me.

I am, &c.

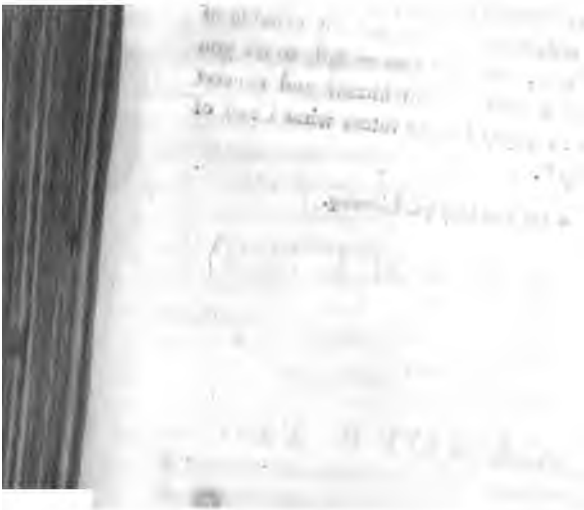
LETTER CXXI.

April 1744.

I Am ſorry to meet you with ſo bad an account of myſelf, who ſhould otherwiſe with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week ſo much worſe, as to make my journey thither, at preſent, impracticable, even if there was no Proclamation in my way. I left the Town in a decent compliance to that; but this *additional* prohibition from the higheſt of all powers, *I muſt* bow to without murmuring. I wiſh to ſee *you here.* Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th, and

you will probably chuſe to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours juſt now, and I writ to hinder——from printing the Comment on the *Uſe of Riches* too haſtily, ſince what you write me, intending to have forwarded it otherwiſe, that you might reviſe it during your ſtay. Indeed my preſent weakneſs will make me leſs and leſs capable of any thing. I hope, at leaſt, now at firſt, to ſee you for a day or two here at Twitenham, and concert meaſures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendſhip *.

* He died May 30. following.



THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF ALEXANDER POPE,

of TWICKENHAM, Eſq.

THE

LAST WILL and TESTAMENT

OF

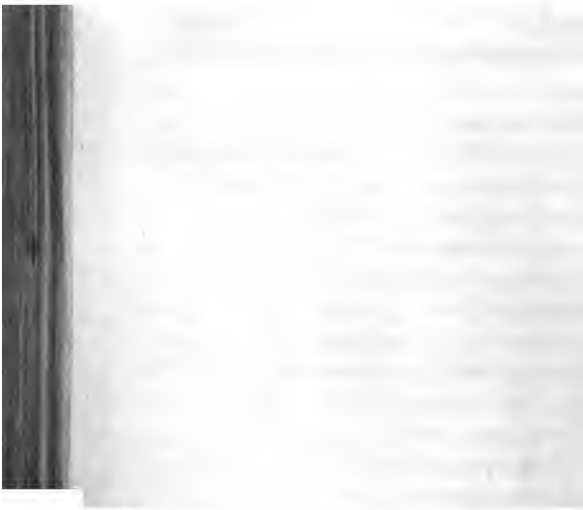
ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq;

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, in the county of Middleſex, make this my laſt Will and Teſtament. I reſign my Soul to its Creator in all humble hope of its future happineſs, as in the diſpoſal of a Being infinitely good. As to my Body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear Parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit*—— of theſe only, *et ſibi: Qui obiit anno* 17—*ætatis*—and that it be carried to the grave by ſix of the pooreſt men of the pariſh, to each of whom I order a ſuit of grey coarſe cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient diſtance, let the ſame be done in any other pariſh, and the Inſcription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen lord Bathurſt, Hugh earl of Marchmont, the honourable William Murray his Majeſty's ſolicitor general, and George Arbuthnot, of the court of Exchequer, Eſq; the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, Executors of this my laſt Will and Teſtament.

But all the manuſcript and unprinted papers which I ſhall leave at my deceaſe, I deſire may be delivered to my noble Friend, Henry St. John, lord Bolingbroke, to whoſe ſole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preſerved or deſtroyed; or, *in caſe he ſhall* not ſurvive me, to the abovelaid Earl *of Marchmont.* Theſe, who in the courſe of u

life have done me all other good offices, will not refuſe me this laſt after my Death: I leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my truſt and friendſhip; only deſiring them each to accept of ſome ſmall memorial of me: That my lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my Works and Tranſlations of Homer, bound in red morocco, and the eleven volumes of thoſe of Eraſmus: That my lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardſon, which he ſhall prefer: That my lord Bathurſt will find a place for the three ſtatues of the Hercules of Furneſe, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in chiaro oſcuro, done by Kneller: That Mr. Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Iſaac Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborow, and he to me on his death bed; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I deſire Mr. Lyttleton to accept of the buſts of Spencer, Shakeſpear, Milton, and Dryden. in marble, which his royal maſter the Prince was pleaſed to give me. I give and deviſe my library of printed books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, Eſq; and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the ſurvivor of them (when thoſe belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has choſen Threeſcore out of the number.) I alſo give and bequeath to the ſaid Mr. Warburton the property of all ſuch of my Works already printed, as he hath written, or ſhall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwiſe diſpoſed of, or alienated; and all the profits which ſhall ariſe after my death from ſuch editions as he ſhall publiſh without future alterations.



YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ERENCE DEPARTMENT

under no circumstances to be
ken from the Building